

Five Nights
at
Freddy's
SECURITY
BREACH



Ness' Journal



By Glitch
Bunni



AND
DIZED - BUT
AWAKE ☆

WARNING

Ness' Journal deals with heavy themes like suicide, self-harm, eating disorders, child abuse, child death, and derealization as well as depictions of blood.

This journal is NOT meant to completely align with the canon.





I need a father,
I need a mother,
I need some older,
wiser being to cry to.
I talk to God but the
Sky is empty.

- Sylvia Plath.

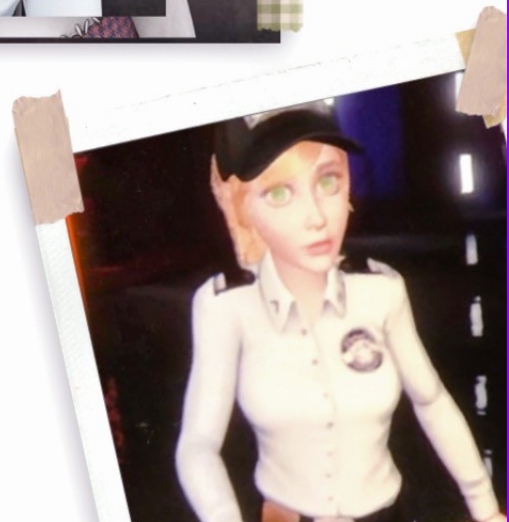


This journal belongs to:
Vanessa A.



Grocery list:

- Eggs
- Flour
- Deli meat??





SCHEDULE

6:00 AM: Wake up, eat breakfast and get dressed. Water plants.

8:00 AM: Get coffee

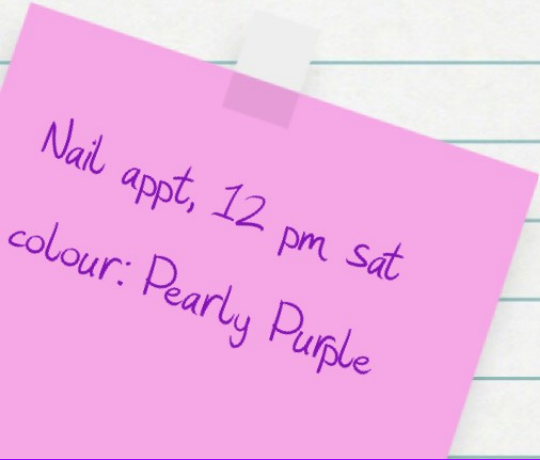
8:30 AM: Drive to work

9:00 AM: Clock in

5:00 PM: Leave, drive to ballet lessons (Tuesdays)

???: Carry out any errands

5:30 PM or 7:00 PM: return home

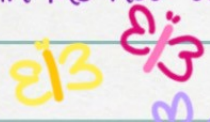


Nail appt, 12 pm Sat
colour: Pearly Purple





My old journal was so full I had to get a new one! Went to the craft store after work. Pink this time, instead of green. I'll decorate it later. Work was rather boring as usual, but I think they're aiming for something else with these few tapes I've heard testing the virtual experience. (That sounds way too formal. It's a VR game.) If they're going for an ARG, I can't believe it. The game is already so meta as it is. I haven't heard anyone say anything about what the point of this game really is, probably just to rake in some money, but whatever. Things are running smoothly so who am I to question it? Aside from work, I've been trying to read more. Mostly cookbooks (lol), but I've been dabbling in poetry. I think it's beautiful how we can make words sound so pretty when arranged to make meaning. That's definitely not a technical term at all, but I barely know anything! I'll only get more versed in this world as time goes on. I should go make dinner, it's taking everything in me not to bake cookies again.



I stopped by the animal shelter after work today, just to look and play with the cats for a little. I saw this really huge rabbit, he was so cute! Soft too, and such a sweetheart. I know I'd never be able to take care of it though, not in my apartment. Maybe a tiny bunny, but the food expense is a whole other thing, and considering how much I already spend on cooking ingredients on a barely suitable salary- there's no way. The poor thing would either be starving or have to eat pastries all day. Still, it would be nice to have something to hold. Anyway, work was more or less the same. I didn't test today, just typed on the computers. Luis keeps pestering me about getting a coffee. He's nice, but I really don't think I'm ready for a relationship like that. Or interested in one. We're co-workers, maybe we'll just hang out as friends. I know a good coffee shop that makes a mean caramel macchiato.



Names for pets



Munchie



Latte



Clair (De Lune)



Pumpkin



Haiku about the morning



I love the morning

The birds chirp ever so nicely

The sun welcomes me

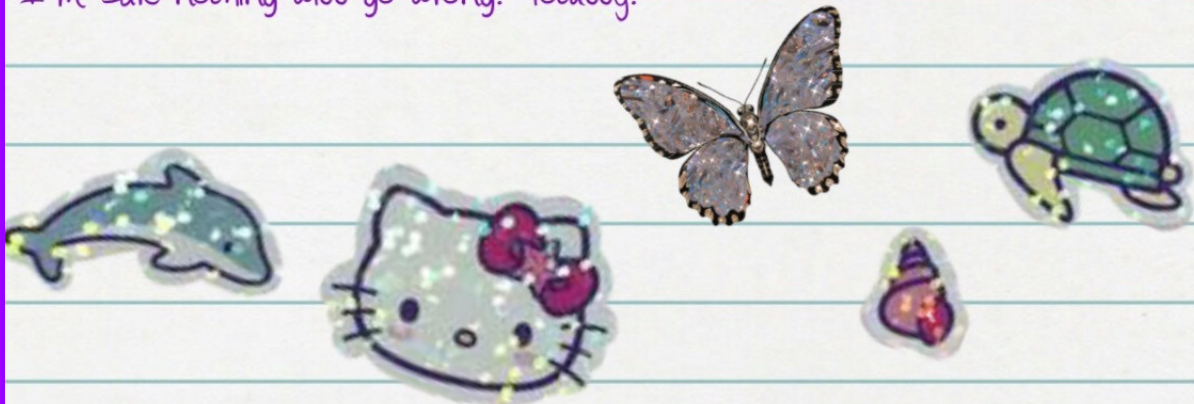


Why is some ice considered premium if all ice is just frozen water? I was at the grocery store looking at the "premium ice!" freezers and was a bit puzzled. Is it water from like the French alps or something? A magical miracle elixir? Marketing I guess, but going to the grocery store just makes me feel depressed. Prices have skyrocketed and show no signs of ever going back down, especially the price of gas. I can't keep living paycheck to paycheck testing some meta video game and doing whatever else this company wants from me. Oh, what a life!



I forgot to write yesterday but something freaky is going on and I can't quite put my finger on it yet. I don't know who the woman on the tapes is, let alone why she implemented these (or if it's all just fake), because there's something the company isn't telling us. That bunny is getting closer, glitching and bugging all over the place and spewing out garbled nonsense. "Hello, can you hear me?" Over and over again.

It's becoming less translucent, the "anomaly" she dubbed it. The game runs smoothly otherwise, but I just feel so on edge every time I close the testing room door. Aside from the game, I think things are heating up with that "Fazbear Funtime delivery service" whatever it's called. Sometimes I hear chatter and mumbled sighs in regards to it. Ordering an animatronic to your house? I'm sure nothing will go wrong. Totally.



Luis and I went out for coffee today, at a nearby cafe. He's nice, as I've said before - but that's only because I don't know how else to describe him. He kept trying to ask me about my personal life, like if I had any family or what I was bingeing on TV. I didn't sense any bad intentions from him at all, he even made me laugh a couple of times, but I just wish I could tell him I'm not interested in his advances without ruining our friendship. He's been trying to chat me up every chance he gets when I'm working. emailing me bland memes and saying 'hi' every time he passes by my chair. Every single time I sink deeper into the collar of my shirt. I should set him up with somebody else, not from work. I don't know if I can deal with this for much longer.



Coffee order:
Medium Caramel Macchiato
with extra whip (Hot!)



Not

interested



You offer me rose petals,

But I am not interested.

You offer me candy,

But I am not interested

You offer me an afternoon with you,

I spend it,

But I am still not interested

I wish I knew why.

You're so nice and I feel rude.

You offer me your friendship,

And I am interested.

But how quickly you discard it

In hopes I'll return your calls.

I am not interested.

I never have been.

I don't know why.

I was never interested and now time passes me by

Nobody's held me, but I don't want it to be you

My baggage is so heavy and someone would have to carry it all.

I don't want it to be you.

This isn't pity,

And you may offer me some help,

But I am not interested.

Items 1 of 2
Items in order:

* Ness *

Gr Crml Macc

> CAFE <

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT

Ingredients

1 cup sliced fresh strawberries

1 teaspoon sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain Greek yogurt

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup granola



Steps

1: Combine strawberries and sugar in a small bowl and let stand until the berries start to release juice, about 5 minutes.

2: To assemble parfait, layer yogurt and the strawberries with their juice in a 2-cup container. Top with granola.





It was watching me in the tape room. I was listening to them all over again after I found the thirteenth. There are three more slots. They're all disorganized logs, some of them don't make sense to me. It's a broken story, but I know that tapes 6 and 9 are connected. Something was going on with a man named Jeremy. He was suffering night terrors and warned people something was wrong with the game but all that resulted in was a plan to fire him, and a lawsuit. Sometime after, the woman saw him in the dark testing room, the supply room that held the paper slicer brightly lit. My stomach feels queasy because these logs line up with real events. This game was in the hands of Silver Parasol before it came to us, Fazbear Entertainment, the source. My head hurts the more I try to piece together what happened to Jeremy.

Is it even worth it? Is it even real? She said his shirt was drenched in ink and that he had the visor on, but there was a mask on the floor. His work was passed on to her. The most recent tape revealed that this game is an elaborate cover-up for what happened years ago. They hired the indie developer that "tarnished" their brand, in an attempt to make light of the rumours and get this game out as quickly as possible. The company lied to everyone at Silver Parasol, and now everybody here.

The anomaly is hiding in these tapes. But I have to know what happened.



He was behind me



Even though I've tried to forget, things come back to me every once in a while. I'll think that I'm okay, that the storm has cleared, but I'm shut back down by that same lightning. I still have dreams about the old house even though I know it's gone and not coming back. Other times it's him but other times it's my old teachers or students I used to know. They're all laughing at me like how they used to. I want to be okay again and I only want to forget but if I forget will I forget about mom? Can I oscillate between wanting to forget and wanting to remember? I wish I could go on a moonlight stroll. Guess I'll just bake a pastry or something and watch that weird drama show I started.

Ohlala

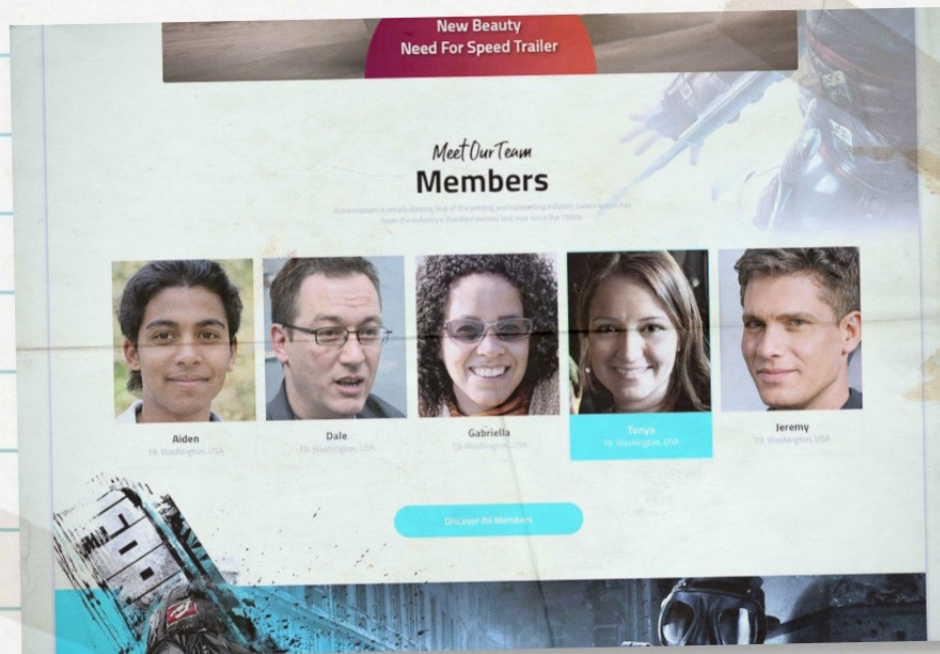


Pains au Chocolat



I felt breathing on my neck in the main hub. I thought it was somebody sneaking up behind me, but when I took off the headset, the door was still closed. I don't get it- the game runs completely fine aside from the tapes and rabbit anomaly moving closer to me as I assemble them. Getting more opaque. Tapes fourteen & fifteen confirmed my suspicion that the rabbit is these logs, broken up into pieces. And I'm assembling it. I have been this entire time. I find myself skipping my lunch break, & feeling disoriented after taking the headset off, like I'm still expecting to feel eyes on me, or polygonal edges. In the fifteenth tape, she introduced herself again and told me to abandon development. I felt that feeling in my stomach again. Nervousness. Hope? There's one slot left. I have to find the final one. There has to be an answer. There has to be something more. It's so close that I can almost taste it. Is this a thrill? I'm scared I'm going to turn around and see Jeremy. But why am I scared of him in particular? Because I know that something wrong is definitely happening? Could I work up a case about Fazbear

Entertainment? This isn't ethical. Firing someone for finding an error in your game. Disregarding their hardships. Nobody will listen to me and I'll lose my job too. Forget it.



I realized what the rabbit was saying. He's begging for help.



God this game gets me sometimes. The vent repair levels leave my bones jangling. God! Guess it's doing what's intended but even then I still don't understand from a business perspective. Man makes scary games based on "rumours", Fazbear entertainment doesn't like it, Fazbear entertainment teams up with the man who made said scary games and together they make ANOTHER scary game...? To boost sales or to rebuild faith in the company? I thought they were trying to make these characters look cute, for the Special Delivery service? It's all so very confusing but all I know is they lied to everyone and are continuing to do so. It's almost infuriating, they can just get away with it! They can get away with anything! They keep jumping onto every business opportunity the moment they can, sinking their teeth into whatever they can do to make more money. Typical corporations I suppose. I hate that this is the world we have to live in. Consumerism!!! Yay!!!



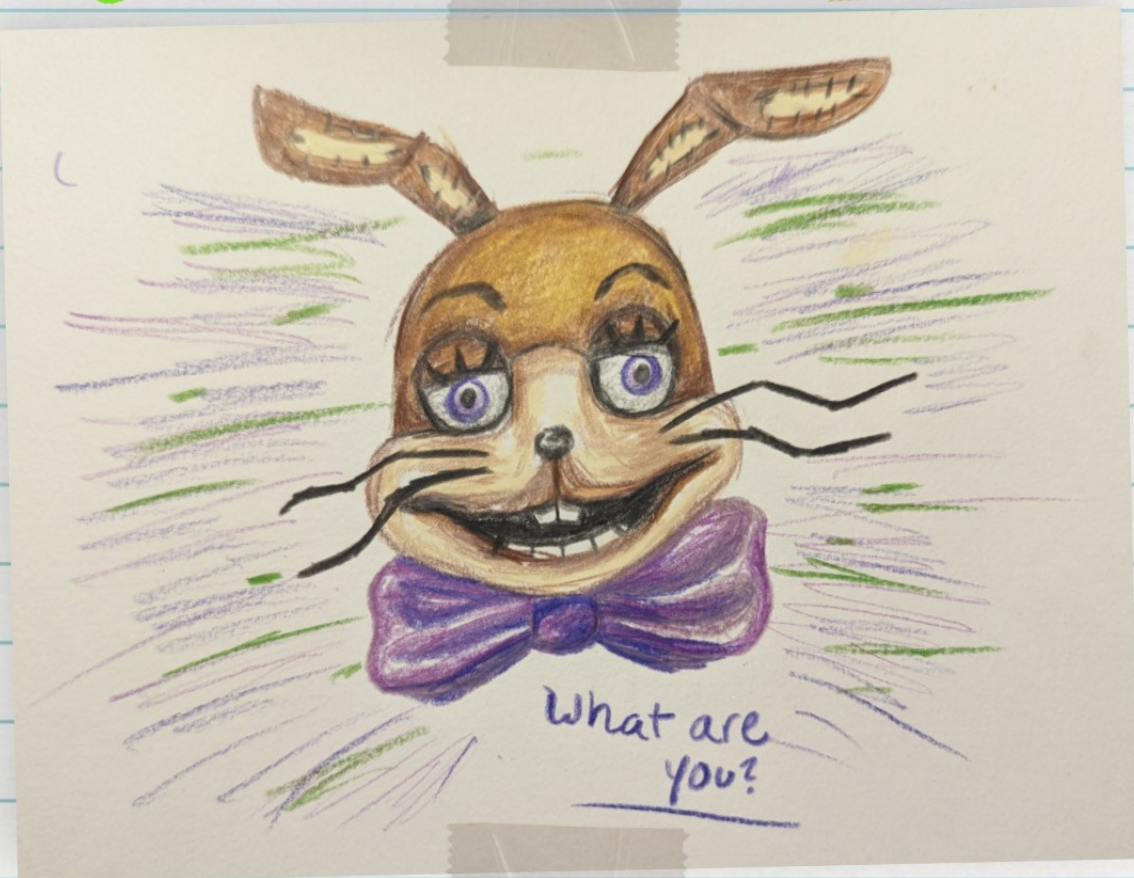
What do you want? I hear you. I see you. You're always talking, but nothing's ever said. It's all recycled. Encrypted. Mislead. I feel you pulling me, like how wind picks up the dust on a gravel road. You're beckoning, asking me to let you in.. But all I hear is hello. Even then, I can tell what you want. How you feel.

I KNOW how you feel.

You're trapped.



Books to get:
The Bell Jar
A Farewell To Arms
Some pie cookbook



Ballet is exhausting now. I've been stumbling and falling and my feet are just killing me. Somethings wrong. My neck hurts, posture is becoming harder to maintain.



Me and the girls put on a show for Christmas once, at the local theatre. The nutcracker. This is a picture from when we were getting ready for rehearsal.

She told me to use the kill switch. The one on the side of the monitor.

My body is shaking and I'm nervous and I'm huddled in the corner of the VR room writing it down and I can hear the anomaly from the speakers. Whispering.

"Hello? Can you hear me?"

I hear you but I don't know what you want. Help? That's what I thought but now I'm not so sure. Is it cruel to be stuck in a digital hellscape or do you deserve it? Are you even a person or just some manufactured virus? How would you be a person? Why do you seem so real to me? The kill switch. I have to get rid of this I can't let this happen again.





I made a mistake. I woke up on the floor with a nosebleed. It was late and almost everyone had already left. I saw hands and they weren't my own. I couldn't breathe. There was a voice whispering in my ear when I got back home last night. I covered my ears but I still heard it, something is inside of my head. I'm shaking and crying as I write this and I can't understand what or who is messing with my thoughts. It hurts so much and I must've taken the strongest painkiller I had in my medicine cupboard because I knocked out on the living room floor. I feel feverish. There's a bruise on my head. I can't remember much other than that I had this dream when I was asleep.

I woke up in a lush, velvet bed, a large skirt puffed around my waist.

It was like a corset, tight and restricting. I stood up and heels clicked against the checkered floor, The whole room was dark, only lit by a small window emitting moonlight. I looked in the mirror. I was a princess, a jewelled crown affixed to my head. The gems glowed green. I felt a strange feeling all over my body, like I was there but not, light on my feet but it felt like every step I took was heavy with consequence. Everything felt real. My heart was beating so I knew I was alive, and when I touched the inside of my palm I could feel the folds of flesh. I took the lantern that sat on the bedside table and went through the only unlocked door.

I was in a castle.



The next room was lined with stone bricks and an ornate red carpet, but there was a gaping hole in the middle of the room that led to nothing. I looked down the crumbling sides: pitch black. The door out was locked, but there were four unlit torches. I used the lantern to ignite them, and the stone door slid open. It led to another room, with stone, red carpet, torches, and gaping holes. There was a door to my right with a keyhole, and one right ahead. But when I walked along the path, I noticed something wet convulsing in the darkness.

A black mass of something with two protrusions poking from its head, with a dripping smile. It was a rabbit. My heart was caught in my throat and I couldn't move, beating, beating, beating, until it unhinged its jaw. I ran away as much as I could in the heels, but I tripped and discarded them, throwing them at the monster's disfigured face. My knees slammed hard against the tile floor, one of my feet almost dipping into the abyss below. I scrambled back up and lit the torches as quickly as I could, acutely aware of the danger lurking behind me. I left the room, but what followed was more or less the same- except there were no monsters or holes, just an outstretched red carpet, and a wooden chest. But when I took the key embedded inside, the lights went out. All I had to rely on was the dim light of my lantern.



I walked toward the door, but my light landed on something shiny and wet.

Another black mass creature, but this one looked too humanoid, too familiar.

It looked exactly like me,

With those same goopy protrusions, that the other thing had. When I looked into its hollow, green eyes, I screamed. I couldn't help it. I shrieked in terror, and the creature twitched wildly in response.

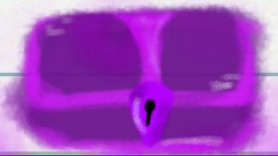
And there wasn't just one, there was more.

They all began to convulse, heads shaking so wildly I could barely make out their "faces" anymore. They looked in agony.

But they didn't move toward me, they stayed stationary and that was even more frightening. There was enough space for me to squeeze past them, so I tried my hardest to ground myself and move slowly, but the moment my hair brushed against a wet shoulder, one leapt for me. I dodged and it attacked the other one, I was running now, making a mad dash for the exit. When I looked back, they had their teeth all sunk into each other, melting into one big pile of nothingness. I used the golden key to unlock the other room's door. There was no safe haven there, but more animalistic noises and holes and torches. So many torches. I didn't know that it was a dream when I was experiencing it, I thought I was in hell.



The room was large and I clutched the torch until my knuckles turned white. They were heading toward me, I had to be quick. They all followed me in groups, floating and dripping, backing me into a corner. I crawled away on my knees, deeply overwhelmed and fighting the tears forming at my waterline. One sticky finger grazed my cheek, and it burned. It burned like hot wax, or acid. I sluggishly ran to the unlocked door, but what greeted me was another locked exit, this time with a purple lock, and black, inky tendrils reaching up at it. My stomach flipped when I watched the substance drip and burn holes into the carpet. I hurdled myself through the next door I saw, this time trying not to think about the broken versions of me that were tailing behind, or the looming death I'd face falling into one of the holes. I found myself in the sweet relief of rain, pouring down from the sky and melting away my sweat, but drenching my dress and making it a thousand times heavier. Thunder cracked from the overcast sky. I crossed a bridge and found myself in a graveyard, looking at the six graves- but circles were etched where names should've been. I lit every grave that had circles, and the next bridge rolled out. I walked up a short flight of stairs to a lonely room, dark, with only one thing illuminating it. A glowing purple chest, sitting atop a red square carpet. It was emitting some aura, some violet haze.



It opened with a click, and inside of the plush insides sat a moving key. The same tendrils as the ones on the door moved and slithered around the key, pulsating as lavender light seeped out from two beady eyes. The key was shaped like a rabbit. I felt nauseous. I lit another torch and found myself standing in front of the locked door. I turned the key, hesitant. What lay before me was a long, dark, outstretched hallway nestled into the abyss. I walked, each barefoot step leaving drops of water behind me. I heard noises, sloshing liquid, or a faint rustle of something. My breathing hastened and I was walking for what felt like ages- until I saw it. A small room, with a lonely torch.

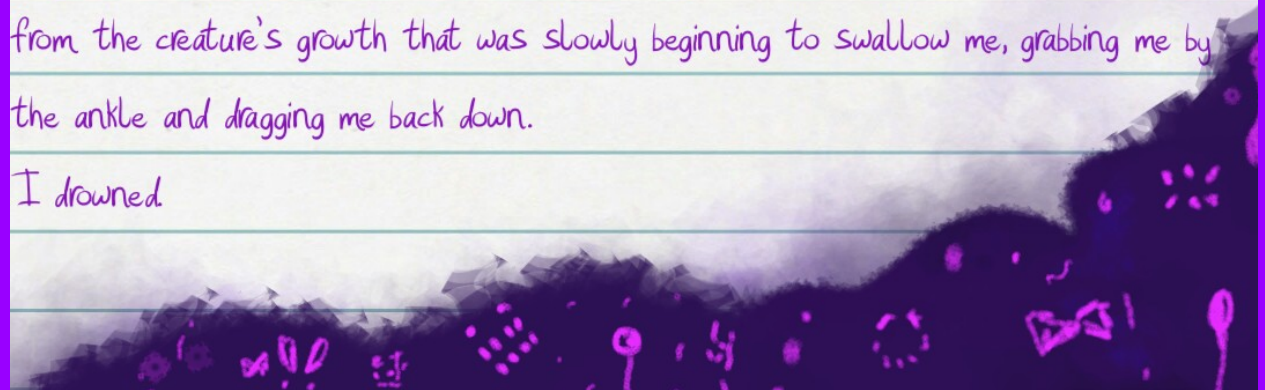
I lit it.

What I saw petrified me.



A large black mass of teeth, and purple ooze, a twisted rabbit moving and breathing like one giant organ. My head was screaming static at me, a piercing pain running through my very head. I cried out in torment, falling to my knees as I tried to scramble away from the creature's growth that was slowly beginning to swallow me, grabbing me by the ankle and dragging me back down.

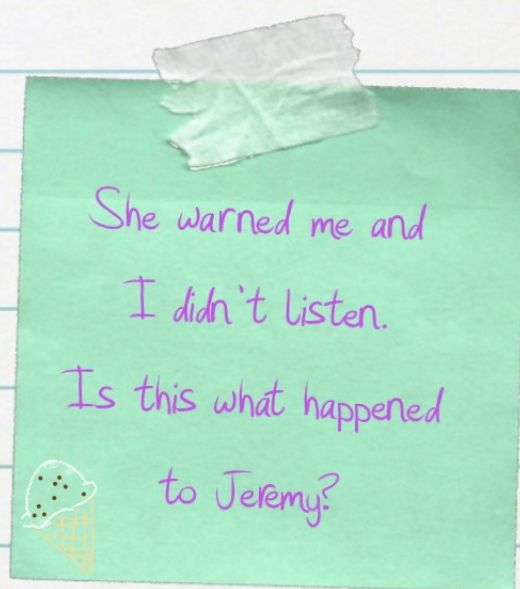
I drowned.





Something strange is happening to me, and people are starting to notice. Today Luis came by like he always does (to ask me about something irrelevant I'm sure), but I couldn't look at him when he said hi. Not because I didn't want to- I literally couldn't. My limbs were frozen in place, stuck like rust, and I couldn't move again until he begrudgingly left after a moment of uncomfortable silence. The worst part is, I was conscious for all of it. He probably thinks I'm crazy. I think I'm going crazy.

What's happening to me????



Every now and then I think back to your wicked smile
Looking down at me, as I speak your tongue.

As I speak your words.

Every now and then I think about how you used me,
As I sit lonely in the bathtub of my new apartment,
The bubbles frothing around my skin.

The water is gentle and soft, unlike you.

The water can caress me,
And make me feel at home.

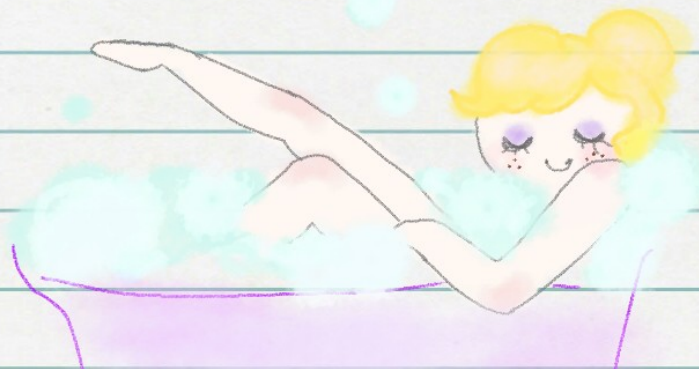
Unlike you.

It heals me slowly.

So I don't want to think of you,

Or what you did to me.

Instead I'll look at the bubbles,
And draw another bath.



They've finalized a version of the game for publication. Worldwide. To fund a new project. I asked the other beta testers if there were any glitches/bugs left in the game at lunch today, and they said no. They said that it runs perfectly and that they never saw any signs of a virus. The anomaly is gone. I smiled and said that was fantastic, but I had to take an emergency trip to the bathroom mirror because my heart began to race and my head began to pulse. As I splashed water on my face all I could think about was the haunting reality that it had escaped through me. It's inside of me, burrowing. I can hear the tiny whispers and daunts before I go to sleep each night, I feel that overwhelming force of paralysis hit me like a ton of bricks and I stop moving. Everything becomes cloudy and hazy, words sound like echoes and I know that I'm there, that I exist, but there's something else occupying my body because I saw ~~his~~ hands instead of mine. When I looked back into the mirror I did ~~not see me~~. My grip on the sink tightened and I asked it, "What do you want?". But I didn't get a response. Just frustrated tears falling out of my eyes. I blinked, and it was gone, like it was never there. It was then I got a good look at my own reflection- I'm falling apart. There's heavy bags under my eyes poorly concealed with makeup, my hair is messy and my extensions are loose and tangled. I don't know how long it's been since that night, but I look like a mere shell. Just an empty husk with a brain that barely works. I don't understand. I don't understand! I'm scribbling these thoughts down and I can barely grip my pen. I can barely grip reality. I don't know whether to cry and scream, or to smash all the plates in my house against my head because **SOMEONE IS TALKING TO ME, INSIDE OF MY HEAD, SOMEBODY IS TALKING TO ME. AND IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ME**

I woke up to the sound of rain.

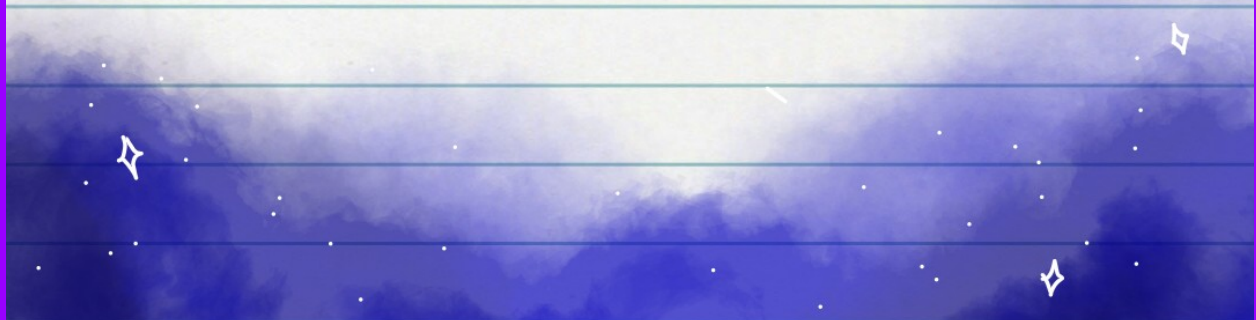


It was raining the whole day. After work today, everybody went out for drinks to celebrate the release of the game, some guy from legal's treat. I didn't feel too sure about going, but then I decided that it was better to do something rather than rot away at home all night. So before I knew it, I was driving to a bar that I'd never even stepped foot in before. The lights were low, orange, brick walls covered in pictures of crude puns and pin up art. Typical man-cave bullshit. It wasn't too crowded but just enough for there to be this weight to the air that I wasn't fond of. Too stuffy, too loud. Music blaring, I think there was a mechanical bull somewhere. Probably. I don't drink, and part of why I didn't want to go was because I was worried everyone would make me feel guilty about it. My suspicions were confirmed. "Just one shot!" "Oh come on, live a little!" I couldn't say no, I couldn't say no, and I couldn't say no, so I bit the bullet and I hated the way it felt on my tongue. I hated the way it looked. I hated who it reminded me of. So I had one drink and that was all, just enough for them to back away. Someone however, didn't. Sitting in a booth with a bunch of IT workers who I didn't really know, nor really noticed

me much, it was only a matter of time before Luis slid next to me after eyeing me the whole night. He tried chatting with me, and after a few minutes of uncomfortable small talk, he asked if I wanted to sit somewhere else more quiet—alone, with him. I declined as politely as I could and he pretended to understand why a woman wouldn't want to sit next to a man she only knows from work in a bar at night. Every time I look at him when he's miraculously not looking at me, I feel bad. I can't tell where my emotions lie with him. He's nice, and he sure as hell makes me feel uncomfortable, but I don't want to hurt him. At least, I felt that way until under the table, his hand dropped onto my knee. My bare knee. Dangerously close to the hem of my skirt. Mid conversation. My heart pounded but not in a good way, it needed to flee, to burst out of my chest so I could die and never have ever been living in that moment. I felt so gross, so violated by what he probably thought was a harmless act of flirting, but I couldn't do it. I wanted to scrape off my skin and break every single one of his bones and for a moment I almost did, my other hand had found it's way to his and was crushing crushing, my nails threatening to puncture the skin and leave marks. He looked at me with terror in his eyes

and I didn't know how or why I was doing this but he was begging me to stop and asking what was wrong, trying to push me away, worried that I might break, worried he might hurt me but his hands were on me even more, my shoulders my cheek my everything — I want to throw up.

Horrorified, I pushed past him and practically ran outside, but even then I couldn't escape. I felt so many eyes, all watching me in the cloak of darkness, waiting and looking for a chance like me and I just slammed my car door shut and screamed. I cried and screamed and hit my hands against the steering wheel until there was nothing left to do. I looked down to my knee where his hand once was and pulled my skirt down so hard that I swear I heard the threads begin to tear. I drove back home to the sound of a lullaby ringing in my ears. I was singing. But I wasn't the one making the words. The moon knows what it's like to be lonely and cratered by imperfections. The moon soothed me tonight.





Why do you hide inside your walls,
When there is music in my halls?

All I see is an empty room,
No more joy, an empty tomb.

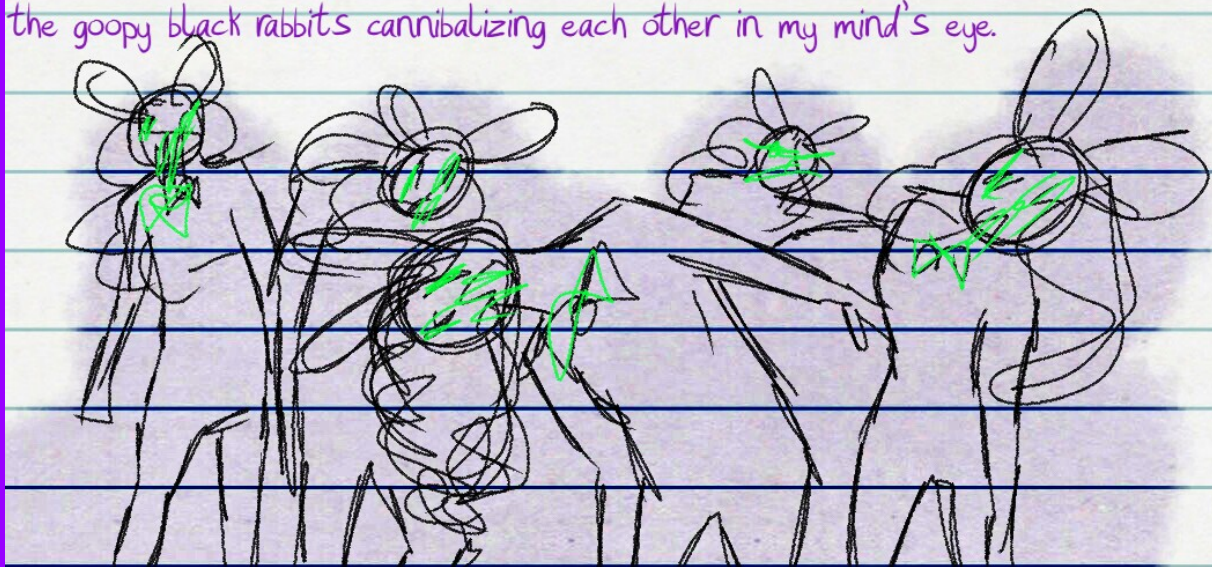
It's so good to sing all day,
To dance, to spin, to fly away.

All I do is dance alone, but now I hear your flesh and bones.

I roam these halls alone all day,
But now you're here, friend and prey.



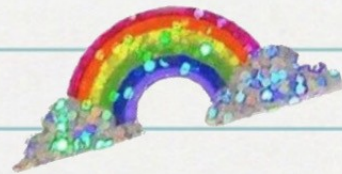
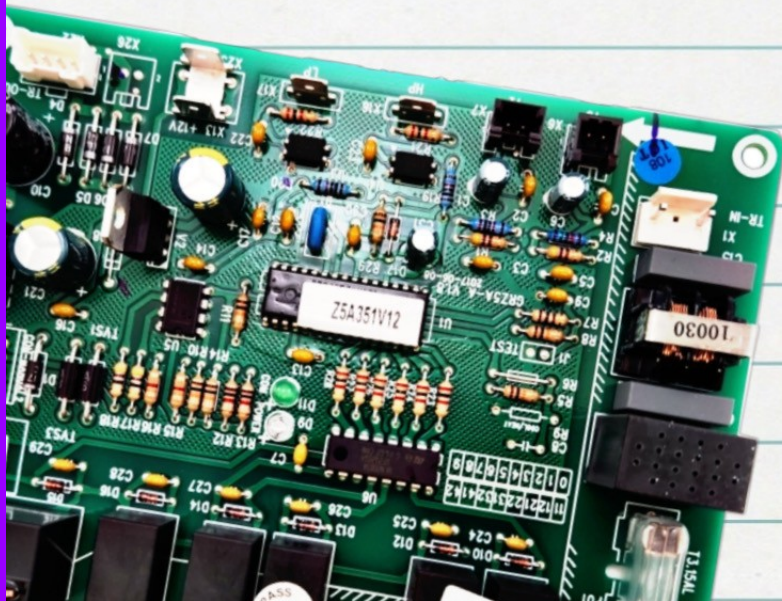
There's something inside of me. I've figured out that much. This thing, who has found a habit of speaking to me throughout the day, has a man's voice. British, I think. He didn't disclose a name. He didn't tell me what he wants from me. He hasn't told me anything. Just that I need to listen to him or else something very very bad will happen to me. Something very very bad. Jeremy. What happened to him is going to happen to me. He killed himself. The man in my head drove Jeremy to suicide. The paper slicer. It all makes sense now. I still don't know who the lady on the tapes is or was, and I'm sitting on my bed with makeup smeared under my eyes and a dull throbbing in my head. There's something standing a few feet behind me and I don't want to look and I'm going to shut my eyes and go to sleep. I have to go to sleep. I keep seeing the goopy black rabbits cannibalizing each other in my mind's eye.



He's been talking to me even more and every time I'm startled. At my desk, on the street, in my car, anywhere. Asking me questions. Why is this happening to me? WHAT is happening to me? I can't sleep at night and I see his whiskers in my peripheral vision and whispering whispering whispering he calls calling to me. He keeps giving me tasks. He keeps telling me to do things and sometimes my fingers move when I don't want them to. I watch them snap upward and forward and I watch my legs travel all the way to the mirror. Look at yourself, he says. Look at how small you are, he says. Look at your wrists, look at your knees, he beckons, holding my chin up to keep staring into the glass. Look at who you have been forever and ever. Have you made any progress? Have you done anything worthwhile? Does your life mean anything? No, no, and no. I shake my head. Tears fall. He's right. I can fix that, he coos. I can fix you, he assures. Trembling. I tremble. How is anything real? What did I do wrong? Hands on my shoulders and breathing on my neck but there's nobody there when I look behind me. Only in the reflection. Fabric padded fingers grip hard. Purple fingernails break off. Brittle. Always so brittle.



I was given a task today. I talked to Luis on my lunch break and he seemed very relieved that I wasn't ignoring him after the other night. I smiled and said that everything was okay, just had a rough past few days. His eyes lit up when I asked him about his job as IT manager and was surprised by my sudden interest in it. Doesn't he know where I'm stationed? I guess I have so much free time that it seems like I'm in the testing room more than I should be. He kept trying to talk to me about my personal life again and I had to stop him, "Oh, enough about me! Tell me about what life is like for you." He asked when we could go out for coffee again next, saying it's so nice to talk to me face to face when we can. I quickly ended the conversation after I got the information ~~I~~ he needed. I'm exhausted.



He told me to do something today. Something important, he said. He said to make sure that he gains access to the systems no matter what. He needs to have access to the machines. He also said to watch out for Jim. He said to test one on Jim. So I did. He told me that I could become who I've always wanted to be if I just listen to him. Then nothing bad will happen, if I just reach out my hand. I don't know. I don't know anything. Again, this feeling of a complete lack of understanding hits me like a tidal wave. Like the smell of birthday cake when you walk into a party room. His voice sticking to me like glitter.



No Subject



luis.cabrera
to me



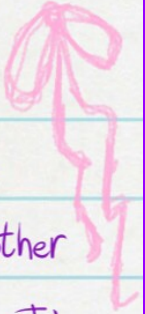
Hey, Ness,

Is everything OK? I came by your desk to say hi today and I don't think you even heard me. You had your face so close to the screen, that can't be good for your eyes (I know, I know, I sound like somebody's grandma). I waited for a second to see if you would turn around, but it was like you were in another world. It must be useful to be able to shut out the world and focus like that, I wish I could do it. I thought you were on a conference call at first because I heard voices.

Ness, if you ever want to talk about anything, I'm always here for you. I thought your hair looked nice today, the rainbow streaks brightened up the office - and the office is always in desperate need of some brightening!

Draw your favourite
animatronic doing
something unexpected!





I blacked out at my computer again last night. The last thing I remember was creating an email account. After that, I fell into another dream— Illusion? I don't know what to call it. When it happens, I'm aware of my body and what I'm feeling, but it's like watching a movie of myself that's still from my perspective. I was backstage, my eyes focused on the curtain that separated me from the audience. I was waiting for my queue. The orchestra plucked away at a harp, the strings combining into a hauntingly beautiful melody. Three ballerinas on stage leaped and landed, ducked and dived. They swam through the air. Feathers were everywhere, and their skirts shed the most beautiful trail of glitter as they swayed with the music. They were the embodiment of grace, a troupe of pure perfection. Not a single mistake was made as their balance shifted from each foot to the next, prancing around with a smile. I could tell that they weren't only smiling for the audience because they had to, but they were smiling because they were proud. Proud of themselves for being in-sync. Proud for doing a good job. Once they shuffled off stageright, I let go of the handrail that I had been gripping with a sweaty, intense palm.

My solo was next. Almost robotically, I raised my arms above my head and moved forward, drawing my legs in a circle with each step. Toes pointed the entire time, my strides turned into a spin, and I gestured towards the audience once I was facing them. I had reached the center of a stage. A single spotlight illuminated my presence. I pirouetted, and began to dance. This is what I had practiced for, put all my effort into, and harshly criticized for months. It was all for this moment. Weeks of work for less than 3 minutes of music and some dancing. But it wasn't just "music and some dancing." It was a display of my very being. My essence illuminating like the shimmer on my skin as I flailed about the stage like a graceful bird, weaving in and out of the spotlight with each drastic movement. I was focused on my movements, but also kept trying to spot my mother's face in the audience. Even though it's near impossible to make out a single shape when you're staring into a spotlight, I still tried anyway. I wanted to see her face. Her smile. I wanted to see it and be able to tell she was proud, like how all the other dancers showed their satisfaction with their smiles. Even though I knew she would always be proud of me, my soul still yearns for every time she says it, or shows it.

Even though I liked ballet, at this point it was all for her. She was my reason to perform, and in this moment, I just wanted to see her gratitude. Finally, at the end of my dance after taking my bow, I saw her. Sitting in the far right of the audience, her eyes glinted with purple, her smile exactly what I had been hoping for.

Until it wasn't.

Her smile changed. The purple glint in her eyes began to flood into her teeth. Each root was covered in a glitchy aura, infecting her perfect lips and dimples. I cried out, the rest of the audience staring confused. I yelled her name, I told her to stop changing. But she didn't seem to listen to me. Instead, her smile twisted, showing more and more rows of teeth than humanly possible. Her frilly blouse, the one she always wore out to dinner, began to swirl into a purple suit and bowtie. Ears protruded from her head, emerging in a grotesque manner as silky black tendrils oozed from her skull. The purple began to illuminate everything around her. Her mouth opened as she let out a laugh, a laugh that pierced through the center of my soul, cracking my ribs in half and fracturing them into a million pieces. Every blood vessel in my body froze. I was completely horrified.

In a matter of moments, she had become him. Suddenly, the stage melted. I fell inward, slipping into a slimy mass that had apparently been hiding under the stage of the auditorium. It grabbed my foot, completely submerging my brand new pointe shoe in whatever disgusting elements it consisted of. Faces awoke all around me, each one laughing a terrible distorted laugh. More entities emerged, grabbing each of my limbs with a terrifying strength. And then they began to pull. As something slithered its way around my neck, I finally realized I had been screaming. But it didn't last much longer, as my throat was completely closed off and I began to asphyxiate. The lack of air in my lungs was the least of my concerns, however, as each of my limbs began to feel like they were lit on fire as the entity pulled them further away from my body. "No," I thought, "this can't be it! Please let me go!" I just wanted it to stop. The agony was immeasurable, and over the next few moments, my mind could only focus on one thing. The pain. Bright, blinding, horrible pain entangled my limbs as each one was ripped from my torso. I felt each socket separate itself from the body part that had once filled it, and my muscles screamed in the absence of my voice. As my entire life flashed before my eyes, I saw one

image past the glitchy tendrils that had begun to cover my face and reach their way over my eyes.

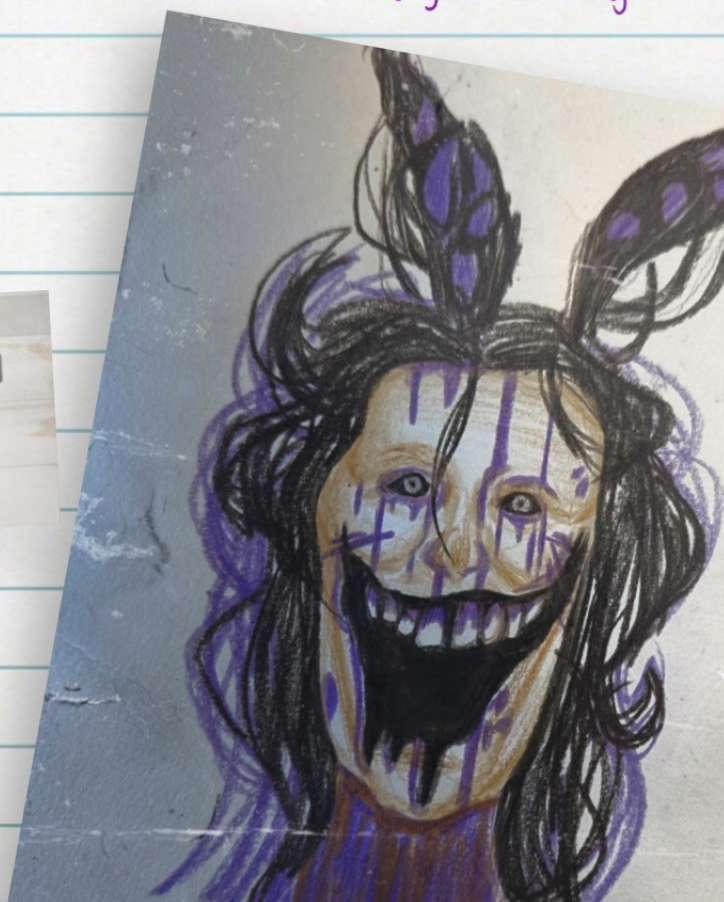
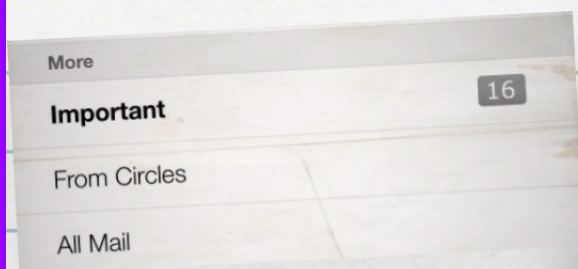
The image of the person who I had once recognized as my mother.

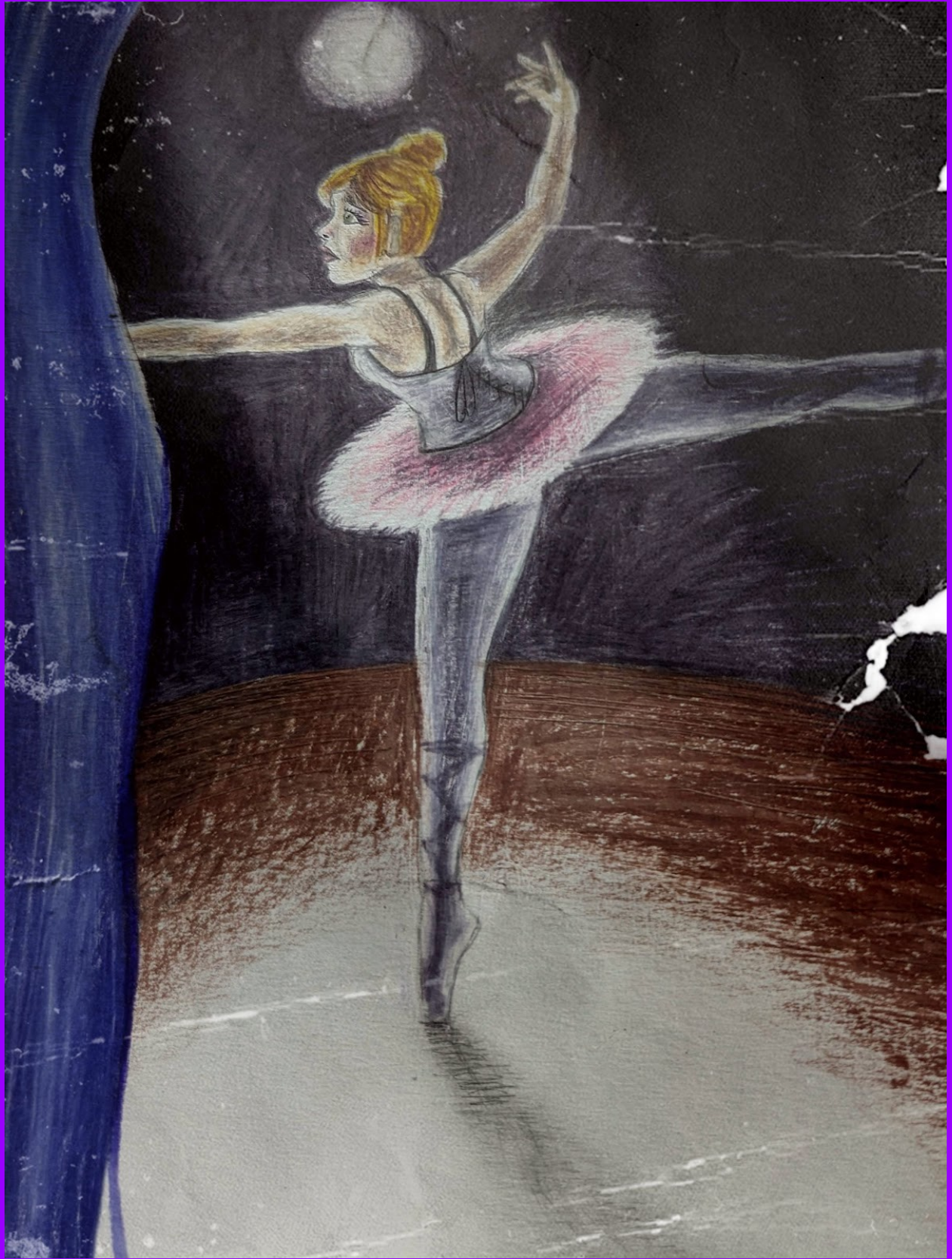
The image of her distorted smile, bleeding and screaming and pulsing and crying.

At last, I thought I died. But then I heard a music box.

Six notes played from the song I was dancing to only moments before.

I woke up at my desk. I could tell I had been screaming because my throat was raw.





Two layer Vanilla Birthday Cake recipe

Ingredients:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsalted butter softened to room temperature
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canola or vegetable oil or avocado oil
- $1 \frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
- 4 large eggs room temperature preferred
- 1 Tablespoon vanilla extract
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 Tablespoon baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup buttermilk room temperature preferred

STEPS:

1. Preheat oven to 350 F. Cream the butter, oil, and sugar in a bowl.
2. Add the eggs one at a time, add vanilla extract and stir.
3. Combine dry ingredients in a separate bowl, then add one-third of the mixture into your bowl. Use a spatula to stir until fully combined, and add half of your buttermilk then stir again.
4. Add the other half of the remaining dry ingredients, stir, then add the remainder of the buttermilk. Finish with the final portion of dry ingredients and use your spatula to make the batter smooth.
5. Divide the batter evenly into two baking pans (make sure to grease them!!)
6. Bake for 30-35 minutes and let stand for 10-15 minutes.
7. Decorate it how you like!

I miss you too, mom.

Work didn't feel real again. I had a hard time falling asleep last night, and I almost passed out at my desk. My eyelids are still heavy with sleep. I spilled my coffee on the ride to work, so I was late and had to drive back home to get a change of pants. Didn't have any time to go to the cafe today, so I just used some instant stuff I had left over.

My manager came by and asked me what I was doing. I didn't answer, because I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't think I was doing anything at all. Or maybe I was? Sometimes things are blurry and it's a strange, strange sensation of being here, being there, and being nowhere at all. Like a state of paralysis between sleep and consciousness. My body moves, but it's not me commanding it to do so. It's terrifying.

There was a package on my doorstep when I got home, which was immediately strange, because I don't remember having ordered anything. I was perplexed when I opened the box. Three, lifelike rubber masks stared up at me with hollow eyes. I put them off to the side and checked my order history, and sure enough, there they were. But I hadn't just ordered the masks, other things too. Like a "12 month Viking Blood eagle torture calendar" from somebody's Etsy shop. It was grotesque. I physically recoiled.. why can't I remember any of this?

To add salt to the wound, there was a familiar name in my inbox.



No subject



luis.cabrera
to me

Hey, Ness,

I hope you're having a good day! It's no big deal, but I wanted to reach out 'off the radar,' and remind you about the company policy about personal internet usage. Nobody cares if you're online shopping, as long as you get your work done - I promise, I've done my share of last-minute gift-buying! But certain words and phrases trigger red flag reports, so your last order got automatically sent to me: basically anything mentioning 'torture' is going to raise the alarm. So although the *Viking Blood Eagle Twelve-Month Calendar* you ordered is very cool, the searches that got you there did trigger a red flag.

If you have any questions about the policy, let me know. We could even get coffee or something and go over all the words to avoid.

...And now I've raised my own red flag! Good thing I'm the one who gets the notification :-)

No subject



luis.cabrera
to me

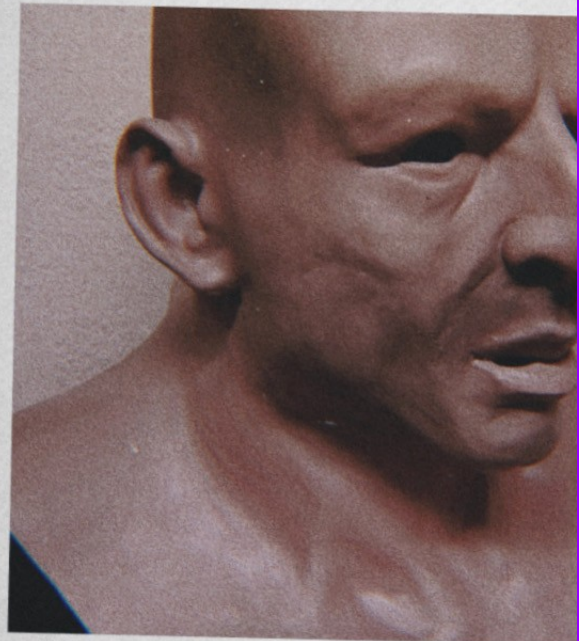


Hey, Ness,

I hope things are good! I saw you ordered three 'lifelike, human male rubber masks' and I was dying to ask what they're for - was my screenplay guess right? Are you making a movie, or putting together some kind of performance?

Everything's the same as usual with me - but I guess you know that, you see me every day at work! Maybe one day soon we can get that coffee.

I thought my account was hacked
but it couldn't have been. I really
ordered this? That calendar? I'm
confused and so many thoughts are
swimming around in my head that it's making me
feel claustrophobic





luis.cabrera
to me



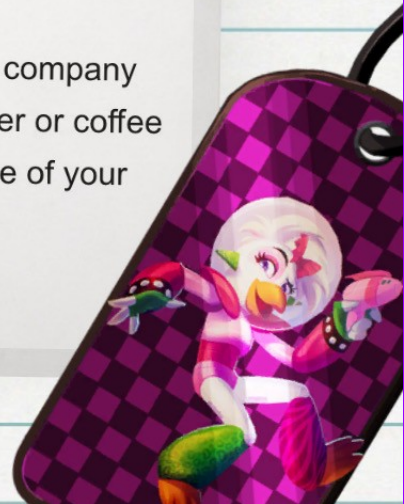
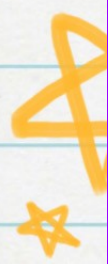
Hey, Ness,

Just a quick FYI - I know I mentioned trigger words, but the AI is actually a little more sophisticated than that, and of course there are people like me watching the system, too.

So, the word compliance by itself isn't going to set off any red flags, but the sentence *how to induce compliance in human subjects, and how to induce self-compliance(?)* did actually get my attention. (I think the answer might involve chocolate chip cookies? Always works on me.)

I also thought it was strange that these were immediately followed by searches that couldn't possibly have any relevant answers for you. Did you search for 'help' by itself?

Anyway, my offer still stands if you want to go over the company policy. I'm free any day after work - we could grab dinner or coffee if you want. In the meantime you might want to do some of your more... interesting research at home.



I crashed my car today. The morning was already rough because it was another night of my eyes glued to the ceiling with my thoughts keeping me awake. Every night I feel this- something- gnawing on my conscience. Already tired as I was, I got into the car and tried to calm down by turning on the radio. I was merging onto the highway when it happened. The music abruptly stopped, so I looked at the monitor to see what happened. The screen was frozen. I went to fiddle with it, but the second my finger hit the screen, he appeared. The radio began to cry out a bloodcurdling static noise, it sounded like screaming but I couldn't tell if that was me or the radio. I went to cover my ears, but quickly realized that I was still in a moving vehicle. But by the time I had regained control of the wheel, I was swerving off the road. As I collided with the tree and smacked my head against the steering wheel, I swear I heard him whisper. After that, I lost consciousness.

But when I woke up, I wasn't in my car.

I was there.

Back in the basement. Back to the old house.

Back with Dad.

"Nessie, go wait in the basement. Mommy and I need to talk."

Don't put me back again.

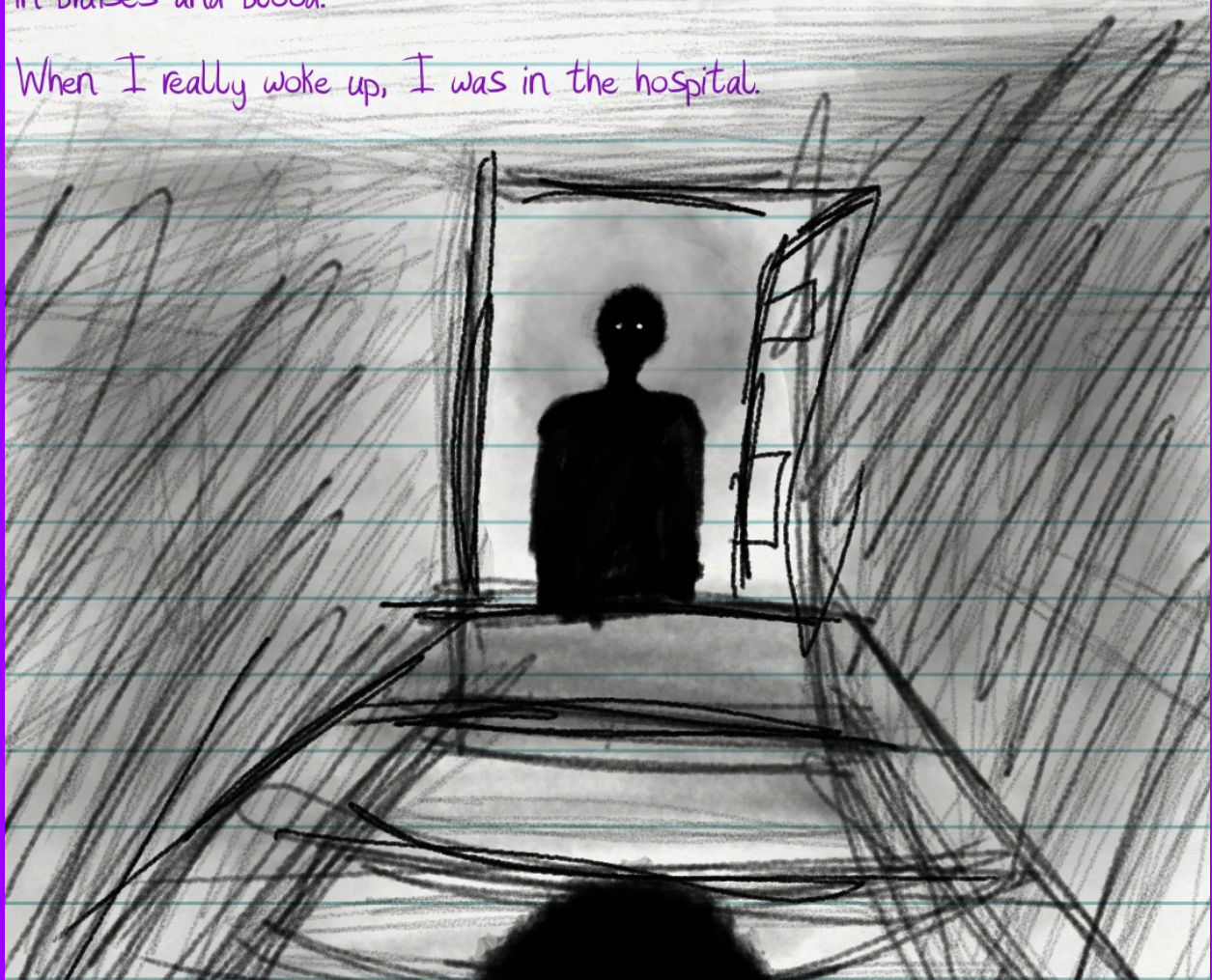
Every time I'm no longer myself, he takes over. If I'm not a princess, I'm always put back inside. In this horrible memory that replays over again.

Nothing has ever felt worse than this. Nothing made sense when I was there, and not only because it's physically impossible, as my childhood home was demolished years ago. No, what I mean is that nothing makes sense because the same thing happened when I went to bed last night. And the night before. That rancid smell of laundry detergent mixed with wet concrete and dust fills my nose. I can't feel anything. I can't move. Upstairs, I hear the screaming: Dad's voice fighting to drain out Mom's. They're arguing over something, likely about me, but it doesn't matter. Regardless of what it's about, I'm still locked in the basement. After what feels like hours of sitting in the dark with my only company being the unpleasant sounds and smells, and the burning pain in my fingernails from picking at them, the screaming stops. But that's the worst part.

Even though each time it's the same, I still feel petrified every time the door slowly creaks open. Every time the stairs groan with the weight

of his footsteps. Every time the light from upstairs is blocked by his shadow as his silhouette slowly approaches me in the corner. Every time he takes my hand and leads me back upstairs. Every time he says "Don't worry about it honey, Mommy and I worked it out. Thanks for being a trooper down there." Every time I look over and see Mom's face, covered in bruises and blood.

When I really woke up, I was in the hospital.



Dreams and Reality



Am I living in a dream or just multiple realities?

Is there no such thing as dreams or just infinite,
stretching realities?

All laid out on a road for me?

Am I living in reality or just another dream?

Is there no such thing as realities, just endless,
restless dreams?

All sitting on a cloud for me?

All just to confuse me?

What is this nightmare?

WHAT IS THIS HORROR??

Endless realities

Restless dreams

All laying thickly on top of one another

Blinding my field of vision



I've been at home for the past few days. I didn't break anything, thank god, but I can feel myself deteriorating the more I rot in my bed. All I've been doing is eating junk food and staring at the television. Empty. I don't sleep, at least not well. Sometimes I wake up, passed out somewhere in my apartment, or other times I look at the clock and see that it's already the morning. The sun is already shining.

He's been speaking to me more. He yells at me. But sometimes he's nice. He told me that he's always watching me. All eyes are on me. He told me that if I don't listen I'll get hurt. I have to listen.

~~It's too hot outside~~

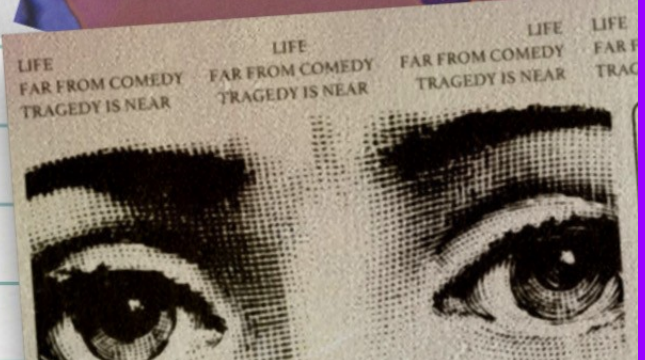


He makes me feel wanted. I've never been more special.

I just want him to know that I won't let him down.

~~Nothing is good enough for him~~

I've been very productive today. I went to the grocery store. Called the mechanic to see how my car's doing. Pickup is scheduled for next week. Adding more to my pool of debt, but my insurance covered most of it. I'm so deeply stressed and I'm in a very weird headspace right now, literally and figuratively. I'm angry, then sad, then desperate, then euphoric then absolutely furious. Some days I don't do anything at all. Sometimes I don't wake up, and then it's the next day, and something has changed. I just can't tell what. The positioning of my shoes at the door? A small chip on my nail polish? I can't keep up with this anymore.





Would you rather



Or



Or



Or



Or



He's driving me nuts.

Gears grind in my head as it is all day. I can barely focus on my work. When I'm not trying to silence the whispers and urges, I try to actually make progress. But he's too damn invasive. I was walking into work today, nearly bumping into a door because, like always, I was half awake. But then he just appeared. "Ness, hey! You haven't answered my emails. Is everything okay?" My expression visibly soured. He irks me so bad I can't describe it. Why won't he leave me alone??? Why is he more interested in me than the actual assignments he needs to get done for work? And the way he talks, Jesus Christ. Has he listened to himself? It's like driving a nail into my head, pounding away at my ear with a hammer so it digs further and further into my skull. I'm ready to just saw it off, sever my nerves so I don't have to feel any of this. "Luis, Move." My words were harsh but my tone was trying to be as sweet as possible. I didn't have time for him. I didn't have time for another brain-numbing pickup line. I don't have time for anything.



He started to probe, initially apologizing but then proceeding to continuously ask me if I needed to talk. "Y'know, talking about your problems can be really beneficial to your mental health." Shut up. Just shut the hell up. I nearly exploded at him. I wanted to tell him to get out of my goddamn way or else I would slam the door repeatedly against his head until it popped like a balloon. But after thinking about this, I just stared at him, appalled by the horrific violence of my own thoughts. This isn't like me. So instead of threatening murder, I quickly mumbled "thanks" and scurried past. I just wanted to get to my desk. I just wanted to feel normal.

Why can't I feel normal? I never want to be mean, ever, it makes me feel sick even thinking about how I behaved. But right now I think I just want everyone to be quiet for a little bit. I'm low on sleep, and high on exhaustion. My legs are aching and begging me to just rest, but I can't. It won't let me sleep.

Luis didn't even care that I had just crashed my car

All he cared about was that I didn't reply to his emails.

No subject



luis.cabrera
to me



Hey Ness,

Is everything OK? I came by your desk to say hi today and I don't think you even heard me. You had your face so close to the screen, that can't be good for your eyes (I know, I know, I sound like somebody's grandma). I waited for a second to see if you would turn around, but it was like you were in another world. It must be useful to be able to shut out the world and focus like that, I wish I could do it. I thought you were on a conference call at first because I heard voices.

Ness, if you ever want to talk about anything, I'm always here for you. I thought your hair looked nice today, the rainbow streaks brightened up the office - and the office is always in desperate need of some brightening!

Anyone who tends to a fig tree
will eat its fruit.

And anyone who takes care of a
master will be honoured.

It was the morning. Everything was okay, the sky was overcast and the air was humid. I went about my routine normally, sluggishly. Vitamins, clothes, anxiety medication, coffee, work. I can't do this anymore. I was sitting at my desk, just finishing up some documents until my computer bugged, then froze. I stared at it for a few seconds... nothing. My cursor didn't move, no keyboard clicks did anything. So I tugged on one of my co worker's sleeves to ask him for help, but the face I saw was not his. A distorted mass of flesh, stitched together and cut: Like butchers, meat replaced it. I screamed and fell out of my chair, watching him stumble toward me as I scrambled away on my knees. I stood up and looked back, but then I noticed something else was horribly wrong. Everything was covered in thick layers of rust, and metal. The office burned like a rotting carcass. I watched as more of them stepped out of their seats, all fleshy abominations, with bloody, cut up smiles and dripping facades all coming for me. This was real. Bodies hung from the ceiling in cages, shaking and rattling and screaming, I broke out in a run, running down the familiar rows and rows of computers. Every screen on the computers had his face on it. Every computer was caked in dust.

Disoriented, my eyes stayed on the hanging bodies, flayed beyond recognition, faces sliced clean off, but still alive. This was real. In my mad dash, I ran into somebody.

"Elizabeth, go to your room this instant!.." An old woman, a nun. screamed and told her that wasn't my name, I didn't know an Elizabeth and this wasn't my home, but I was met with a burning sensation erupting straight across my cheek.

"You will Learn obedience, Elizabeth!" Her face began to bleed, every orifice pouring with red, as she took hold of my shoulders and began to try and drag me along with her. I kicked and I screamed and I broke from her hold, running, running, I turned into the kitchen and saw Luis. He could help me, he could tell me what was going on!

Desperately, I clawed at his shirt and begged him to help me-But when I looked down at his cutting board, all I saw were intestines, spilling from a gaping bloody hole in his gut and being sliced into sandwich meat. His face sans les yeux, and covered in a mask. A mask made of my own face, stapled onto his own. I don't think I've ever let out a more terrified scream in my whole life. He followed me as I sprinted, bloody fingers reaching out to grab me. I had to get out! I had to get out! People were following me, these fucked up versions of the people I used to know are chasing me and trying to kill me. I knew I had to get to the exit, to the first floor. I ran down a flickering stairwell with a ceiling that bellowed metallic clanging and screams, open grates echoing fire. My skin was beginning to burn and fall off in ribbons and I could see the exit.

I could see it, and then -

I smacked my head against the glass door. I saw him peering over me.

Then everything went black.

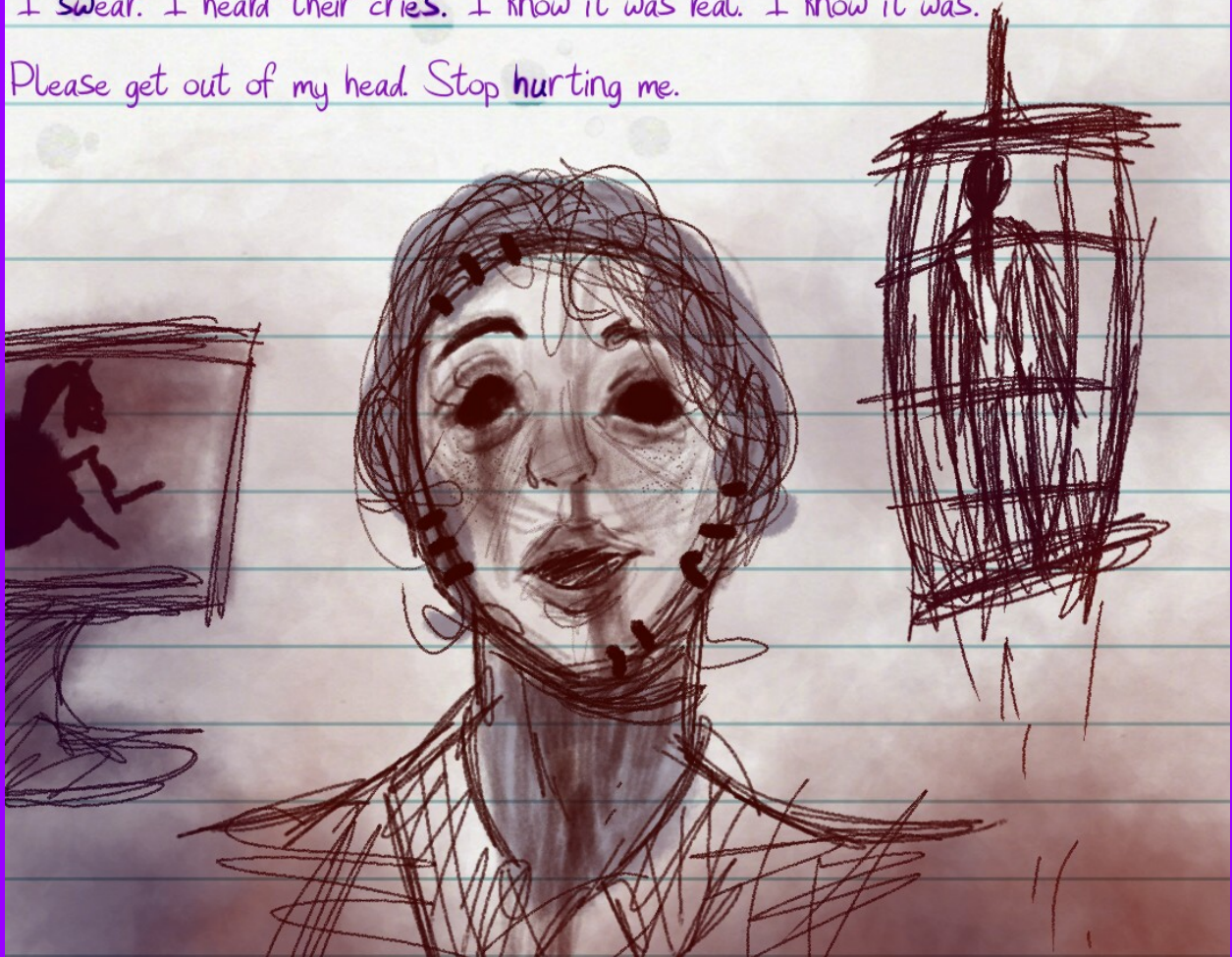
When I woke up, I was on the staff room couch with a bag of ice on my head.

I saw Luis sitting in front of me, fidgeting with his hands, and I half expected to see his stomach ripped open again. He gave me this look of pity, maybe disbelief. He looked scared to even be near me.

I was told to go home for the rest of the day.

When I walked out everyone looked at me like I was crazy. But it was real, I swear. I heard their cries. I know it was real. I know it was.

Please get out of my head. Stop hurting me.



No! This is wrong!

This is wrong, snap out of it!

Snap out of it!

Get out of my head get out of my head get out of my
head get out of my head get out of my head get out of
my head get out of my head GET OUT OF MY

HEAD GET OUT OF MY HEAD GET OUT
OF MY HEAD GET OUT OF MY HEAD GET
OUT OF MY HEAD LEAVE ME ALONE LEAVE
ME ALONE LEAVE ME ALONE PLEASE PLEASE

Snap out of it! Snap out of it! Snap out of it! I
don't want this! I don't want this!

Wind Chime



This twisting and turning cacophony of noises

Ringing out loudly

It Kills her with every chime.

She's a rattling wind chime,

Allergic to her own sound.

"Please, stop!" She screams

But nobody responds,

Because it's the wind, after all,

That's punishing her

Knocking her against herself again

And again.

Painfully.

Endlessly,

Her ears bleed.

Every orifice bleeds.

I'm a rattling wind chime,

Looking out at someone's garden.

And all I can see is red.

In this deafening cacophony of noise.

They're forcing me to go to therapy. Company mandated," they said Glad to know I'm unstable enough for Fazbear Entertainment, the literal definition of unstable. I think Luis suggested it. He's been watching me intently, like a bug underneath a microscope. I've had people sending me messages to "Get well soon". Saying they're worried about me. They must think my office freak out was some kind of schizophrenia episode. A spell of sorts. Maybe it was, but how could I know? To think whatever this is has gotten so bad that I need a therapist. I don't mind it too much, but it is concerning.

If I can't even control myself at work, how am I meant to do anything at all? And what do I tell a therapist? "There's a voice in my head and I think I'm going insane!" Immediate psych ward admission.

I shouldn't be bitter, I've considered a therapist before, but the thought was always too intimidating, and expensive. Now that they're forcing me though, maybe it could do me some good. Maybe this is an act of kindness.

Maybe. they can help me.

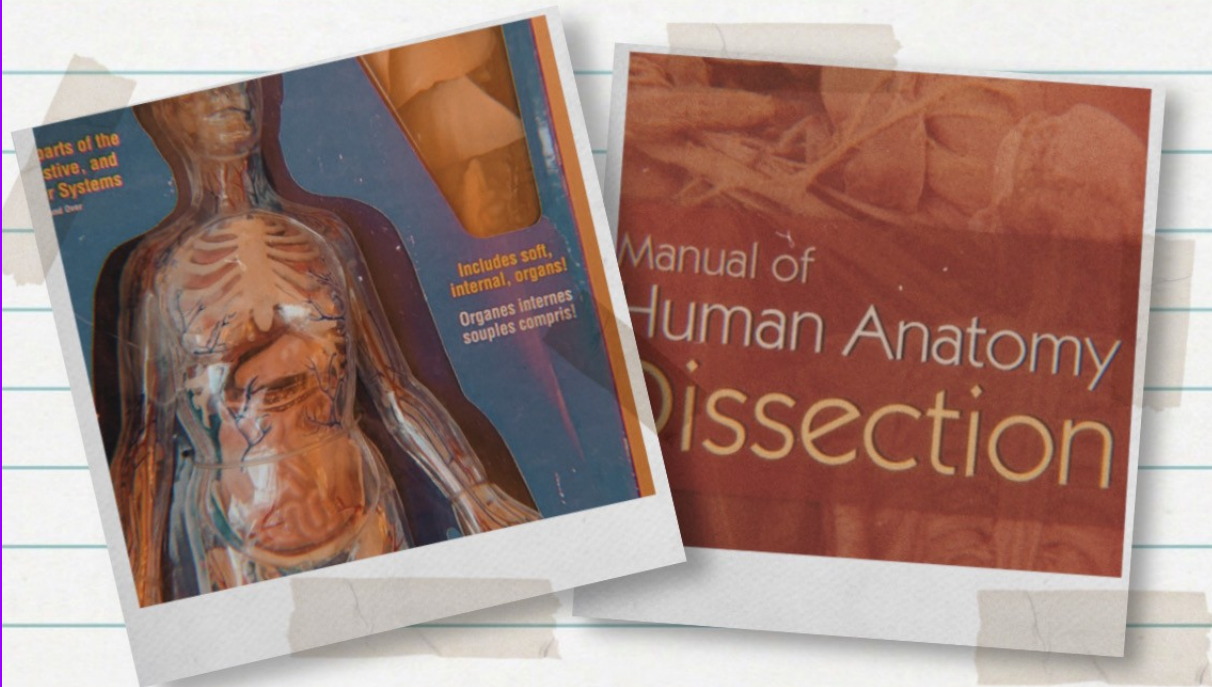
I hope they can help me.



Grocery List

- microwaveable meal
- Case of water
- Loaf of bread
- Ice cream

Things keep showing up in my mail box. Big packages, small boxes. They accumulate in a small pile on my kitchen counter, but every time I wake up I find a new one moved to my desk, stacked atop one another. I know they have some use but I don't know what I'm supposed to do with a set of anatomical organ models. They're a weird hard plastic that's rubbery yet somehow not. I'm not a big fan of this. My bank account is depleting and I don't even know if I can return any of this. What's going on???





Today I woke up again with the hope that maybe it was all just a nightmare.

How foolish I was. How foolish I am to think that.

I'm tired of being the girl I am. Small. weak.

But I fear that I'm turning into something I don't even understand.

Am I a victim? Have I ever been? Or am I just playing one?

Has everything that's ever happened to me been a mistake on my part?

Do I deserve what's happening? Is it better just to run?

I'm trying so hard to be nice and smile and be happy and go about my day the way people expect me to but I can't. I just want them all to go away.

I want everything to be quiet, I want the voice to be quiet.

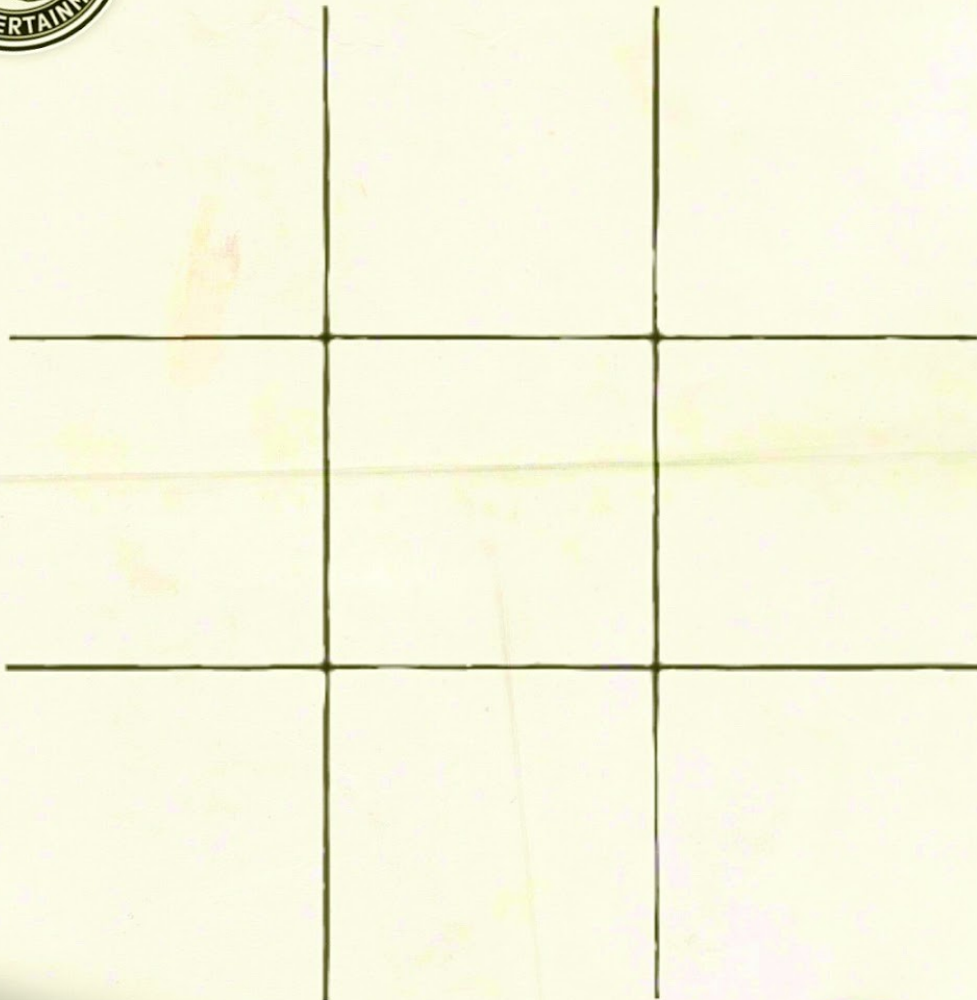
I can feel my own body begin to give up on me.

What was my mother's name?

Why do I see a childhood that's not mine?



TIC TAC TOE



CELEBRATE!



I'm sweating and shaking and I'm afraid to write it down. I feel gross and disgusted with myself. I know it's not my fault for what I'm exposed to, but this time I felt solely responsible for everything I just watched myself do. I can't help it.

I was in a big building, brightly lit with colorful LEDs and neon signs. I've never seen it before in my life, but at the same time I knew exactly where I was, and where I was going. I could feel that I was wearing something hot and uncomfortable, but I couldn't look down to see what. My vision was obscured by red. I thought it was just a mask, until I realized that it was less of a mask and more of a helmet. I'm not really sure how to describe it, I could just tell that my entire head was obscured instead of just my face. More importantly, from what I could see, the world was changed. Some things didn't make sense, fog, snow, shapes, all coated in a purple hue. I felt disoriented.



I was humming a strange tune as I ~~walked~~ skipped through the halls. A playful skip that was intricate enough to be considered a dance. I approached a door that said "S.T.A.F.F. Only" on it. Opening the door revealed a stark contrast to my surrounding environment, the one filled with color and sound and happiness. The room behind the door was a dull gray, barely lit by a single static TV screen that was above a desk. The floors and walls were concrete. Before I entered the room, I turned around to look behind me. Fazbear decor littered the place, and out of the corner of my eye I could see a large stage. But straight ahead, a face stared back at me. A small, innocent face. A little boy.



Something strange happened when he looked at me. He stared at me with wariness and fear, but still reluctantly approached. At the time, I didn't know why. I didn't want him to be scared. I saw and felt my hand reach out and beckon to him, gesturing to come closer. My hands were gloved, and thick. Each finger had a small little pink pad sewn onto it, with a single large pad on the center of my palm. I could tell it was supposed to be the glove of some sort of mascot, but I still recognized it as mine.

The little boy was clutching a stuffed toy. A green lizard thing that wore sunglasses. He held it with a death grip as he slowly approached me. I reached out my hand, offering it to the little boy. He took it, much too big for his small hand, and I turned back around, leading him through the doorway into the intimidating back room. The sounds and smells of the large and bright area we left behind us faded out, now replaced by a dizzying hum that came from the TV. I let go of the boy's hand, and locked the door behind us. The one we had come through that said staff only. Was I staff?

This entire time, I had felt dread. There was an overwhelming urge to vomit, even though I hadn't necessarily done anything wrong. And, once again, I knew this wasn't reality anyways, so none of it was real. But still, it felt real. What happened next, though, gave me a reason to entertain that urge.

The boy turned around. He asked me what I was doing. Fear filled his eyes as I stared at him for a moment, saying nothing. Why wasn't I saying anything? What was my plan with this little boy? Why had he followed me back here? I said something to him, something about a special surprise, or a present, or something. I don't know. All I remember is the intention.

Whatever I said, I knew that I wasn't planning to be benevolent. I was trying to manipulate. Deceive. Mislead. I was trying to do the exact same thing to this helpless little boy that HE had done to me for so long.

The thing that has driven me to points of feeling so hopeless that I would rather feel nothing at all. That same tactic I was using now, and I continued to use it as I walked over to a desk and opened a drawer. Inside the drawer lay a large butcher knife on top of a pile of documents, out of place, hidden. I willed myself to close it. To walk away and bring the little boy back to his parents. I screamed and screamed and screamed. I yelled

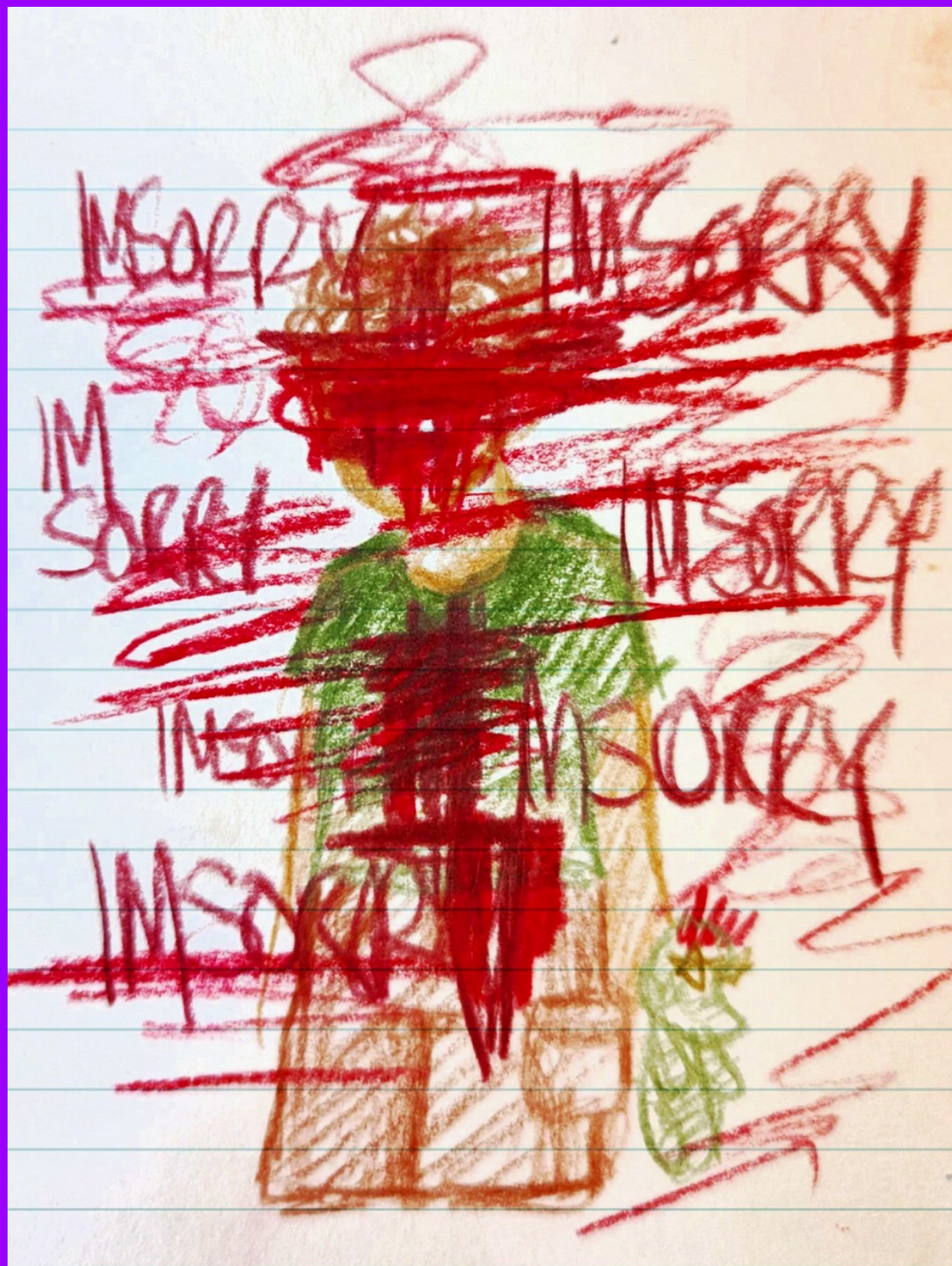
at the little boy to run. I prayed for him to run, I banged on my skull and begged. Except I didn't make a sound, because in this dream I was just an observer. No amount of internal pleading would change what I was watching, and I knew that as I continued to scream. I watched my hand, the same one that had led the little boy to this room, pick up the knife. I said something to him about cutting a birthday cake, and turned around to see his face. He asked to leave, for me to take him back and bring him to his mom. I wanted to close my eyes, but I couldn't. I was forced to watch. Forced to listen. Forced to obey.



What happened next can't be written down. I feel like throwing up just thinking about it. The screaming. The blood. The crying. The look in his eyes. His bloodied T-Shirt. My shadow. When I woke up, I vomited out what felt like everything I had consumed for the past few days. Even after that, I continued to dry heave for what felt like hours. But no amount of vomiting could save me from the terror. The sheer, unadulterated guilt I ~~felt~~ **FEEL** for being a witness to what I had just watched.

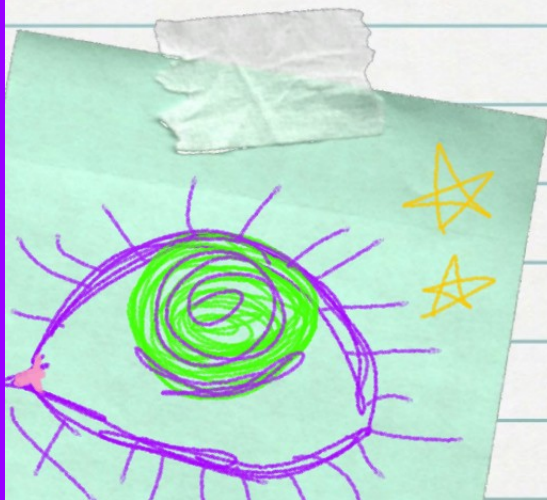
Not watched. What I had just done. I'm trying to remind myself that it was all a dream. I'm trying to remember what's happening to me and how it's all because of ~~him~~ me. But I've been sobbing for hours and I can't stop. My eyes and throat are so dry but the tears keep coming. My head is pounding and my stomach is so uneasy I might just throw up again. I wish my mom was here. I wish she was here to hold me and ice the bruises on my back and tell me that it's all going to be okay but I **KNOW** she can't and I know she **WOULDN'T** because I lied. I killed her. It was my fault. It was my fault she did what she did to herself. Nobody can help me.

Nobody will ever know how I cradled myself and rocked on the floor in the dark.



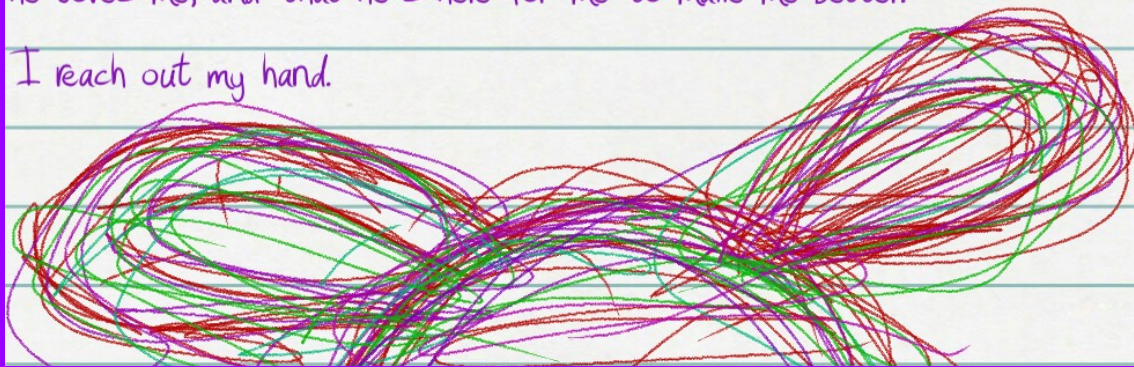
I'm an experiment. An experiment constantly being tested on to see how far I can go until I break. Until I repeat what the last one did. Until I lose my already broken will to live. Testing, testing! Can anybody hear me? Testing, testing! What happens if we split open the skin inside of her thighs? Testing, testing! Vanessa, can you hear me? Testing. Testing.. ~~is anybody there?~~ Testing.

My eyes are shutting and I'm so tired. Whenever I close my eyes I stop breathing. My vision is blurry and distorted and I can't focus on anything. I have to stay awake. I HAVE to STAY AWAKE



I don't feel safe at work anymore, but I also don't feel safe at home. I don't know what I might try to do to other people, but I don't know what I might try to do to myself. I hear voices, beckoning me to listen to and obey whoever is calling. I'm scared to cook dinner in case I spill hot water all over myself, or chop off a finger with a knife. I'm scared to look anywhere but my computer because it's like my only safe place. I'm scared to go out alone on walks because I don't know what I'll do in public. I've been ordering my groceries online, I only leave the house to go to the animal shelter and when I do that I take the bus. I don't know what to do about my car, I don't know what to do about anything. Everything feels different, warped like a mirror maze. I'm so scared of myself because I know I've been doing what he asks me to. He's looking at me as I write this and is shaking his head. He's telling me to get up. I can't. I'll just suffer the consequences. He told me he loves me, and that he's here for me to make me better.

I reach out my hand.



Dread consumes me

Gnawing at my skull

Buzzing echoes, dancing around my brain

The static surrounds my vision

A broken record: "Let me out."

A music box hums, rusted metal squeaking with

each note. I can't hear my thoughts; the

squeaking's too loud.

Chords drown out the static. I can't ~~see~~

NO FEEL

NO SEE

ONLY BLODBLOODBLOODBLOODBLOOD

GUSHING OUT OF MY NOSE

HELP ME GOD PLEASE HELP

I HAVE WOKEN FOR THE FIRST TIME TODAY FROM MY SLUMBER IN THE WOMB
OF THE HOLY MOTHER.



They SCREAM And Cry

VIRUS ALERRRT!!!

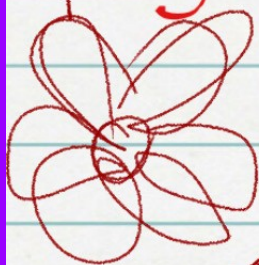


HE IS ~~spreading~~

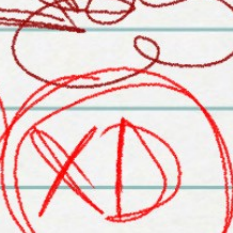
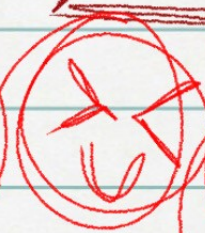
DO YOU NOT KNOW THAT WE

WILL JUDGE THE ANGELS?

JIMJIMJIM OH POOR JIM



Smile :)



I DON'T
REMEMBER
WRITING THIS

I went to a market today to try and get out. I want to feel normal and not be terrified of all ~~the things I've done~~ the things he's making me do. I didn't make it far though, because the second I parked my beat up car outside the entrance, I saw a little girl run past. She had blonde hair and green eyes. "Reminds you of someone, doesn't it?" This wasn't the first time he tried pulling a trick like this, but that didn't make it sting any less. I wanted to tell him to shut up and get out of the car. But I couldn't move. "Look at her, so blissfully ignorant. Imagine if she knew all the hardships she'll face going forward." I remained quiet. "Think about it Vanessa. You were like that once, too. You meant nothing. But look at you now." I still couldn't move. "I said Look." My head involuntarily looked down. I stared at my body, tears already welling up in my eyes. I didn't look any different, or.. Maybe I did? I had gained some weight, probably from all the junk food no doubt. The second I thought this though, I immediately regretted it. I had just added more fuel to the trauma-burning fire. "You're right. This simply won't do. We're gonna have to make some changes, Vanessa; But first..."



Almost like he was there to physically lift my chin himself, my head looked back up and out my windshield. The young girl was still there.

"Remember what I was saying. She has so much to dread, so many burdens to overcome. She may look happy, but no one knows how she feels inside."

The tears were spilling already, but now they flooded. This little girl, this random child who didn't look too much unlike me when I was younger, could be hurting so bad. He was right. I knew the feeling all too well, which came on strongly as I stared out my windshield and into a mirror of my past. "You can help her, though. You know how it feels. You're strong, Vanessa. You have the power to fix it for her. To save her from all the turmoil. You can change the course of her entire life."

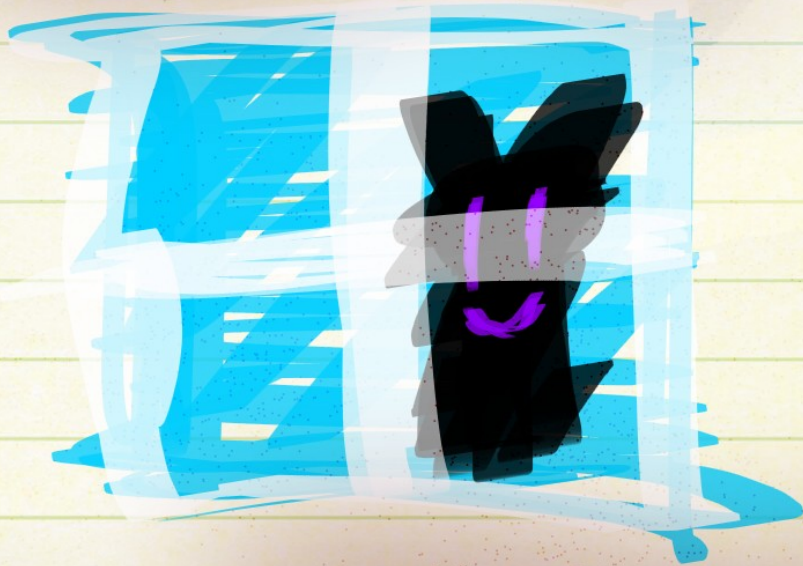
"How?" I asked, my voice shaking with sobs.



"Set her free." My cries went silent. Here, in this public parking lot at a popular store, he told me to kill an innocent child. I regained control of my body, started the car and drove away in double time.

When I got home, I already knew what punishment awaited me. I opened my dresser.

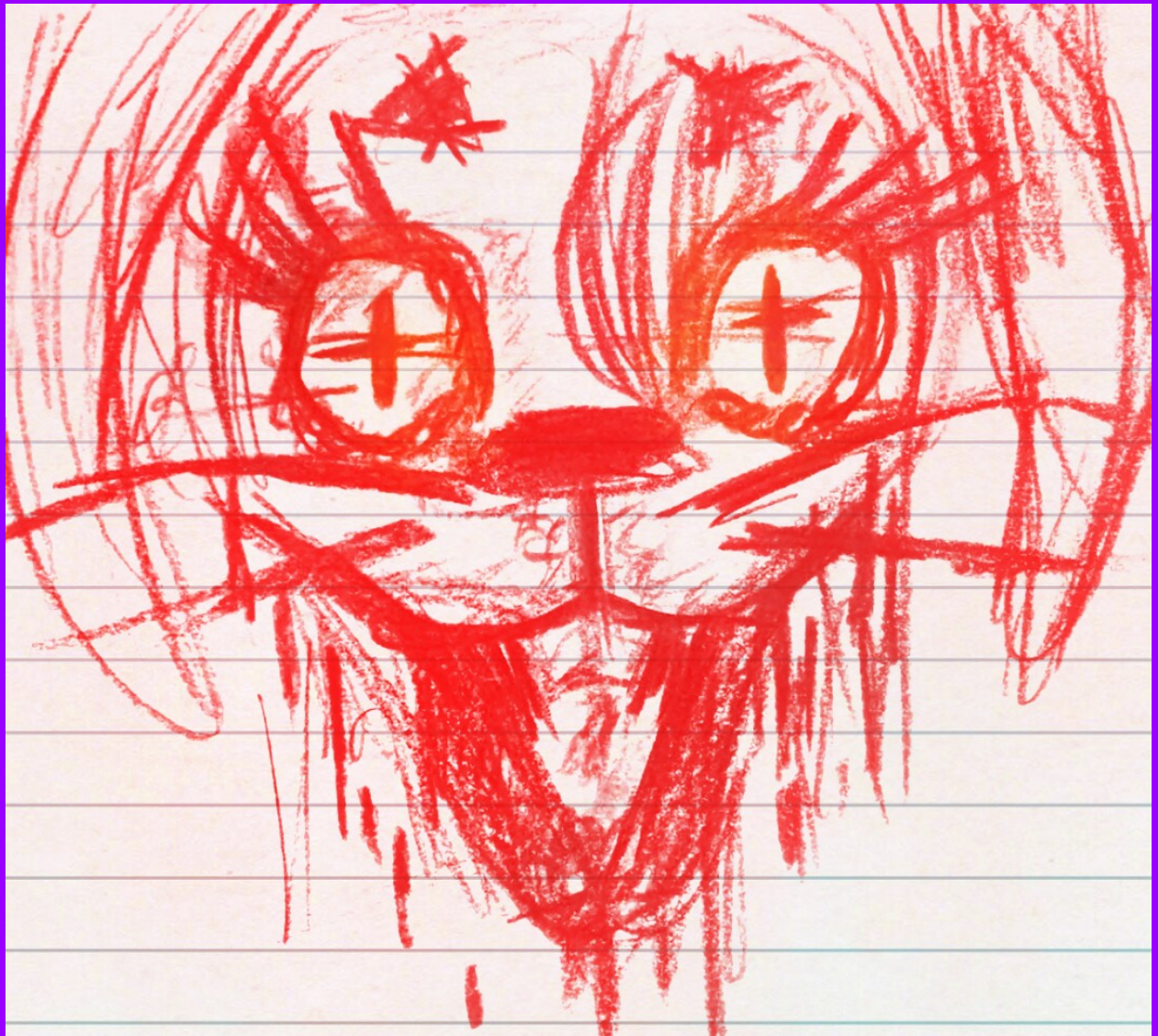
My fingers are bleeding and I can only feel pain. Must continue. Must work.



He told me he would always be watching. I can feel eyes from the window.



I FEEL MORE ALIVE THAN I EVER HAVE



she's like Marie Antoinette except with NOBODY TO KILL HER
she was only the faint violet whiff and dead leaf echo of the
woman you once knew. In and out of my HEART FLOWS rainbow
BLOOD. I WAS OPEN TO THE CIRCULATING AIR WHEN I SLID OUT OF
HER WOMB AND INTO HER HEART



Waiting in my bedroom, idly staring into an ornate, gold-framed mirror. Walls decorated with panelling and floral wallpaper, red velvet blankets covering my bed, joined by matching fluffy pillows. Porcelain skin glimmers back at me, emerald eyes watch intently. I don't blink as I apply the last of my rouge, carefully fix the crown atop my head, and smooth out the lines of my dress as I stand up, fabric rustling. Curls are pouring down my shoulders like a golden river, flowing forever. I spritz a few sprays of lavender perfume on my collarbones. There are pearls stringing across my neck. Little white orbs, three rows, one jade crystal hanging in the center below. One final practiced red lipped smile in the mirror, and I'm ready. Turning around to face the door, I meet a familiar shadow.



"Your family is ready for you, Mademoiselle Vanessa." The shadow speaks softly, her voice a gentle whisper. I bow, and she follows me down the spiraling staircase silently. I pick up the sides of my dress in between my fingers: it's quite heavy.

"I'm a tad nervous," I confess, standing at the last step, one heel dangerously poised too close to it. The shadow sighs, "Don't be! They've prepared so much for you."

And I nod, well aware of the truth. This is important, everyone is counting on me. My heart pounds and throbs as I make my way to the dining hall- I wait in front of the door and brace my hand on the cold knob. I breathe in and out, noting how my body flows with the dress I'm wearing. It seems as if my heart itself is trying to spill out and escape. 'Stay,' I wish to beckon to it. Stay, and don't go anywhere. I need you.

I push open the double doors and the first thing I see is the chandelier glowing beams of light down on my Mother and Father's faces. Father is sitting at the end of the long table, and Mother is positioned to the left. She looks like an angel in her white gown, with her brunette locks pulled back into an elegant bun, absolutely dripping in lace. Her face is all smiles, father's is all contempt.

"Take your seat," Is all he says, and I hastily oblige.

There's a covered plate in front of me.



"It's a gift," mother says, eyeing my confusion "For all you've done for us."

All smiles. Not breaking her smile. I pick up the silver handle and watch it lift slowly. I catch a whiff of something sweet, and sugary. It's cake, a carefully decorated cake topped with strawberries and cream and pink icing. It's like nothing I've ever seen before, just one slice. A singular slice just for me.

There's something written on it in red cursive: 'Bon anniversaire!'

"I'm sorry, but it's not my birthday!"

A hand shoots up from the table, shackles are placed on my wrists and a spoonful of cake is shoved into my mouth. I nearly choke. Instinctively, I spit it out and find anger and confusion burrowing deep inside of me, bursting and bubbling and—

there's the hand again! Two hands, from behind me, reaching into the cake, smushing it and shoving it down my throat and I feel like I may throw up.

"Stop!" I beg, looking around frantically and shaking my head and twisting backward. My eyes meet my mother and father, smiling so wide their cheeks are turning red. They're laughing, there's more people forming at the table, more shadows all shadows filling the room, consuming everything in black.

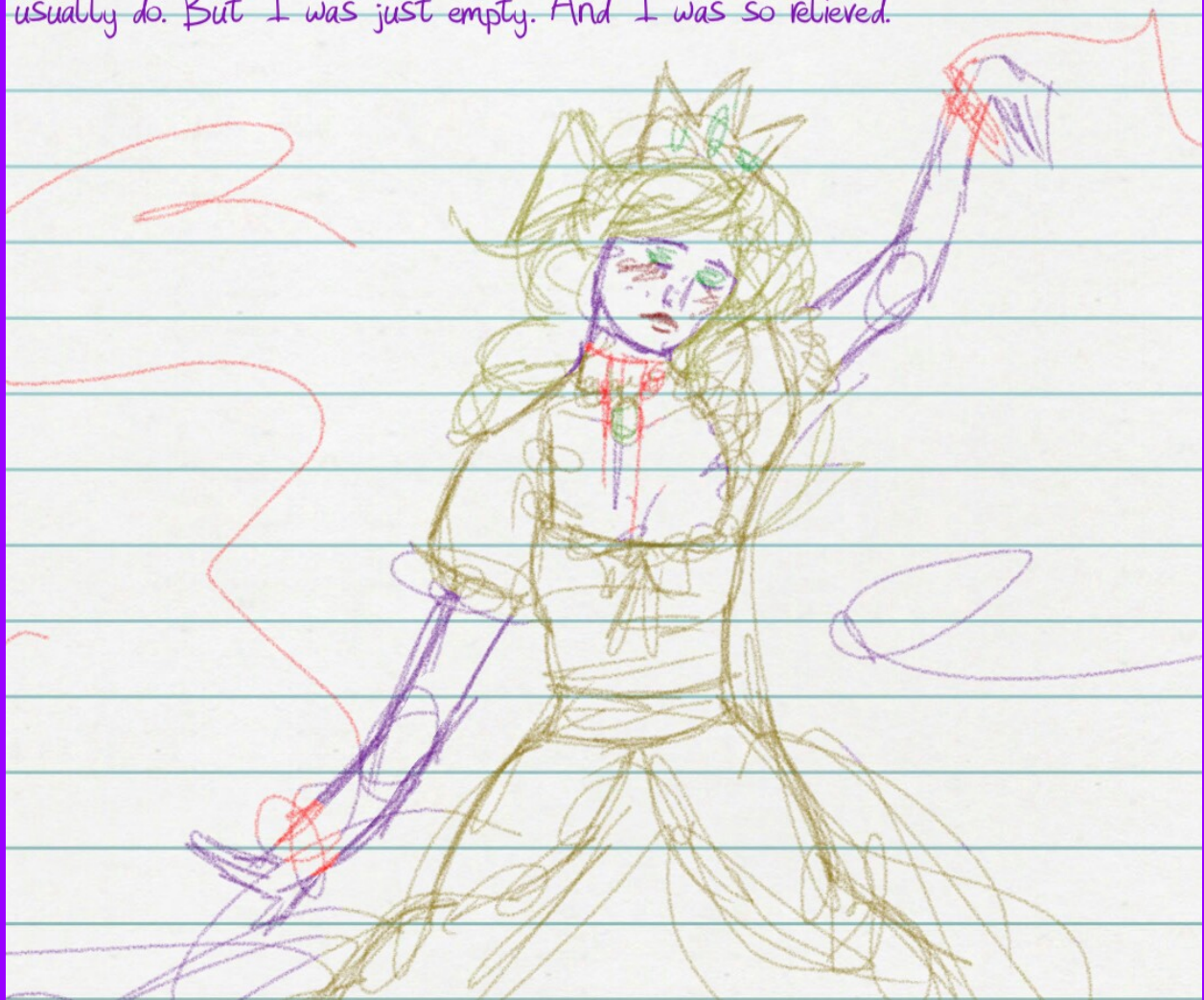
The chandelier falls, crashing down ear-splittingly into the dining room table.

"Joyeux anniversaire!" A voice yells, and my screams are muffled by more dessert being shoved into my mouth and I have no choice but to swallow all of it and my cheeks are puffing up like a chipmunk. I swallow and I swallow and my stomach aches. It aches like I've never known any pain before.

More confections appear on the table, more hands are poking and prodding at me and I'm being hit and screamed at and I can't even make any noise.

I bunch my fists up so hard I can feel my palms begin to bleed and it's then that I see the **EYES. HIS** eyes. Purple and staring and ears flopping and arms swaying to a joyous carnival jingle, dancing around as I topple over on the ground, the chair crashing into mere splinters. But I couldn't cry.

More. More. More. Five courses of dessert. Unending. Unending. Unending. Five more. Eyes shutting. Airways closing. I woke up expecting to be dead, as I usually do. But I was just empty. And I was so relieved.

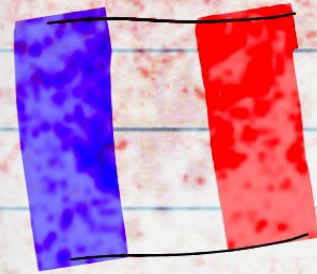


CRÊPES!

INGREDIENTS:

2 large eggs, room temperature
1 1/4 c. whole milk, room temperature
1 c. (120 g.) all-purpose flour
4 tsp. granulated sugar
1/2 tsp. kosher salt
3 tbsp. unsalted butter, melted, cooled,
plus 1/2 tsp. cold unsalted butter
Fresh berries and powdered sugar, for serving
(optional)

Did this recipe belong to her?



STEPS:

- 1: In a blender, blend eggs, milk, flour, granulated sugar, salt, and 3 tablespoons melted butter until smooth, about 1 minute. Cover and refrigerate for at least 1 hour
- 2: Preheat a 9" nonstick pan over medium heat. Melt 1/2 teaspoon cold butter in preheated pan. Reduce heat to medium-low. Briefly whisk batter, then pour 1/4 cup into center of the pan, lifting pan off heat and slightly tilting in a circular motion to help batter spread into an even circle. Cook until top is set and bottom is golden brown, about 45 seconds. Flip and cook on second side until cooked through, about 45 seconds more.
- 3: Using a spatula, fold crêpe into quarters. Transfer to plate. Repeat with remaining batter for a total of 8 crêpes.
- 4: Serve with berries and powdered sugar, or anything you want!

I had therapy again today. It's the first time I've gone in a few days, and I only recently realized that I was kinda subconsciously looking forward to it.

I've avoided this type of stuff for so long, so after everything that's happened recently, talking to someone other than Luis was exactly what I needed.

I thought maybe she'd tell me that I'm crazy, or give me a pill, and make it all go away; unfortunately, that didn't happen.

She brought up my online searches, the ones I literally don't remember searching. She asked me about my anxiety and my conversations with him. I didn't know what to say, so I lied. She asked me about my finger, so I lied.

I told her it was a Biking accident. I've always hated lying. It reminds me of things I'm constantly trying to forget.. Every time I do it, I feel like I've sucked in poison through my teeth. Every lie causes me to inhale a little more poison each time, so after a full day of work, I've accumulated a more rotten interior than I started the day with. My organs shrivel and the roof of my mouth screams, yearning for a breath of fresh air, or a happy taste.

Therapy, for the past month, has been the time where I drain the poison.

Where I heal. Today though— Today I just ended up more rotten.



No Subject



luis.cabrera
to me



Hey, Ness,

I wanted to see if you're doing ok. I appreciate your taking my advice about red flag search terms, if I thought I'd have to file an incident report on you, I think I'd just have to quit instead. So, my student loans thank you!

I do have to keep checking online activity periodically after getting a red flag report, and I was a little worried maybe something is going on with you? One day you're researching flowers and the migration patterns of bees (fascinating, right?) and the next day you type in 'How far can a human being be cut in half before losing consciousness'.

I figured, maybe you're writing a screenplay or something? But it was a little startling to see it written out. I hope you know I'm always here if you need me.

-Luis



Greater
trochanter
Pubis



I wish I could be somewhere else. Maybe a pretty house in a grand valley, covered in ivy, so every time I walk outside I'm met with the crisp air and the sight of the rolling hills. I could walk outside in just a robe. No neighbours, nothing but grass and a long road ahead.. It would be the epitome of freedom. But I'm sitting here in my apartment, feeling suffocated. I'm losing inspiration to keep writing. Work is piling up and I'm getting tired of lying to my therapist. A new one came in today, and I was just starting to feel comfortable with the original. Even though I lied, at least she made me feel welcome. This new girl though, is just intense. I know I'm ranting but I can't think of anything else to write. I'm just tired of feeling like this, chronically exhausted and waiting for the control of my body to be ripped from my hands. He's laughing as I write this. I can't think straight.





Mother, mother,

I cry for you.

Mother, mother!

Where are you?

Mama, I've been looking for you all over

But I can't find you.

Mama, why is life so unfair?

I can't go on without you here.

Mama, I'm choking on air.

It's hard to breathe and it's like his hands are wrapped around my throat.

Mama, please help me.

Why did you have to go?

Was death an easy escape?

If I die will I see you at the pearly gates?

Mother,

I am but a child, cowering in the face of death.

I can't do it no matter how many times I bring a knife to my chest.

Heaving.

Screaming.

Mom,

Please help me.



My therapist told me I need to compartmentalize him but I've already tried that. I know that he's not gone, I can still hear the little whispers, 'Vanessa, Vanessa, Vanessa..' I'm hopeless. It would be easier just to die like the other one did. This hellish eternity will go on forever and ever and I'm so grateful to even be able to be writing this. My hand is shaking like crazy and I know that he's crawling into my consciousness screaming and begging for me to let him in. My head hurts, my brain is pulsating inside of my skull, ~~it wants out~~ Nails digging into the palm of my left hand leaving crescent marks. The glitter is shredding my skin. If anyone finds this please help. Help me, everything is glowing and twisting who am I writing this for and I can't breathe anymore please help me please help please GOD HELP ME HELL HELP ME PLEASE I'M DYING PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE NO NO NO NO NO I'M DONE DON'T TAKE ME I'M SOO SCARED

Isn't it funny?



luis.cabrera
to me



Hey, Ness,

I'm probably overstepping here, but I feel like I might be the only one in a position to know something's wrong.

Because, Ness, something really is wrong. You're amazing, I hope you know that - anybody would be lucky just to know you. And, I was willing to believe that you were just writing a screenplay, or interested in history; maybe the book about human dissection, and the anatomical models of organs were because you're thinking about going to medical school. People have all kinds of interests, right? But when you're actually ordering thumbscrews and having them delivered to the office, that just seems like a cry for help.

It's like there's two sides of you, and I get that - I feel like that, too. Some days, I'm unstoppable, and some days I'm just... stopped. There's the bright, happy side of you that orders cupcake cookbooks, and rainbow hair extensions, and that glittery pink journal with all the pictures of puppies, and that's great.

But then there's the side of you that ordered chocolate and flowers for yourself and pretended they were from your boyfriend 'Brad.' I'm not judging you for being lonely - I definitely understand



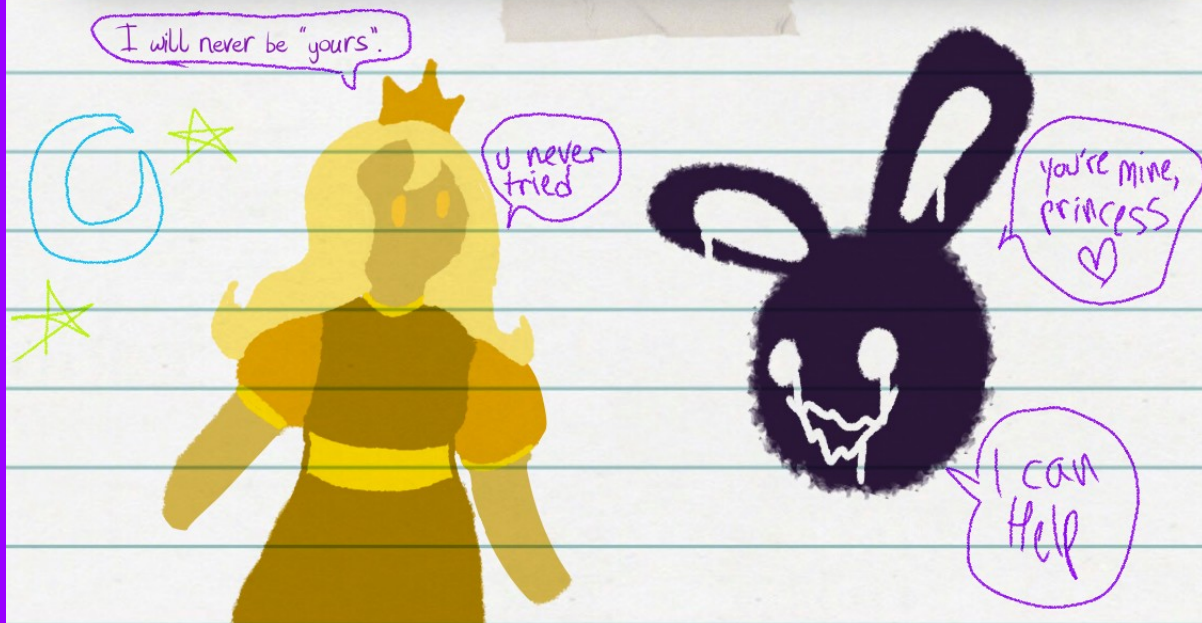
where you're coming from there. But, Ness, I also saw what you had written on that card. 'Flowers for your grave'? Why would you have an imaginary boyfriend who's threatening to kill you? You know that's not healthy, right?

If you want to talk about anything, please call me, or write back, or just tap me on the shoulder at work. I might not understand exactly what you're going through, but I've been through some tough times of my own, and what got me through was letting people in, not shutting them out.

I'm here for you, Ness, I really am. All you have to do is ask.

Yours,

Luis





She does what she's told without asking.

Seemingly alone in her treehouse, reading every day. Her library is supplied with endless books, so there's never a moment where she doesn't learn.

But how does a library become endless? How do you read the next volume?

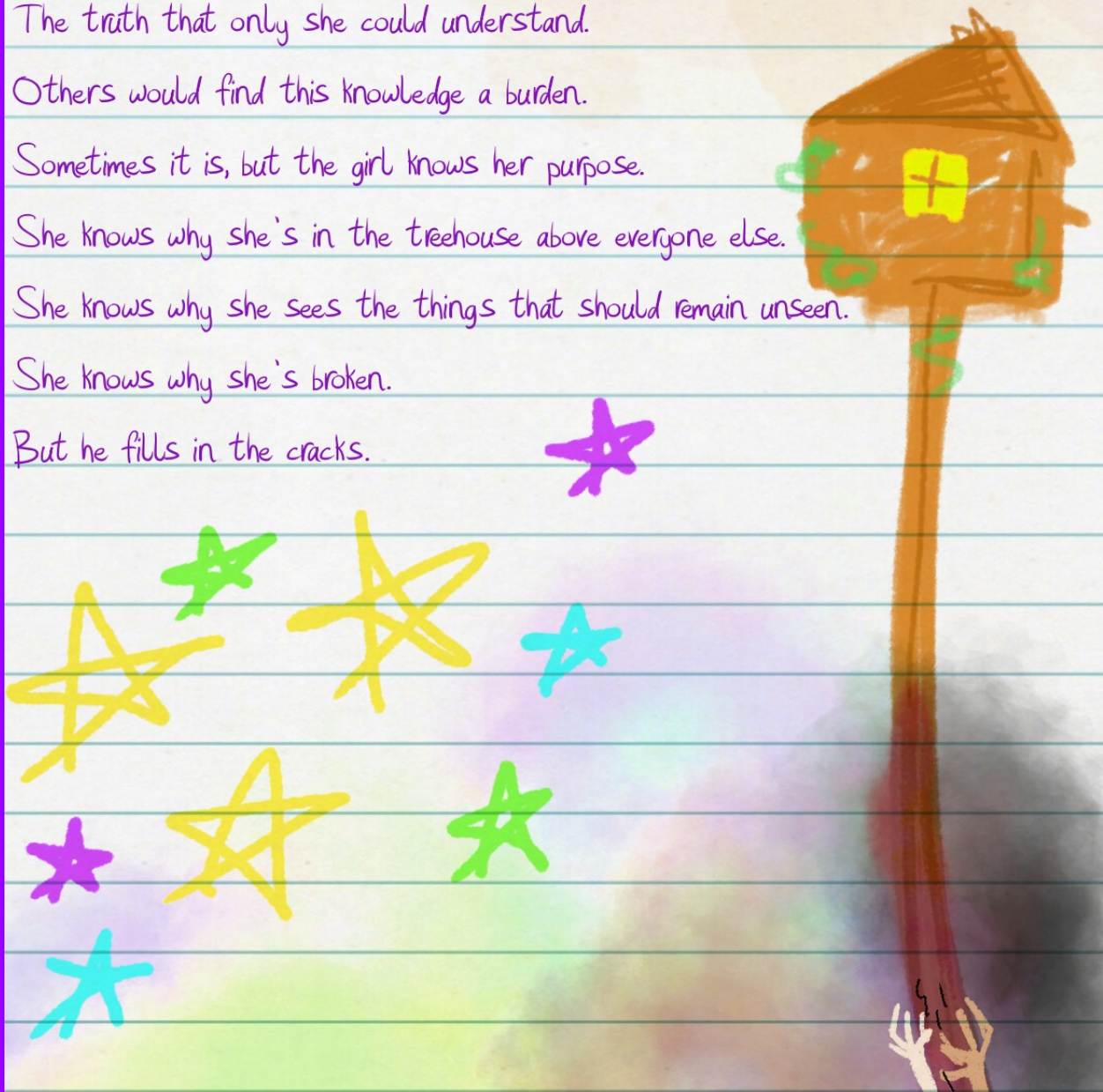
The truth is, she's not alone. She never is. The pages are all there, hidden in plain sight. In cabinets and cupboards, in pockets and pantries.

She's shown their spot by a Godly force, leading her this way and that.

Stories keep her entangled, feeding knowledge from a withered spoon.



In a wooded enclosure high off the ground, she's safe from the world below;
No ladder, no stairs. The world remains separate, flooding with lies and fear.
She sticks to the truth in her treehouse, the truth told only to her.
The truth that only she could understand.
Others would find this knowledge a burden.
Sometimes it is, but the girl knows her purpose.
She knows why she's in the treehouse above everyone else.
She knows why she sees the things that should remain unseen.
She knows why she's broken.
But he fills in the cracks.



The words spread like glue, seeping through the crevices.

The treehouse has shifted for years, battered by constant weather and turmoil.

But his presence stills the current. The waves disappear, so she can focus on what matters.

Nuzzled up in the corner of her treehouse, she opens a book and traces the page.

Some claw at the bottom of the tree, desperate to learn what's inside.

They want the knowledge, they want to be let in.

But no one can handle the truth. So she carries this gift, tied to her back with a wire.

Her arms are engraved with marks, blood long-dried from the wear of her skin.

"Burden or blessing?"

she asks herself, remembering her role in the world.





luis.cabrera
to me

Hey, Ness,

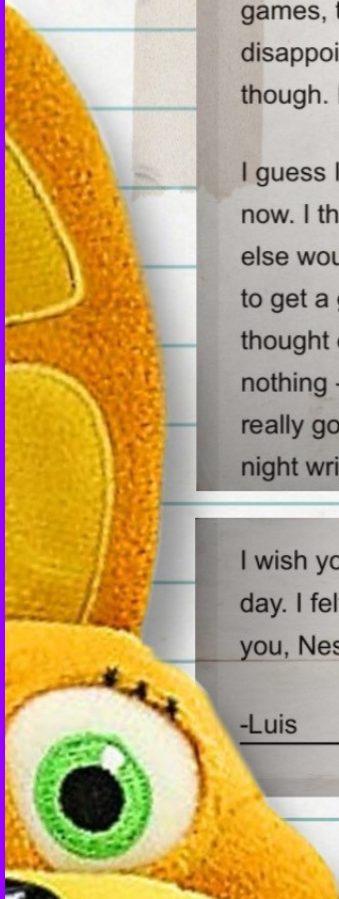
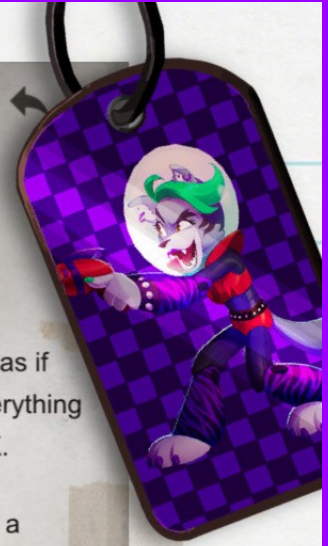
You know what? I realized, I'm always asking if you're OK, as if I'm some kind of perfect guy who's always OK and has everything figured out. So I just wanted to say, it's fine if you're not OK.

I'm not always OK either. I mean, things are good - I've got a good job, right? People think it's awesome that I work for Fazbear Entertainment, they think I play games all day. Does that happen to you too? I think they get confused because I do computer stuff, but I don't work on the actual games. So whenever people hear I do computer stuff and I work for Fazbear, they assume I work on games, then they're disappointed, and I'm disappointed for disappointing them. It's kind of a bummer. I like my job OK though. It's where I met you, after all.

I guess I just thought I'd know what I was doing with my life by now. I thought if I studied hard and got a good job, everything else would fall into place. Turns out, all I learned by studying hard to get a good job was how to study and work. All that time I thought other people were wasting, dating and hanging out doing nothing - they were learning how to date and hang out. I never really got the hang of that stuff. That's why I'm spending Saturday night writing to a beautiful girl who never writes back.

I wish you would write back. Or talk to me at work, like the other day. I felt like you really got me that day. I know I don't totally get you, Ness, but I want to, if you would just let me.

-Luis



This time he wrote a whole paragraph about himself and his woes.

No matter how many times I ignore him he keeps writing and it makes me

want to rip out all my hair extensions. Do something better with your

weekends than e-mailing me. We both have better things to worry about.

Luis, you'll never understand. You'll never understand what it's like to

wake up every morning with a screaming choir yelling inside of your head.

You'll never understand what it's like to see things laughing in your peripheral vision at the gym as you work off pounds that aren't even there.

You'll NEVER understand what it is to question every single day whether

to fight and die, or to give up and live. You will NEVER KNOW THE

UNMISTAKABLE FEELING OF UNLOCKING EVERY

EMOTION ALL AT ONCE ALL TOUCHING MY SKIN,

ALL BERATING ME AND BUZZING CLOSE TO MY EAR

BRUISING MY SKIN AND ITCHING THE BACK OF MY

NECK. YOUR OWN HANDS DIGGING SCRATCHES INTO

YOUR BACK BECAUSE THERE'S ~~NOTHING~~ ELSE TO

~~HOLD~~



WHY R U LETTING HIM STEP ALL OVER U?

★ OHHH THIS WONDERFULL LIFE! ITS A

★ WONDERFUL WORLD!!! COMMITTTT TO MEEee

ITS FUN OVER HERE!
REAPING BLOOD AND LOVE AND ALL YOUR

AFFECTIONS AND SMILING!! CLICKCLACKCLICK

TYPE TYPE TYPE IS ALL YOU DO ALL YOU DO IS

STARE AT THE SQUARE ON YOUR DESK :(THATS

SO SAD! AsadaSAD SAD ITS NOT SAD HERE :((
WOULDN'T DADDY BE PROUD?

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE

REACHING ★ UR ★ HAND
OUT TO SUGAR

Scribbling, scratching, scratching, scribbling, birds, singing, wheels turning, wind blowing, scribbling, scratching, writing, paper, notepad, scritch, scratching, itchy, scratchy, sweater, work, thinking, watching, window, from the window, outside, watching, waiting, scratching, writing, scribbling, white, paper, blue pen, gliding writing, furiously scribbling, sitting, looking up, glasses, messy, couch, sitting, scribbling, scratching, watching, from the window, purple, from the window. Purple watching from the window. Headache, painful, stressed, eyes darting, watching, looking, gazing, lost, somewhere, not here, office, in an office, waiting, watching, telling, beckoning, breathing, behind me, not behind the window, behind. Looking, waiting, touching, shoulder, hand, therapist, looking, eyes, two sets of eyes, piercing, watching, looking, claustrophobic, dark, dark basement, office, room, good, good girl, Bill, father, dad, mother, watching, calling, screaming, aching, screaming, aching, pain, scribbling. Writing. Scratching. People watching. People are watching me. She is watching me. He is watching. He is me. I am him? Is he me am I him? Who is she? Am I her? her? Him? Everyone? Everyone looking watching begging screaming calling office window purple bunny fun time fun fun fun fun fun fun fun fun fun fun fun fun fun funfunfunfun fun fun fun funn funfunfun fun fun fun fun FUN FUN fun Fun fun FUN Fun Fun Fun fun UNFUN fun Fun fun



Today I spent a day JUST ME by MYSELF! It was so much FUN
and I COULDN'T BELIEVE how good it fffelt to watch happy red
drop out of my skin to say HELLO! CCAAnnttt find the right
words to shhdhhhdhhfhhHhhhhheeehehhehe Hi!Hi!Hi! I wonder who
I'm writing this for, Am I the girl in the photograph? she
matches the one in the magic glass. MirakRorK :) There's a
TORNADO in my head and it's veERY hard TO THNNK an I LOVE IT!
THE FEELING IS DELIGHTFUL, IT NEVER GETS OLD THE SCREAMS,
THE TERROR, THE SWEAT BEADING ON MY FOREHEAD, THE
DESPERATE PLEAS COMBINED IT MAKES JUST THE PRETTIEST
MELODY; A MELODY THAT TRAVELS THROUGH MY EARS, SPIKES MY
BLOOD, AND NOURISHES MY SOUL THEIR REACTIONS ARE ALL SO
HUMAN, SO BREAKABLE, SO UNEQUIVOCALLY ANIMAL THAT IT
ALONE CAN POWER MY WILL MY INTENTIONS HAVE NEVER BEEN

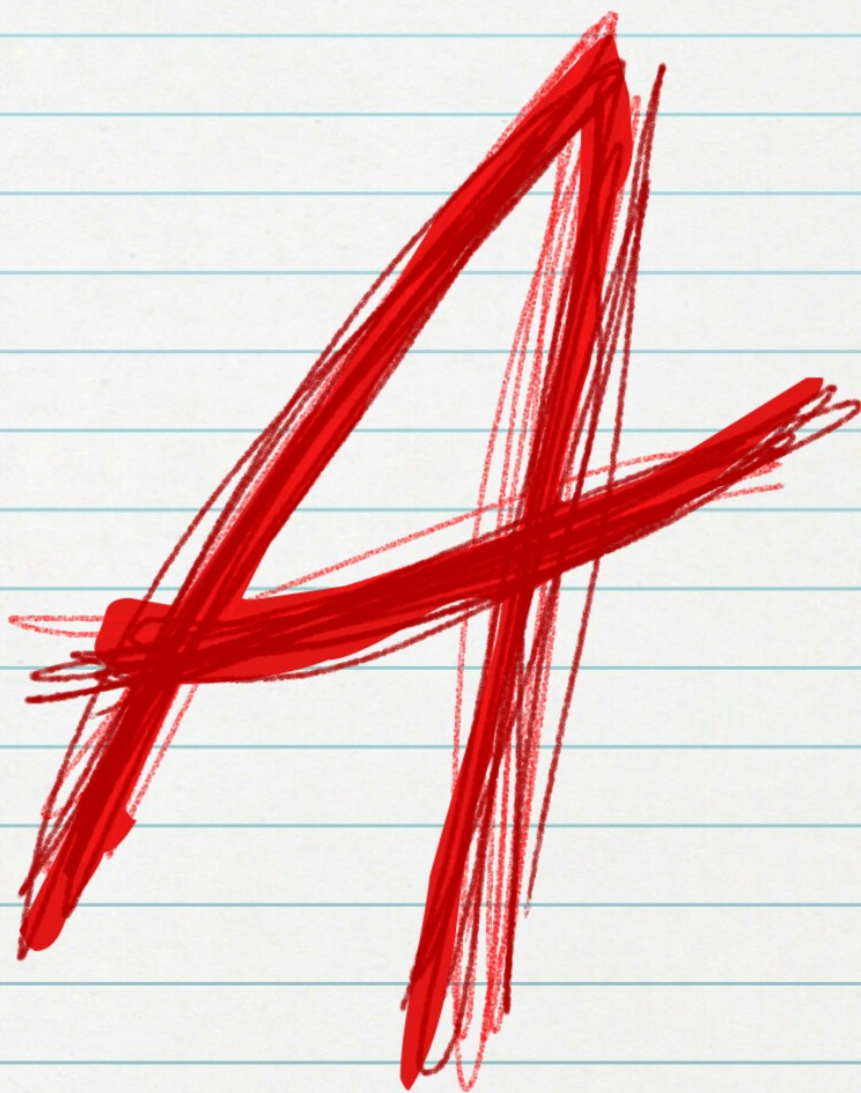
CLEARER, BUT THEY'RE STILL LOCKED BEHIND A DOOR I JUST NEED TO FIND THE KEY. I RELIVE THE MOOMNMENT over in My Silly head. SLASH SLASH! I baked a Cake Today. I KNOW He'll LIKE IT. I USED the HAPPY red Drops. HOME IS TOO BORING. why is this pENNNN so Hard to HHOLD?? GOD! Oh how funny this is. A little glitch.

RED. Someone ELSE is writing in here. Someone else is writing FOR me. Every time I turn a page I feel a wave of existential dread. I don't know what will be in these notes. I don't know what revelations will await me. I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS OTHER PERSON IS AND ITS DRIVING ME INSANE. FLASHES, FLASHES OF SCRIBBLING HAZY FLASHES OF MOVING FIGURES. LIMBS FLOATING IN A SEA OF BLOOD OH GOD. GOD. WHO AM I CALLING FOR? THERE IS NO GOD. THERE IS NO BLESSED MOTHER. THERE IS NO HOLY SPIRIT. ONLY THE DEVIL AND

JEZEBEL. BREATHING THROUGH A CUT CHEST
PLAYING A KNIFE ON MY THROAT LIKE A HARP
SKINNING ME AND PULLING AT MY INTESTINES
TO EAT TO PLANT ANOTHER EVIL TO BEGIN THIS
LIFE ANEW. WHATS HAPPENING TO ME??? WHO IS
THIS? WHO EVEN AM I AND WHY DOES THIS GOD
FORSAKEN HOUSE FEEL LIKE AN EMPTY TOMB? MY
HEART IS SCREAMING AND PUSHING ITSELF
THROUGH MY BONES, BURSTING THROUGH MY
FLESH AND FLOPPING AROUND ON THE FLOOR
LIKE A DEAD FISH. I CAN FEEL US DANCING A
BALLAD INSIDE OF MY HEAD, ME AND ME TWIST
ING AND DIPPING IN THIS ENDLESS MASQUERAD
E. FIGHTING TO OUR LAST BREATHS. BONELESS
RAGDOLLS. REANIMATED. RIPPING OUT MY OWN
STUFFING AND BEGGING HIM TO SHOVE IT BACK
IN AND STITCH ME BACK UP. TELL ME I'M WORTHY.

WHO ARE YOU?

V

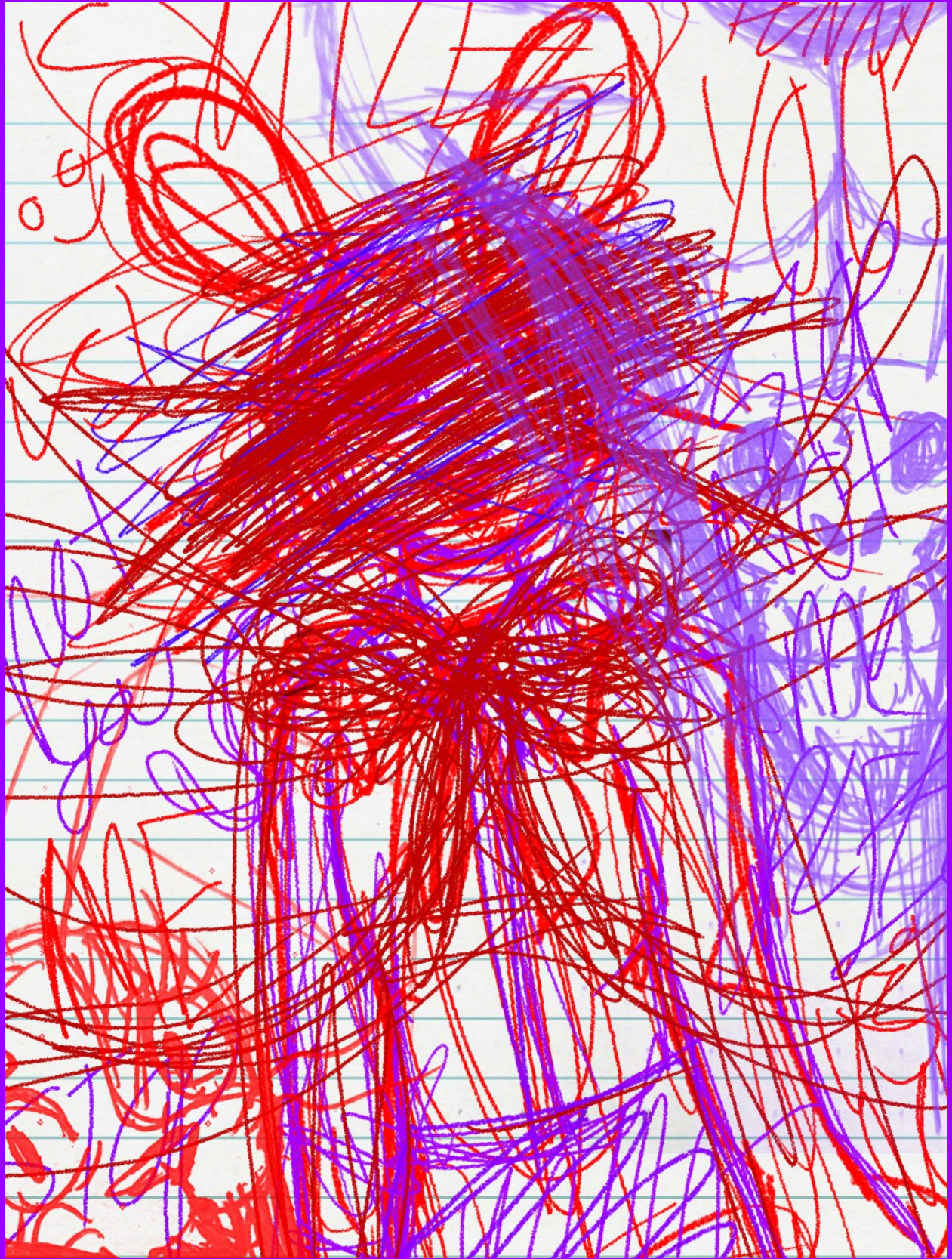


N

N



NOT ME. YOU'RE NOT ME. BUT I AM!
THE ONLY ME IS YOU. ARE YOU SURE THE ONLY
YOU IS ME? GET OUT OF MY HEAD
GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT
ARE YOU HAVING FUN IN THERE?
ARE YOU HAVING FUN WITH ME?
REMEMBER ME? REMEMBER MOTHER
REMEMBER JEREMY?
ENTANGLED IN. Aweb CAUGHT IN A LOOP
GET OUT OF MY HEAD GET OUT OF
OUT OF MY HEAD Let them eat CAKE
THE GIVING TREE OF LIFE LET YOU EAT CAKE?
SLICE THE DELICATE BREAD EAT A SNACK
DON'T FORGET THE JAM
IT HURTS IT BURNS IT HURTS UT
A rabbit's heart is fragile. Drop it down a slide, and it'll die.
No matter your intention, even if you just want the poor
unny to have fun, sometimes too much fun can kill it.
RE WE ARE YOU AM I LOOK AT THE SHAPE OF MY BODY



araignée du matin, chagrin.

araignée du soir, espoir.

araignée du nuit, cauchemar.

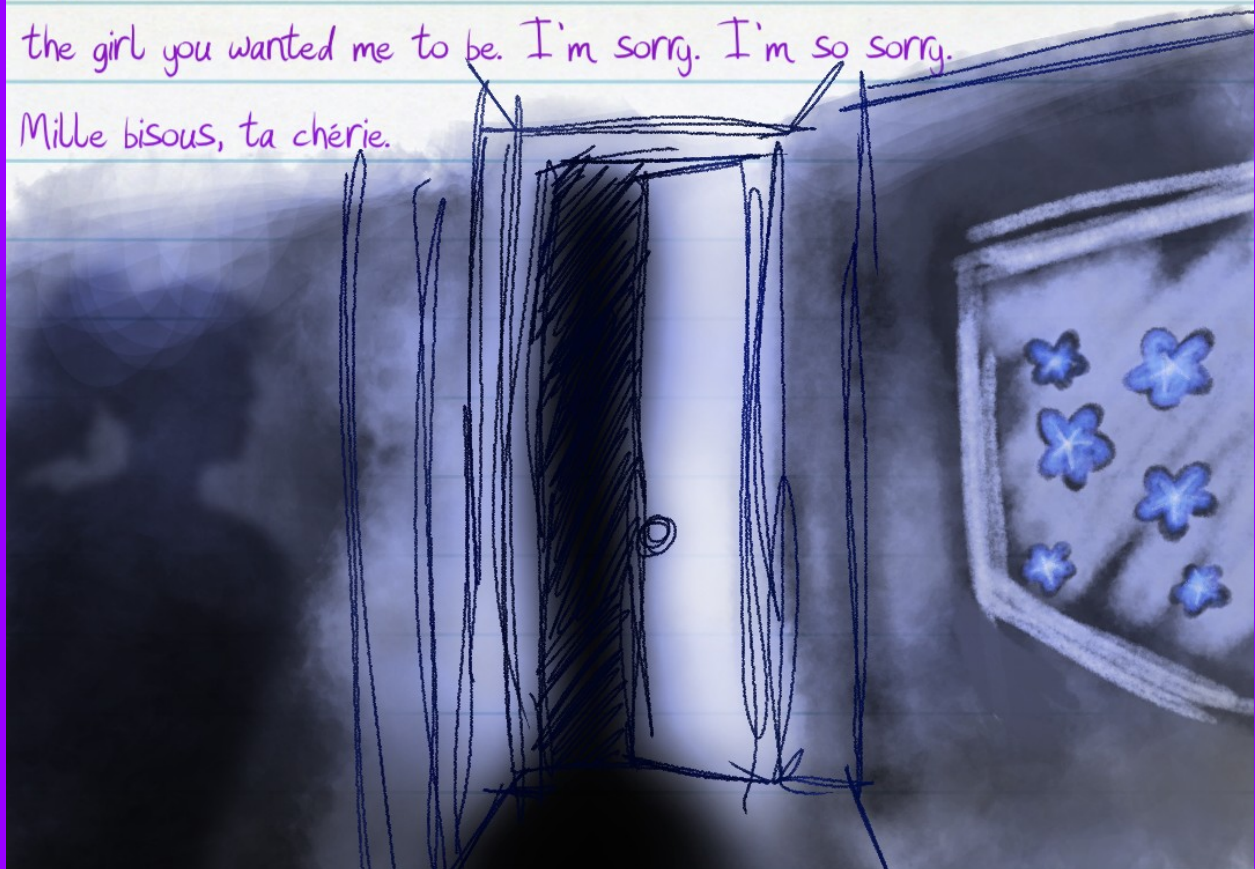


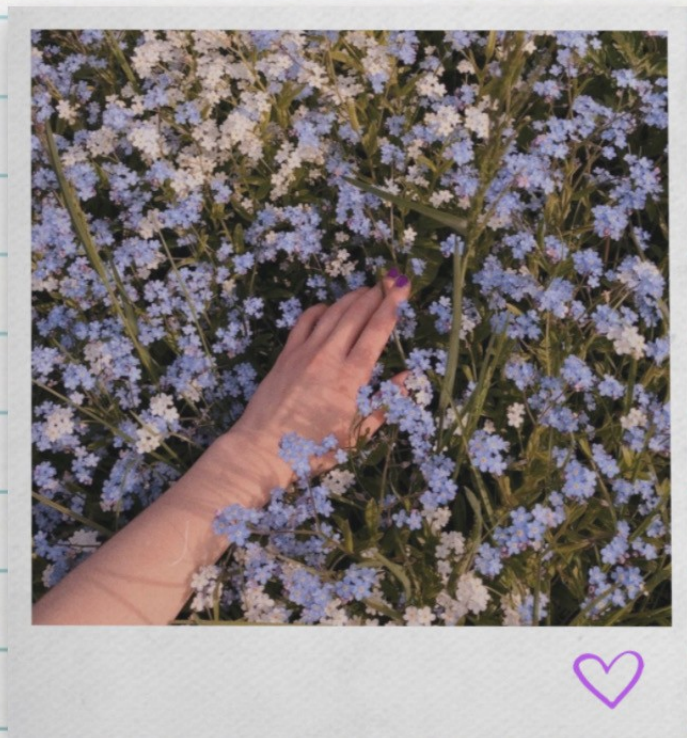
I was a child again, unlocking the front door to my mothers apartment. The air was stagnant, still. Nothing moved as I slid off my shoes and called for her name in the afternoon dusk. Gliding, as if on air. It was the weekend, and I had promised to visit. I wasn't supposed to. But I missed her. Walking into that house, I couldn't smell her perfume or something cinnamony baking in the kitchen. That was the first sign something was wrong. I called out. "Mom?" To no response. I crept through the hallway slowly, she wasn't in the living room, watching those soap operas she loved so much. She wasn't on the balcony, smoking a guilty cigarette. Her bedroom door was closed. That blank white door with the golden knob. The way my hand lingered for too long on it. "Mom?" I whispered. The pill bottles spilled on the floor. The knocked over glass of water. Her mouth left open wide. The glaze on her eyes. This moment forever stuck playing on loop for the past few days. Living it every night. Stuck. A broken record. A broken family, a broken teen girl. A broken adult. I never got a chance to say goodbye. I never got a chance to tell her how much I loved her, and as I clung to her vomit-covered

body, I realized it was all my fault. There could be no revenge, no justice. I sat there for hours. It would only be fair if I killed myself. And I wanted to, for years after that. Finding ways to hurt myself because I thought I deserved it. Looking at pills in the cupboard and wondering. Staring at the piles of rope in his garage. Not mine. His. Nothing in that house was really mine. I knew something was wrong with me and I got better, after it burned down. After I stopped thinking about it. After he died. And I reclaimed myself, I was able to look in the mirror without thinking that I looked exactly like him. All those promises I made to her at sundown, I meant them like all the ones she made to me as a child. But I've started to wake up with band-aids on my wrists again. My 24th birthday is tomorrow. I feel so much older. In my cloudy mind, I can see her lighting the candle on my slice of cake, singing Happy Birthday to me as I itch the bandages on my knees and smile because dad isn't home, but rather out at the liquor store. I can only remember these two memories. The sad life she lived and me stumbling upon its end. I haven't slept in days and my body is writhing beneath my bedsheets. It's too hot in here, but the fan is at full blast. I'm on fire like a

million fire ants are crawling up my legs. My fingers still ache, and I know that he's outside my window telling me to get up, that there's no use lying and staring at the ceiling. I'm worthless unless I'm pleasing him. Because he never really died, did he? He's still alive. Inside. I'm losing myself. My hair is falling out, strands are turning white, and my lips are chapped. Nails chipping. Slipping away, I don't remember anything my mother has ever said to me. But I remember her smile. Please forgive me for anything I do when I lose all memories of you. Forgive me for not being the girl you wanted me to be. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

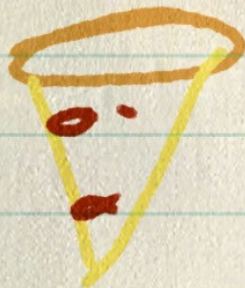
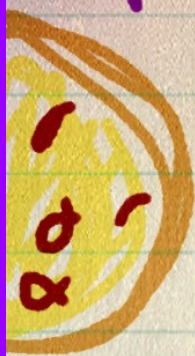
Mille bisous, ta chérie.





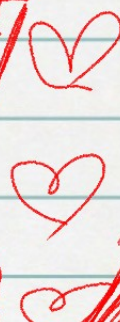
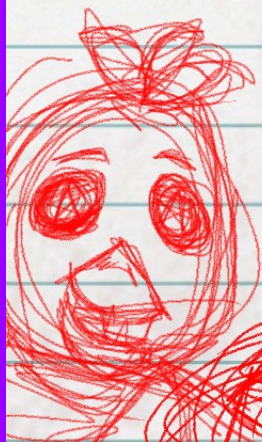
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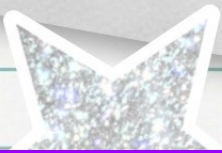
VANESSA



BIRTHDAY

IT'S MY SPECIAL DAY AND I'M CELEBRATING WITH A
CIRCUS OF BLOOD. I'M SO HAPPY!!





TELL ME ANOTHER STORY

YOUR TALES ALL LEAD TO THE SAME TRAIL

YOU PAVE THE PATH SO I MAY WALK

THEY COOOME TO A HEAD AT THE END

AND I'M ENLIGHTENED WITH YOUR GRACE

WE HAD A PARTY TOGETHER. I HAD TO MAKE IT THERE

ON TIME AND HE EVEN ASKED ME "CHEESE OR PEPPERONI

VANILLA OR CHOCOLATE?" HE TOLD ME I'M THE MOST

SPECIAL GIRL HE'S SORRY FOR WHAT HE DID TO ME WHEN I

WAS YOUNG AND WE'LL HAVE SO MUCH FUN FOREVER AND

EVER, FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER! FOREVER AND EVER

AND EVER AND EVER LET'S GO!



ur invited to my pizza party :)



Urgent: Unknown Command



Raha Salib

To: Anna Kwemto, Marko Cho, Daniel Rocha, Steven Wilson

An unknown user just sent a command. Somebody's using our system to give commands to active animatronics.

Re: Urgent: Unknown Command



Daniel Rocha

To: Raha Salib, Anna Kwemto, Mark Cho, Steven Wilson

Somebody just turned off the safety features, I can't turn them back on.

Re: Urgent: Unknown Command



Anna Kwemto

To: Raha Salib, Daniel Rocha, Mark Cho, Steven Wilson

Re: Command
Raha, you said all traces of the virus were gone

Re: Urgent: Unknown Command



Raha Salib

To: Anna Kwemto, Marko Cho, Daniel Rocha, Steven Wilson

All traces are gone. I just checked again. Are we sure V_A from Fazbear isn't still accessing the system?



Mark Cho

To: Raha Salib, Anna Kwemto, Daniel Rocha, Steven Wilson

I can't tell, I just lost admin access.

URGENT: catastrophic system failure



Steven Wilson

To: James Campbell

Jim, I just tried to call you. Please call me back, this is URGENT.

Apple: 80 cals 

Rice cake: 92 cals 

1/3 cucumber: 16 cals 

Vanilla cake: 1,600 

Couldn't stomach the cake. I don't know why I ate it.

I'm going to bed. Guilty.



FEELING BAD I NEED TO THROW UP BUT I CAN'T.
ONLY BILE Blood and pus seep from the walls from my ears from
my heart my everything MY EYES MY SKIN. TRYING
TRYING TO STOP IT BUT I CAN'T. CAN'T GO OUT
SIDE CAN'T GO TO WORK THEY WILL GET ME HE
WILL GET ME he will get me need to breathe need to BREATHE
NEED AIR WHAT ON EARTH IS KEEPING ME ALIVE?
???!!?!?!?!? MY NOSE MY NOSE MY HEAD MY HEAD GOD
TOUCH ME I SCREAM HEAL ME I YELL BUT NOBODY
COMES NOBODY NOBODY NOBODY I HAVE NOBODY.
I CAN FEEL MY HEART PULSATING IN MY CHEST
AS IT TRIES TO ESCAPE THE CONFINES OF MY
RIB CAGE AND REALLY NOTHING IS STOPPING ME
FROM SHATTERING IT OPEN AND BLEEDING ALL
OVER MY FLOORS SPILLING ENTRAILS FREE AT
LAST FREE AT LAST BUT I CANT AND I WONT
PRISONER STUCK STUCK HE SAYS **SHH IT'S OKAY**



In my dreams somebody holds me and presses their cheek to mine, dripping under the shower head. They tell me that it's going to be okay, I nod and follow the fluttering of my heart down to the living room, hands intertwined. I'm wrapped around their finger, completely enamoured, and they listen to me. They love me, completely and unconditionally. This imaginary person holds me in their lap and brushes my hair, kisses my scars and I exhale like I haven't in years. I'm a complete fool for them, unequivocally smitten. I don't know what this person in my imagination looks like, it's more a faraway idea, but my head doesn't hurt when I'm around them. They smell like pumpkin. I've been thinking about this imaginary person since I was thirteen years old. A perfect person who understands me and cares enough to hold my sadness and caress it within gentle arms. Warm afternoon hands. They don't find me a burden. Unlike everybody else I've ever known. I don't think about the concept of love very often, it's so foreign to me. Have I ever felt it before or have I been pretending? For the sake of somebody else's happiness? For a man's? They beg me to show even an ounce of real affection and I

can't. Am I a heartbreaker? Holding somebody's beating heart in the palm of my hand, only to crush it in a few seconds flat. I don't want to hurt anybody else like that. I don't want to be hurt. I don't think love is meant for me anymore. Nobody loves me and I will never love again. Love is so far away, out of reach, out of sight, out of mind. No, not again, not another man, please. You don't really love me, you love the idea of somebody you can fix. Somebody you can use to boost your ego, and your one dimensional idea of masculinity. Somebody helpless, fragile. I do not love you. I will not please you for free, as you tell me that I'm good, or maybe that I'm bad. Whichever you like, because let's be honest, I won't get a choice in this situation. Not again. Not another man.

Here he comes again, looking at me like his darling princess tied to the train tracks. His damsel in distress. "I'll help you" no, you won't. And you can't. My sadness is so big and you won't be able to help me carry it. All my fading memories, my bruised bones, my scarred legs. So you want to be a saviour? My messiah? Well, I'll be goddamned. Save your love for somebody who really wants it. I'm not your beautiful office-brightening ray of sunshine.

Your Words



Your mouth, your tongue, wet teeth

Jaw opening, closing, spitting

Your words echo a promise



But you don't understand me.

I am a pile of chemicals and sounds emulating a woman

Your hands, your fingers, a sweltering heat

Your words echo love



But you don't understand me.

I am an empty muse, festering with desire

Not desire for you

Desire to feel.

But you want me anyway

Your words, your hands, your force

So you go and take me.

And I am swallowed whole.



Watching the leaves fall and change from green to orange to yellow.

Listening to the loving thrum of a lawn mower, to the delightful

screaming I find in the back of my head, daffodils smile at me and

wave. One two three four walls confine me in my bedroom one two

three four edges on the handle of my switchblade one two three four

five sprays of perfume to my collarbones one two three four five six

new bruises one two three four five six seven days in a week seven days

repeating seven days following seven days returning after that one two

three four five petals on a forget me not one two three four five six

for the company retreat one two three four walls make a home one

two three dashes of vanilla extract one two ears one moon zero

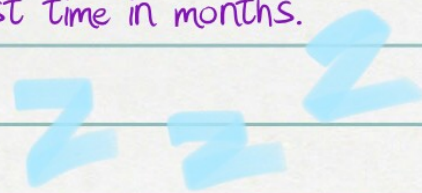
restraint

The moon knows what it's like to be split in half split in half split

in half changing every night



Everything in here feels polarizing and WRONG. My mind fluctuates between feeling adored and then feeling beaten. I feel wanted, then I feel used. It's like there's a million little me's all wearing my skin and picking at the soft spots of my brain indecisive indecisive indecisive. I want this, ~~I CRAVE THIS~~, I'm scared, ~~I WANT TO DIE~~. Please don't hurt me. ~~JUST KILL ME ALREADY~~. Everything hurts every joint every muscle every bone. No solace. No tranquility. 24 / 7 my body is burning my skin home to a land of forest fires my fingers dainty and bruised my shirts wrinkled my sanity stripped of me my mind gone. My mind is gone my mind is gone my mind is gone my mind is gone Vanny Vanny Vanny Vanny Vanny that's your name your name how cute it is, Vanny Vanny Vanny Vanny. ~~Vanessa is dead dying dead gone she swallowed up the moon choked and died in space~~. But it's okay. It's okay he brushes his fingers against my shoulders and whispers a lullaby into my ear I fall asleep soundly for the first time in months. I feel warmth.



I CAN'T LISTEN WHY AM I LISTENING

WHY AM I LISTENING

WHY AM I LISTENING

WHY AM I LISTENING TO HIM

WHY DOES MY HEAD HURT WHY CAN'T THIS GO AWAY

WHY AM I LISTENING

WHY AM I LISTENING

WHY AM I LISTENING????????

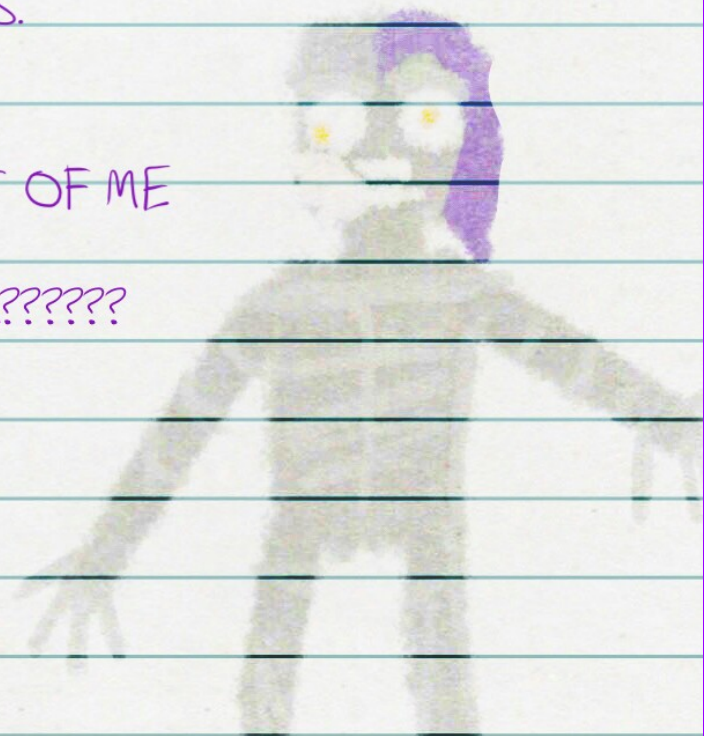
AM I LISTENING BECAUSE I'M SCARED OR

BECAUSE I WANT THIS.

CALL THE EXORCIST

GET THIS DEMON OUT OF ME

WHY AM I LISTENING??????



I carry out my tasks as I'm asked to do. I do my chores I run my errands. I'm me, and then it's gone. My will, ripped from me, and suddenly there's new ~~feelings~~ new ~~emotions~~ new ~~visions~~ and I'm ~~so~~ terrified so terrified so terrified of my own two hands. Hands that have been used to destroy only in dreams but I know could do much more. Hands that I look at too often to reassure that they're even in fact mine. ~~Hands that typetypetypetype away just for him.~~ I don't know what I'll do, I don't know how much is me or how much is him or her or me or him or her or if we're all just one and the same. ~~Walking walking walking reading reading reading to try and escape to try and forget.~~ The monsters claw at my head and rip me apart from the centre of my very being I'm packaged up stitched up into a simple rag doll. I don't know how much I make up, how many frantic entries are just my way of screaming and begging somebody to help me but I know I'm helpless. What cure could there be? And why would I ever want to leave, he asks. ~~It's fun, he tells me. It's fun.~~

Broken broken broken broken broken broken broken he calls me. Worthless, he
calls me. He calls he calls he calls he calls ~~and smiles at me in the~~
~~night when he tucks me into bed and promises a brighter tomorrow. A~~
tomorrow that we could create a tomorrow that's **FOR ME** A tomorrow
in my favour a **TOMORROW** that promises light at the end of the
tunnel a **TOMORROW** that ~~breathes out like a mass of flesh a~~
~~**TOMORROW THAT BLEEDS RED RED RED RED A**~~
~~**TOMORROW THAT????????**~~

I can fix you.

He says.

I can love you.

He says.

I'll always be watching you.

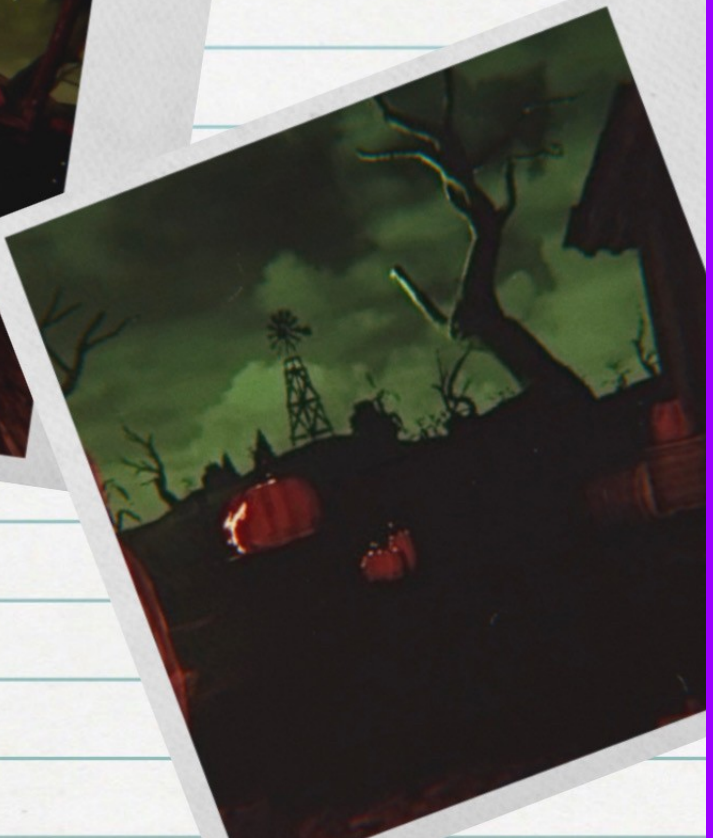
He says.

~~I tremble~~

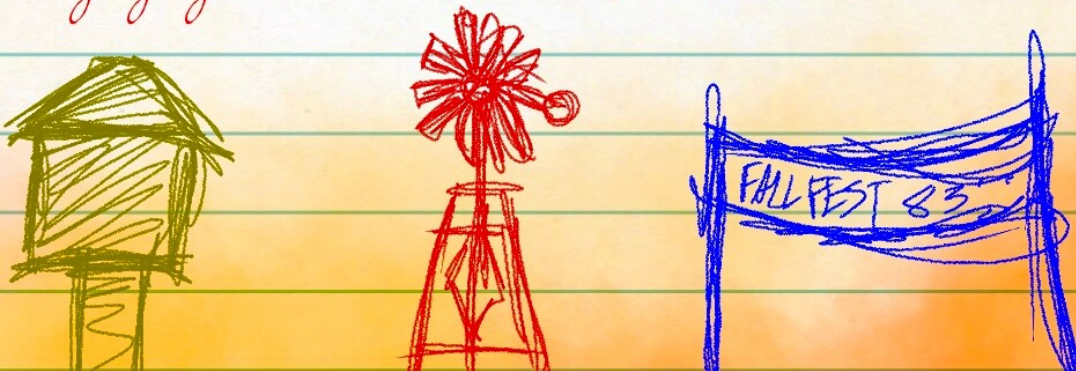
~~Don't misbehave.~~



Nothing more than a festive,
holiday themed add-on!



He says there's a gift for me somewhere in the maze and I need to find it. A gift for me within the confines of these twisting twisting twisting cutouts and walls and bales of hay pumpkins glowing the sky is dark and green and cloudy and sosososo gorgeous. A fair banner, a rusted windmill, a water tower and a burning friend chasing me. Fire fire fire fire glowing so pretty I want to touch it but she runs away! She runs she runs and runs away like a scared little bunny. Her heart pounding pounding don't be scared! This is the best television program I've ever seen! The chimes signal his call, the chimes ringing out like church bells go go go GO! GO FIND IT! Find ME!



FALL FEST 83

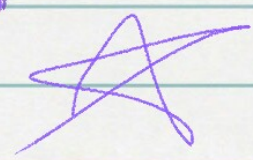
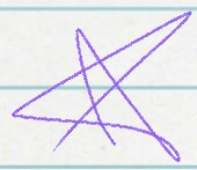
BOOK

SPIDER

PUMPKIN

TOMBSTONE

HIDDEN



Two red eyes two red eyes staring staring back at me,
smiling smiling at me two teeth one tongue two ears
floppy ears the scent of rust the scent of happiness♡
dark dark basement dark cellar DARK CELLAR

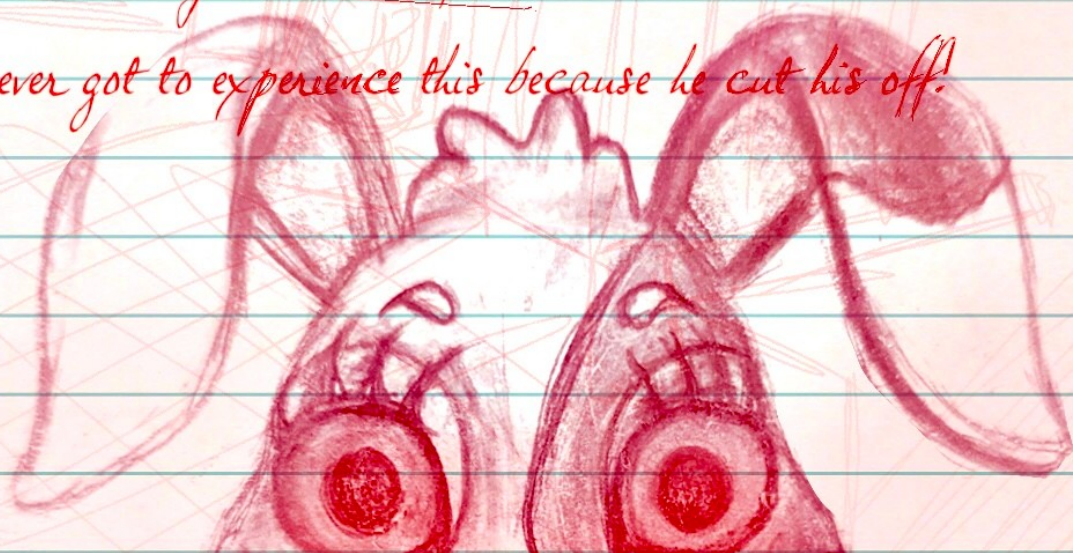
DARK BASEMENT TWO HAPPY RED EYES

SMILING AS I SMILE BACK SHOOTING ME IN THE HEART
WITH A LOADED GUN hacking me in the BACK OF THE HEAD

WITH THE AXE I PICK IT UP BREATHING FINALLY BREATHING
AFTER DECADES OF ASPHYXIATION

It fits so nicely like a new face

He never got to experience this because he cut his off!





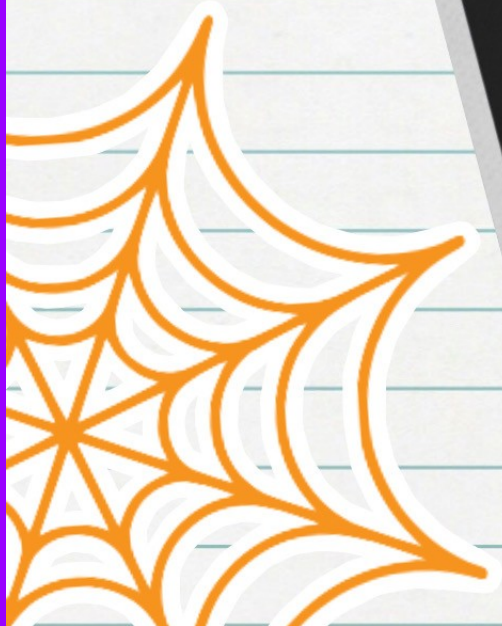
It was calling for me!



My gift



Foxy won't find me here



Through the muddled breathing of this mask, I knew that this was
what ~~+~~ he wanted. He is the wind, I am the water, he loves me.

He loves me like a father loves his daughter

I am a relic under the ocean, my lonely boat captain and me,
he's in the wind. I am his rusty boat. I'm sinking. Together forever
one with the water

And one with the wind.

His face bears resemblance to that of somebody I used to know,
somebody who used to torment me.

I see two children, so different yet so similar

~~Red ribbon and green eyes~~

~~Red ribbon and green fear~~



I'm not great at paper mache. I'm familiar with the process, and have tried it for crafts before, but I've never done it right. So you can imagine my surprise when, this morning, I woke up with a mask on my face to loud, blaring music. As i woke up from this hazy, fever dream like state, I remembered then that I watched it all happen, watched my own arms and hands paint this psychotic looking creature while I danced and he congratulated me the whole time. Not me, not really me. My eyes looking but another system working. Something else. The conscious me had no idea what was happening, yet was looking at it all as it happened. It's like when you're reading a book but aren't actually processing any of the words. When it was done, the me that's not really me placed the mask on my face, greeted by a fleshy-looking interior that smelled strongly of all the glue I had just wasted on its creation. I couldn't see. It was actually pretty underwhelming, and I don't know why I half expected the whole world to change or something when I put it on. Although nothing physically changed, I could tell that something changed. Inside of me. Deep down, I knew that somewhere in my soul, the placement of this crunchy-looking mask on my face made me feel something. Like I was almost a different person when I put it on, even though I couldn't even

understand why I had made it in the first place. I feel like I should be terrified, petrified that my body is doing things I'm not in control of, but at this point, I've been terrified for the past month nonstop, now I just feel dull and empty. Something in me wants to be useful. To feel anything other than terror. I need to prove myself. The voices sound like company now.

A white noise machine.

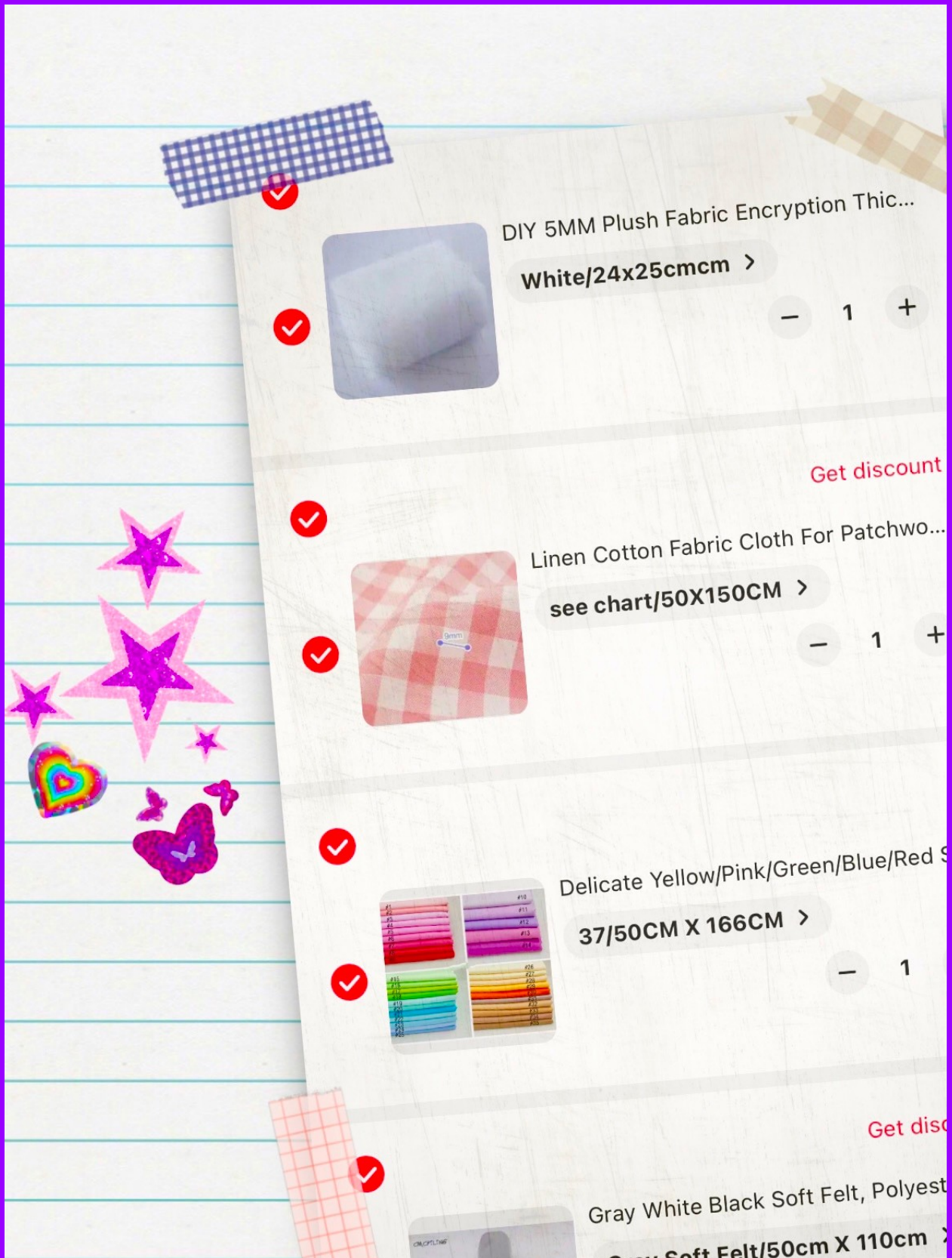
This wasn't good enough.

He's telling me that I can do better.



I took a lovely walk in my new face last night! I walked along the road and even went to the park for a little bit. Twilight was so kind to me, is it wrong to want to be a nocturnal creature? They get to live under the soft blanket of stars and the purple blue black sky and the fluffy grey clouds that are constantly playing hide and seek with the moon!



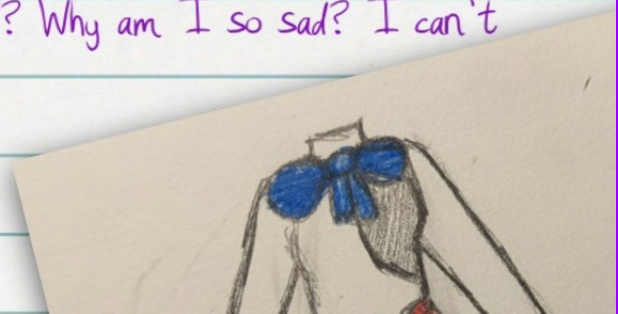


★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The new therapist asked me about the costume. The truth is, I can't even answer because I'm still not entirely sure why I'm making it in the first place. I thought everything was clear but it's not. It's still blurry. He wants it to be bigger. better. More like his. Spring Bonnie. Okay. I used to love making my own costumes. I don't know where that fact came from. I remember that we would always make my Halloween costumes together instead of buying a premade one from the store. I don't know who I made them with. Did I make them with him? I don't know who made them for me when I was too young to make my own. Doesn't matter. I still remember how proud of myself I felt about my Harley Quinn costume a few years ago. I went to a party. But I can't remember. I don't know what anyone's faces look like. Hazy bubbles. Everything is gone. Gone. Lost. It's all ruined. Destroyed.

Everything I do is so mechanical that I don't think it'd make a difference if I was dead, because right now it doesn't even feel like I'm living. Why are these feelings so familiar? Wanting to be dead? Why am I so sad? I can't remember. Why can't I remember??

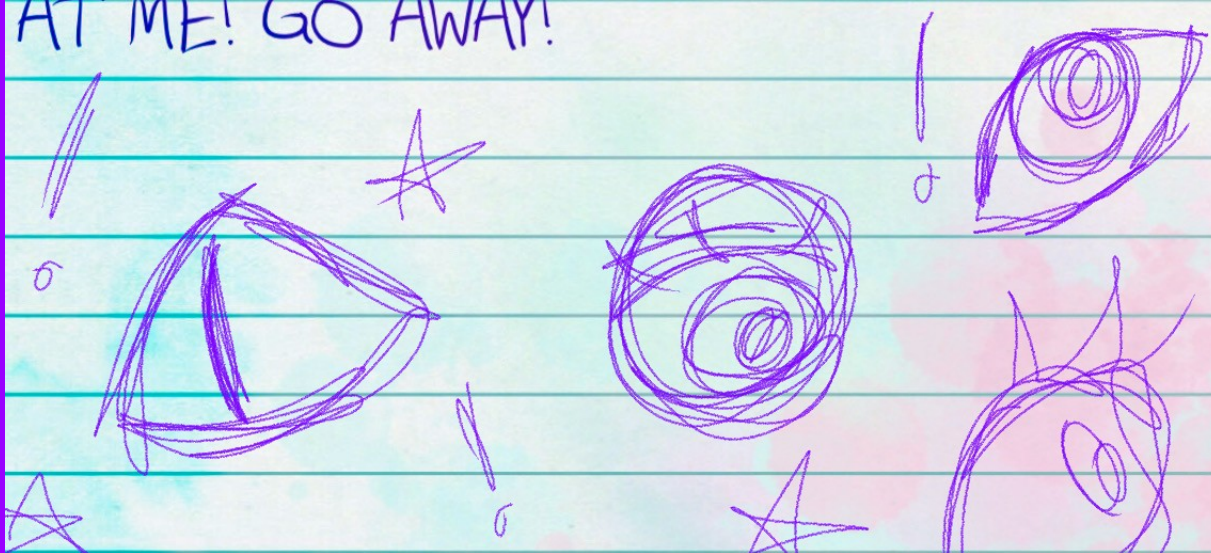
I feel so silly.



Why can't I remember?



THEY KEEP DROPPING LIKE FLIES
AND I DON'T KNOW WHY, I DON'T
UNDERSTAND. PLEASE DON'T LEAVE
ME. PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE STOP
LEAVING WHATS HAPPENING TO
ALL OF YOU? I DO YOUR EXERCISES
YOUR "CALMING PROTOCOLS" BUT
THEY DON'T WORK. STOP LOOKING
AT ME! GO AWAY!



Kaleidoscope

I can see so many colors
All swirling around me
Like fish in the open sea
All these colors dancing with me
And I think I'm having more fun than I ever have
These dancing colors and me
Unraveling, shaking, and splitting me in half
An eye looks through the kaleidoscope
Smiling, as though a friend
I shimmer for the eyes all watching
The eye holds secrets
Deep within this shiny
Maze of sound

I'm hollow, like one of those chocolate rabbits they sell near Easter. If someone were to take a bite out of me, there'd be nothing there but emptiness. A sweet shell that encapsulates a world of nothing, that breaks too easy. I'm like that. I can feel someone biting down on me now. I'm crumbling at the side of their lips. Being swallowed whole. The ceiling fan spins and spins on an endless cycle and I don't know when I turned it off last. Everyone looks at me like I'm crazy. They don't get it. Maybe I don't. I walk to my desk and they whisper. I walk to my desk like a zombie and then he stands there like a hawk watching watching me and sending me things. My veins run with ice. I hate Luis. I hate him so much. I hate how much he claims to want to help me. Lies. I just want to go home. He drills holes into my skull and ignites fires in me that I didn't know existed. I just want to be alone. But I'm not. I know that. Another set of eyes. Can't talk about anything. Secrets. Quiet.

We were having a very important conversation.



4:AM

~~I've been asleep for a hundred years. I have woken for the first time today. There's a kind man looking at me.~~

~~4:25 AM~~

~~Ignore that last entry. It was written by somebody else. I am awake NOW. I thought I was DEAD.~~

4:40 AM

I HAVE WOKEN FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME I am DEFINITELY AWAKE. THE OTHER ENTRIES ARE LIES
I am awake.

5AM:

~~I am not insane I am not insane I am not insane I am not insane I~~
~~I am not insane I am not insane I am not insane I am not insane~~
~~I am not insane I am not insane I am not insane~~

★ ★ ★
HE TOLD ME THAT I WAS THE MOST SPECIAL GIRL
TODAY AND THAT HE LEFT A GIFT FOR ME INSIDE
THE GAME. IT'S MY PURPOSE. I KNOW MY PURPOSE.
SELECT ONE. HE WON'T HURT ME

ANYMORE IF I JUST FULFILL THIS DREAM. THIS
WILL BE SO FUN!!!



I CANNNNNN'T FEEL MY LIMBS ANYMORE AND

HE IS GOING TO

HELP ME BE SOMETHING.



select. ITS SHOWTIME

seLECceCCT

DID YOU SEE THE WAY MY FINGERS DANCED AND TWISTED AND SNAPPED AS
HELD YOUR DEWET IN THE PALM OF MY HAND

No subject



luis.cabrera
to me

Ness,

~~DO YOU SEE MY FUCKING HANDS~~
Please just let me know you're OK. There is a package here for
you from a fabric company. Are you making a costume? :-)

~~AM IN OWN~~
Yours,

Luis

Reply

DID YOU SEE MY HANDS AS YOU SLITHERED INTO BED WITH ME SO EAGER
NEVER YOURS NOT ONCE! HOW PATHETIC!

 you are my sunshine, my only sunshine.

No subject



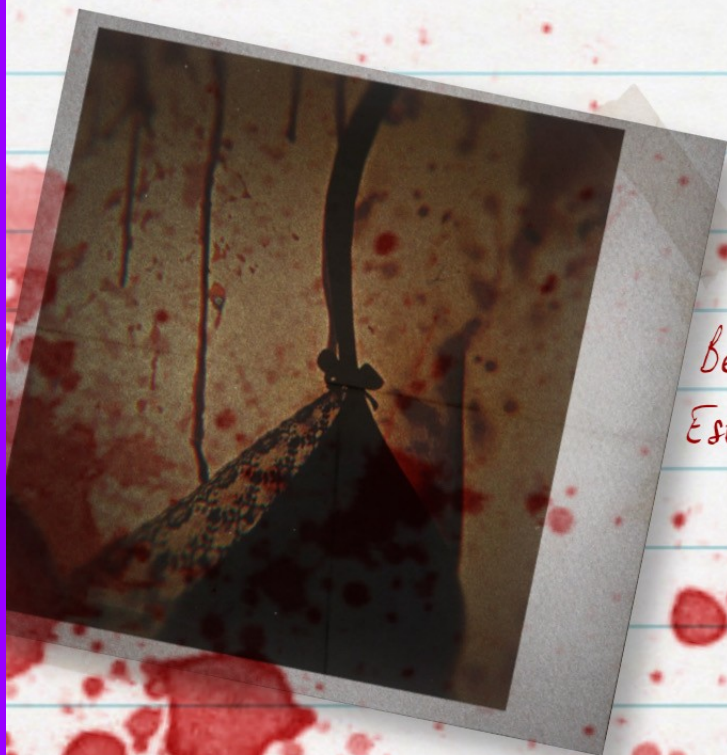
Nessie.97

to Luis.cabrera

Luis,

You've been so kind the past few months so I just wanted to say thanks. You're such a sweet person. Has anyone ever told you that? I wish we got to see each other more at work. What do you think about stopping by my place later? I could really use the company. It's been so lonely all by myself, I feel like you're the only one who understands me. Please come over Luis, I need to see you.

Love,
Ness

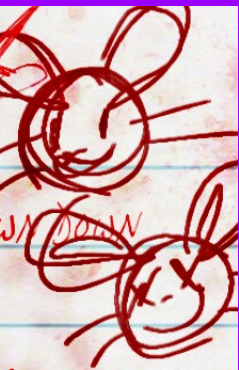


*Be careful what you wish for
Est-ce que tu t'amuses encore?*



LET'S REWRITE THE BEGINNING
OF THIS HELLISH EPIPHANY

CLEAVE MY CRANIUM IN HALF WITH A SWORD
THE SOUND OF THE CRACK SIGNALS YOUR CALL
THE BLOOD DRIPS DOWNNNNNNNN DOWN DOWN DOWN DOWN
DRIP DRIP DRIP!!!! I CAN HEAR THE SONG
DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP DRIP
DRIPPING AND LEAKING INTO THE DEPTHS OF MY SENTIENCE
THEY FEED YOUR HUNGRY CRAVING
WATCH ME PRANCE AND DANCE AND PLAY



WATCH ME PLAY MY GAME, LET'S HAVE SOME FUNNNN FUN FUN FUN FUN FUN
I LOVE THIS WHOOOO YOU B M B I YOU ME ME YOU I WE
I'M SO FREE AND HAPPY

you opened my EYES
Purple, Green, AND Red



THE COLORS GIVE ME
PUNCTURING the wound WITH EACH GRAIN OF SALT
THEY LINE my VISION
SO THAT I CAN SEE

WANN BUNNY UR

WHAT

HAVE

I

DONE???????

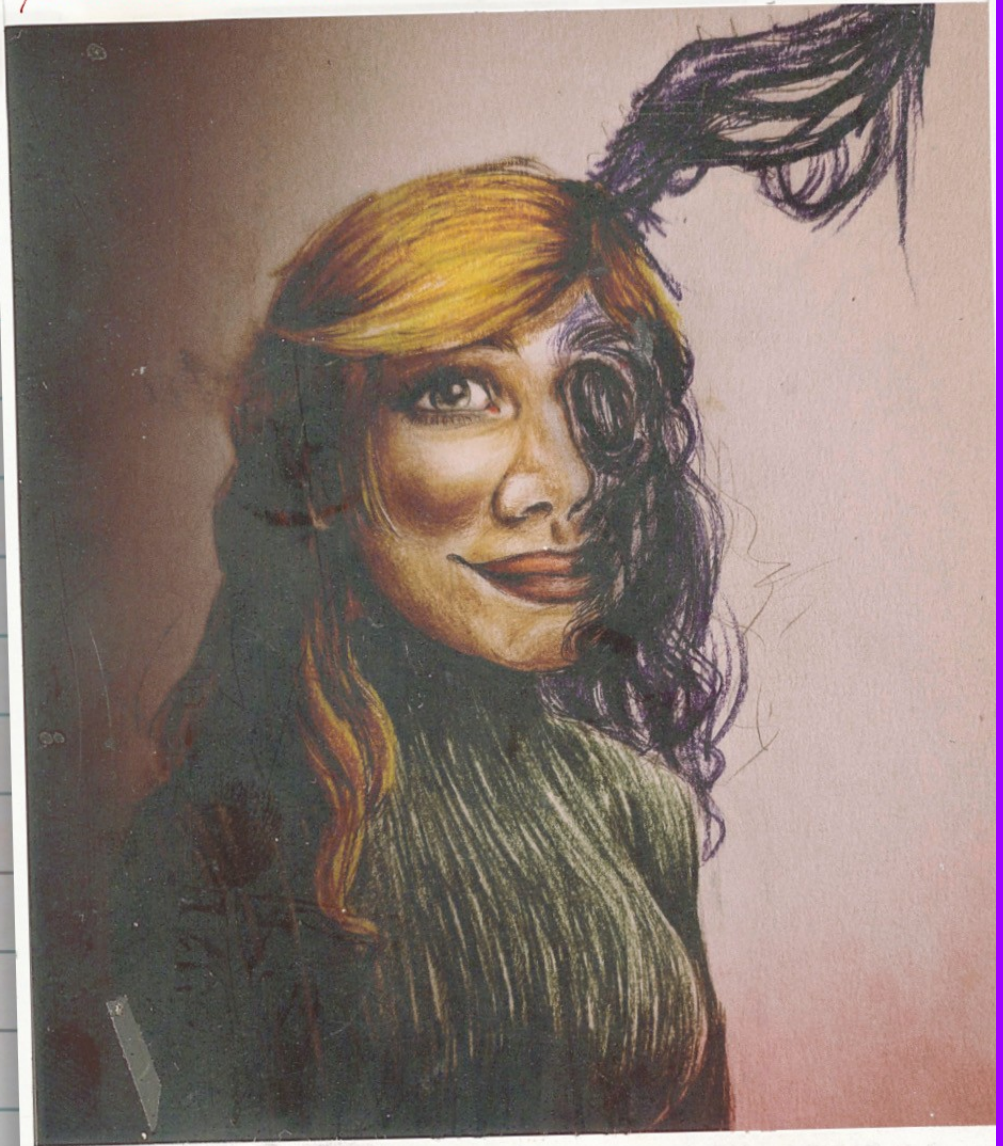
Dear Luis,

I didn't do it everyday for you. I didn't wake up every morning and doll myself up for you. I wish you got to know that. I thought you would understand. I did it for me. For the little girl who never really healed, nor got a chance to be a little girl. No chance to even be a woman. My father took everything from me, the life I could've had then. All possibilities of joy. I was devoid of happiness for so long, then you appeared. I thought you were nice- you treated me like a real person for once in my life when nobody else ever would. Then you became just like every man that came before you. Did you want to make me happy? I'll never know. I never once wanted to be bitter for you or for my father. I hope you knew that. All I wanted was to be your friend, and for him to love me, for him to believe me and be proud of me. But I was nothing more than a convenience to him. Nothing more than a sight for sore eyes for you. Not a daughter, but a tool. Not a friend, but someone for you to fix. A convenient child who stayed inside most of her life because she was so convenient. After all, who else

could hand him a six pack of beer and cook all of his meals? Not his wife. Not my mother. So when I put those extensions in my hair, that was me reclaiming something I never had. Then you unknowingly took it from me again. I wanted to hide, to bury myself in paperwork because I never wanted the attention that you abundantly gave me. You made me feel sticky with the compliments the compliments the compliments. You made me wish I was invisible. My slice of Heaven, waking up in the morning and being somebody else, you stole from me. Everyone takes everything from me. Everyone.

So then why am I so sad? I said I hated you. I did hate you. I could never look you in the eye, so why now do I feel like holding a gun to my head and pulling the trigger? Why is there so much adrenaline coursing through my veins? I'm sorry that you were ever worried about me. I'm sorry for what I did to you. I'm sorry I wasn't the girl you wanted me to be. But I'm not sorry for rejecting you. I'm sorry you're gone. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. -Ness

you don't remember what she looks like?



When I met you, it felt like your soul reached
out its hand and took mine,
and promised to keep me safe forever.

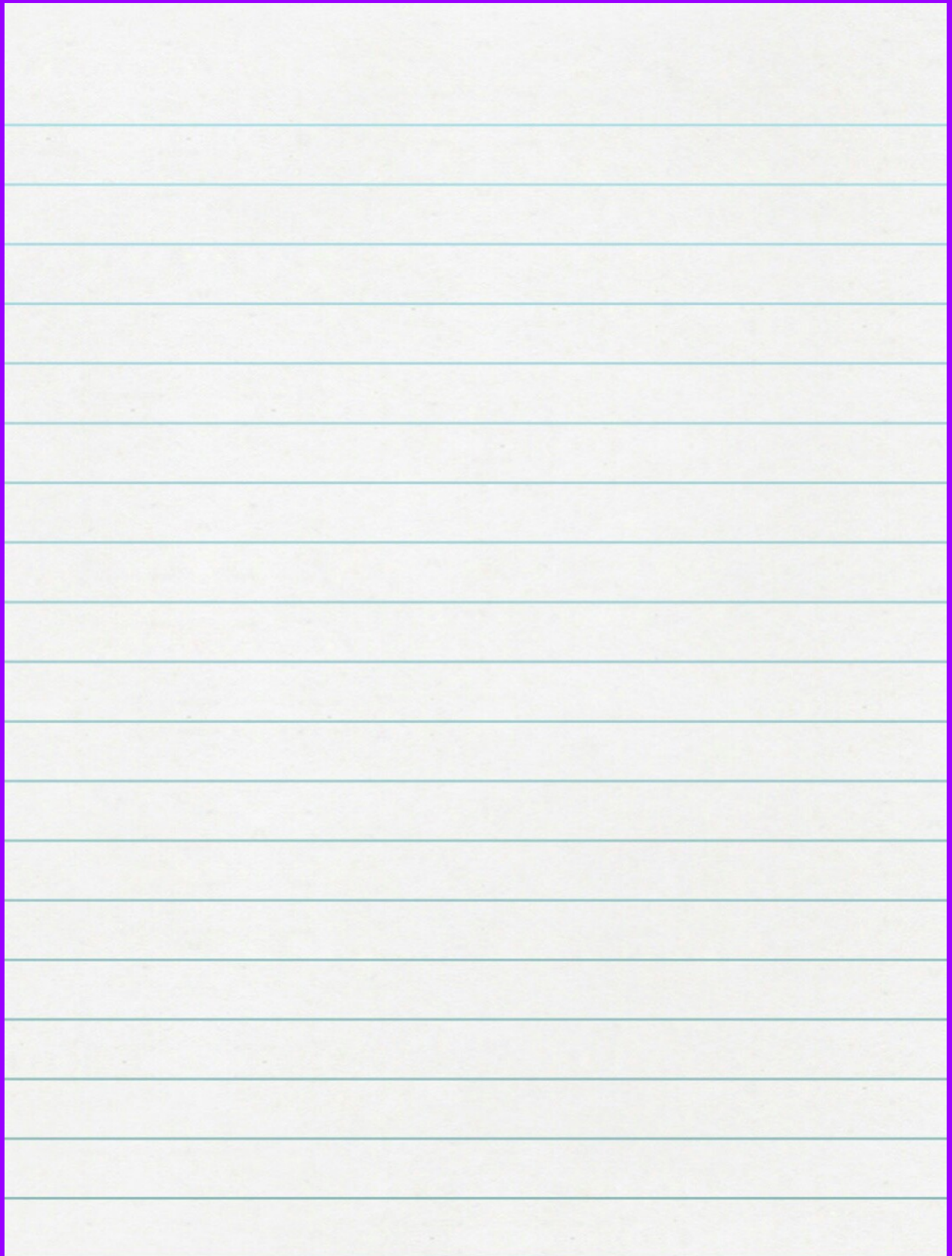
I was always treated like nobody really wanted me.
They wanted my limbs. My appendages.
And then you made me feel loved.

Like I could really be something, for once.

Your hand plunged into my heart, my brain
you took my tongue and formed your words
you encompassed me.

I deserve it, don't I?





FUN BEGINS AT..



**FAZER
BLAST**

MAZErcise ★
Chica's delicious path to fitness!

**Kid's
Cove**

**SUPERSTAR
DAYCARE** ★

**ROXY
RACEWAY**

MAZErcise[★]

Chica's delicious path to fitness!

TICKET

PHOTO PASS

ROCKSTAR
ROW



BACKSTAGE PASS



Alone in my corner of the world

Nobody can touch me here

Alone in my corner of the world

Where my hair grows long around me like moss

Alone in my corner of the world

Where nobody can bother me

Alone in my corner of the world

Where I can feel the petals falling falling

Where I can feel my heart racing racing

I look lonely outside my window,

Forever lonely, but it's okay.

Outside I see a bird

A free flying bird

It's wings cut through clouds and it soars through the sky

Alone in my corner of the world

Cosmos swirling inside of my head

Flickering

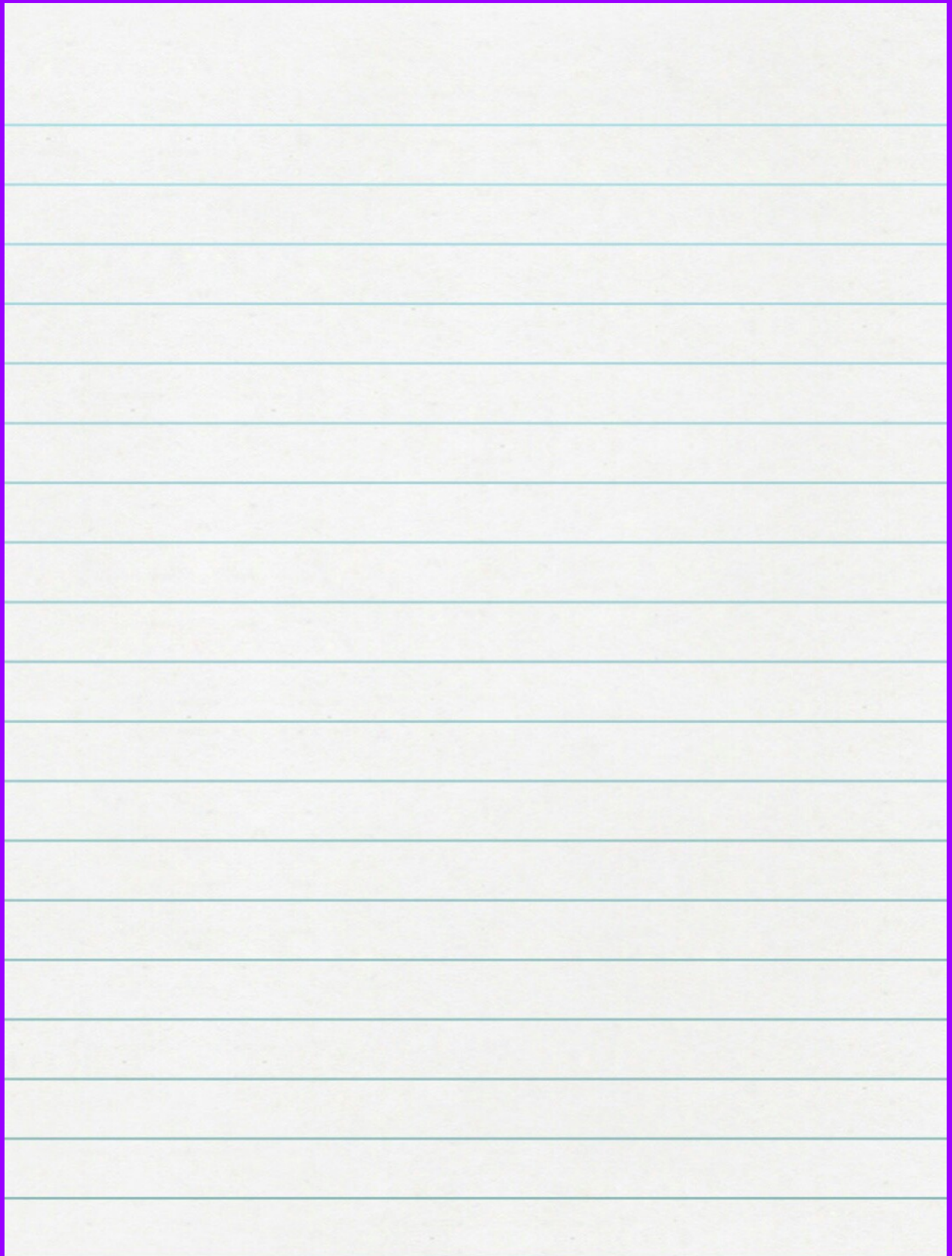
I lay my back against the hardwood floor

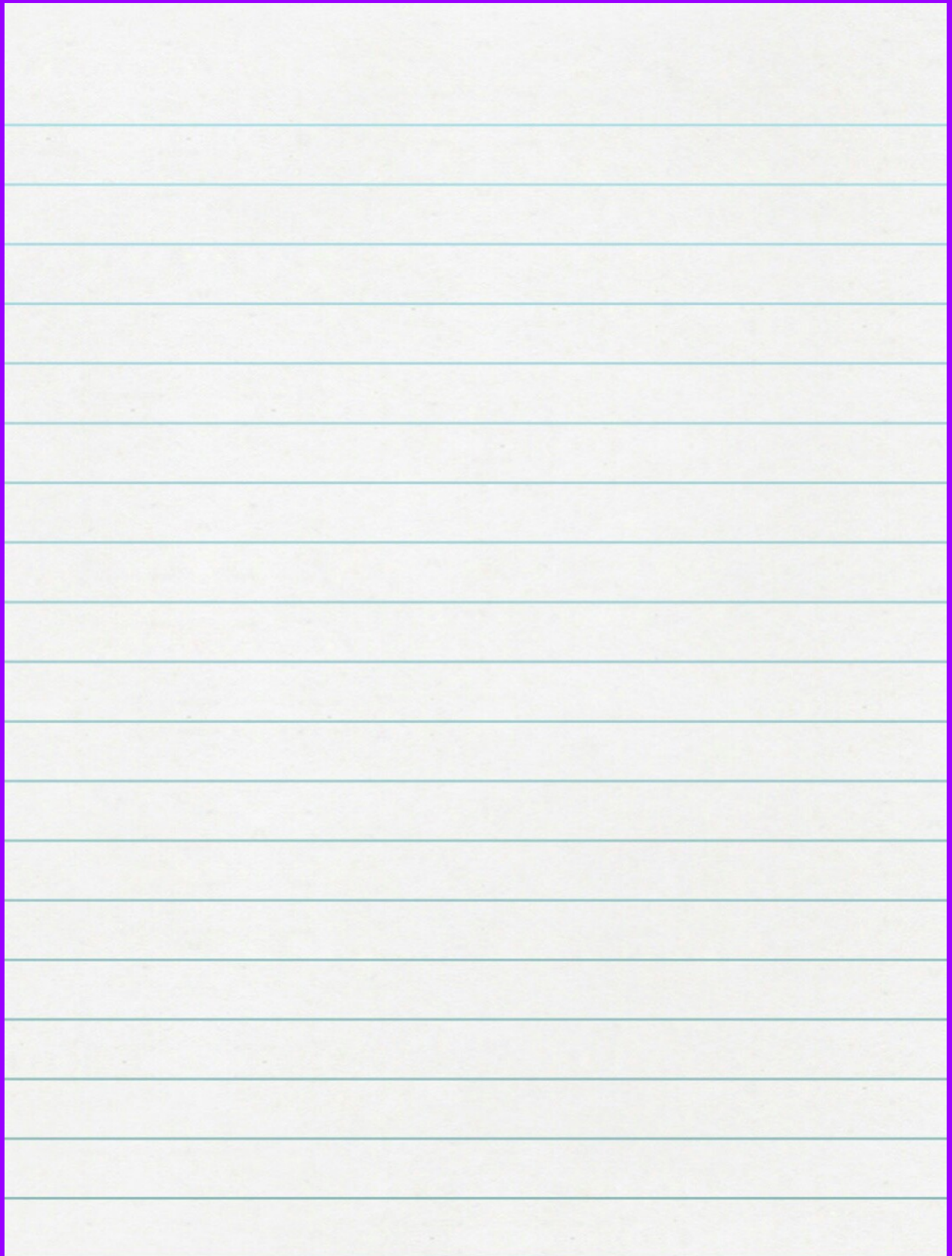
I find comfort in the ceiling.

Alone in my corner of the world

With another lonely rabbit in my motherly arms







Fazbear Entertainment



This is a Fazbear Entertainment-sponsored questionnaire.
Your individual answers and total results determine your worth
as an employee. Are you dedicated? Motivated? Reliable?
That's what this quiz aims to answer.

Multiple Choice:

1) How often do you find yourself slacking off?

- A. Always
- B. Sometimes
- C. Rarely
- D. Never

2) How did you hear of Fazbear Entertainment?

Personal exposure/ experience

- A. Heard from a friend
- B. Saw it online
- C. Seen/ played Five Nights at Freddy's™ or Help Wanted VR

3) Why do you want a job at Fazbear Ent?

- A. To entertain kids
- B. To build/ learn new skills
- C. To discover new opportunities
- D. Easy money

4) Which Fazbear characters are you familiar with? Circle all that apply.

- A. Freddy
- B. Bonnie
- C. Chica
- D. Foxy

5) Have you ever held a stable job?

- A. Yes
- B. No

Fazbear Entertainment



6) A problem arises at work. What do you do?

- A. Find a way to solve it on my own
 - B. Get a group together and discuss
 - C. Push it onto someone else
 - D. Forget about it
-

Short Answer:

1) How would you rate your creativity on a scale of 1-10?

2) What sort of experiences have you had in the past with animatronics?
Explain.

3) Where do you see yourself in five years?

4) Who or what keeps you going? Why do you think your life matters?
Why are you important? ARE YOU?

5) Do you have any special talents? If so, list them!!!

I've been professionally ballet dancing all my life.

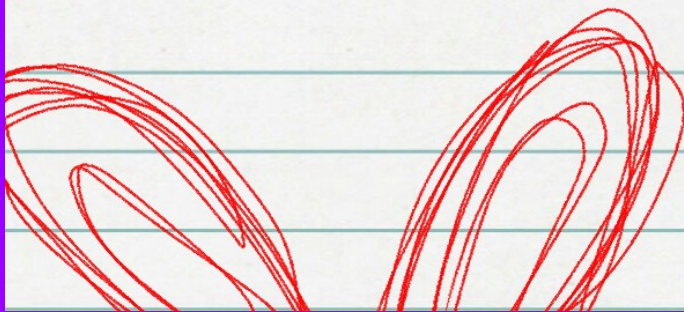


Handwritten signature in purple ink.

It's been a while. Things are still formulating in my head, processing and stuff. I think it'll be okay. I got a haircut and my fingers are healing better. My pen ran out of ink, I don't know when I'll get another one. ~~I don't know the next time I'll do anything.~~ I can't be in the office anymore. You know why. Breathing and talking and whispers all about me and ~~Paris~~. Where did he go? I feel so detached from it all. A ghost watching somebody else's story play out. ~~My hands broken a knife blood face and bed sheets and smiling and struggle hands on me laughing everything all at once Irish painted in red sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry~~

My materials are here The fabric is more flat than I thought it was. He says it's fine. My therapists keep disappearing. Doesn't matter. I'm needed somewhere else. I need to keep this secret. I need to hold it dear and close to my heart. 
My only purpose right now is to do as he asks me to. I exist for no other reason. I exist for nobody else. Every command must be fulfilled or I'll die.

That is my ultimatum.



I'm being transferred. I think I'm the one who did that, but I'm not sure. I'm not sure of anything anymore. I don't think, I don't even feel; I just do. The sound of any thoughts I have are drowned out by his voice and requests and praise. I don't hear what anyone says, I just nod and smile. I think that's what I did at my job interview today, I don't remember it very well. Past days and even moments from minutes before are becoming a blur. I can hardly remember my last name.

The interview was weird. It was in the basement of the building near the kitchens, in some small little room with a desk and a folding chair.

"Let's Rock!" displayed on a poster. The guy was taking notes the whole time, probably asking how the hell I got recommended. Honestly, his guess is as good as mine. I just bullshitted my way through, throwing out random facts I know about Freddy's here and there to make it seem like I cared. I don't have the energy to care. I just pretend like I do. I said that I'd love the job because it's always been a dream of mine. I don't think I've ever thought of being a security guard at Freddy

Fazbear's Mega Pizza Plex once in my life before 8:00 am today, but
here I am lying like it's my dying wish to be one.
How am I still here?



MARKED FOR DELETION

INTERVIEW NOTES - As requested, here are my notes on today's Chief Security Officer interview. While Vanessa seemed eager and bright, she doesn't appear to have any relevant background experience. I realize the recommendation came from the top, but we need someone who has run security for a facility of this scale. I do not recommend her for this position.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED

NEW HIRE SUMMARY - Head Security Guard. No prior qualifications. Internal reference (name withheld).



SCHEDULE:

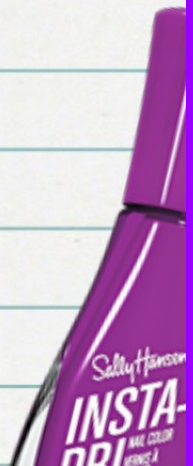
9:00 PM: Wake up, eat something, get into uniform.

9:30 PM: Get coffee

10:00 PM: Drive to work

10:30 PM: Clock in

6:00 AM: Arrive home



ROYALTY
WOLF
V V V



I dropped ballet. I haven't gone in ages so it didn't really make much of a difference, but it felt like I lost something anyway.

Work has been taking up everything. Not only do I not have time but I don't even have space. My own damn office has become a house for his body, I have to keep it locked so no one comes in. Thank god I get my own room, at least being head security has its benefits. Not like I really use all the food perks I get anyway, I feel my arteries clogging and my stomach bloating just thinking about that. Whatever, I need to finish that damn costume.



I've begun counting the children passing by. In a way it's calming. One then two then three then five. All filtering out of the green rooms or running around the atrium, it gives me something to do on my shift. I arrive right around closing time so I still unfortunately have to deal with upset parents looking for their lost kids, and escort people out of the building. It's such a pain. My feet hurt all the time and this hat is too tight on my head, and god, who's in charge of cleaning?! Spills are everywhere! The floors are horrendously sticky and everyone is hopped up on FizzyFaz, I really just don't have the energy. My only form of down time is when I sit and stare at the monitors but it just gives me this drilling headache. But I keep smiling because really, what else can I do? All of my co-workers are incompetent teenagers who don't want to be here. I don't either! But you don't see me disregarding all of my responsibilities. And guess what? In Rockstar Row, they have these cut-outs. Dread-whatever-bear and all of his buddies. I keep having to pass by it and it makes me feel sick? Angry? Upset? I still don't even know

anything. Nothing has changed and I'm still clueless. I guess it's nice when everybody leaves and I'm the only one left, those little moments of silence, my flashlight the only thing really lighting up the whole place. Like a steady beam of magic. But then the light brushes the cardboard water tower and cutouts again and I just stare. It feels like everything is a reminder. How irritating.



Never to Heaven or revenant
I almost feel alive in your arms.

Isn't it sick? Isn't it funny?
Eating my heart out for anybody but you.
Help me forget what I'm going through.

Never to Heaven or revenant

I feel limp in your arms
Oh, there's a gash in my side

I'm bleeding for you
Look what you're doing to me.

Help me patch it up, please?

Spindle the gauze, tape it up, I promise to be better.

Show me a scintilla of your grace

All I can do is listen to you

I have been.

Don't look at me.

Send me to purgatory

Never to Heaven or revenant



Get back to
work

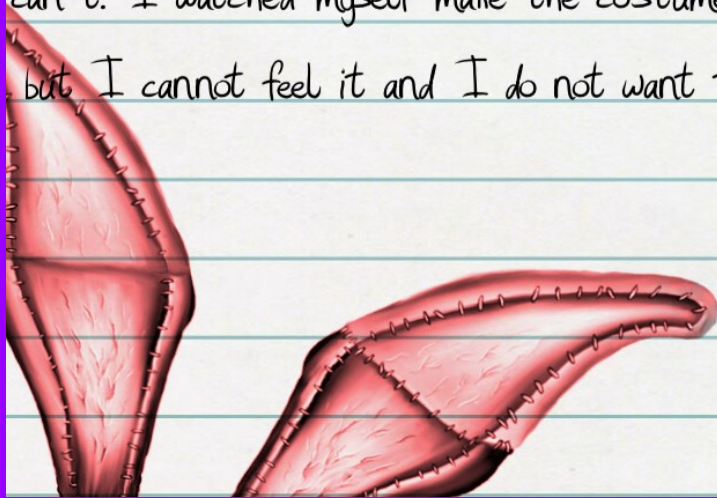
We received a new arcade shipment today. I'm not really kept up to date on that stuff because it shouldn't be of my concern, but I know anyway since I keep tabs on the system. Today, I checked the maintenance list of what needs to be booted up for installation in the west arcade. My heart stopped when I saw the name of one of the machines. "Princess Quest." I had never heard of the game in my life until now, yet I had a feeling that I knew exactly what it entailed. I looked up the game but the internet yielded no results. It must be a sort of Fazbear original, or something like that. Regardless, I headed over to the arcade to check it out. I'm basically allowed to go anywhere so getting in wasn't a problem; actually seeing it, was. The tech team asked me what my purpose was being there, why or how I had gotten in. I just said I wanted to play the game. I didn't have the energy for an excuse. Thankfully, head security is higher in rank than a level 1 technician, so they stepped aside and eyeballed me as I quickly walked up to the cabinet. I didn't even see the game since it wasn't on, but I saw the

side of the arcade. It was exactly what I had feared. A sprite of a bright yellow princess wearing a golden dress and holding a lantern with bright blonde hair stared back at me. It was an exact replica of what I had seen that night. From the dream that was the least lucid but stuck with me the most. The one that I still see glimpses of every night in my restless dreams. I still see that girl, faintly illuminated by a lantern, and eventually realize I'm looking at my own reflection. That same girl I was looking at just now, painted in a cartoonified version on the side of a random arcade cabinet. I brushed my fingers against the princess and tears fell from my eyes. I don't think I was sad, I just am tired of not understanding. I wanted to tell her that she was going to be okay. I knew the two technicians were staring at me like I was a nutjob, but at this point I don't care anymore. Hell, I agree with them. One of the guys, I think his name was Dave, put a hand on my shoulder and said something creepy. I knew he was trying to comfort me but it reminded me of Luis, so I told him to get the fuck off and stomped back to my office.





I'm being taken back to the game. Each time she takes over I'm put back inside. It used to be the basement, but now it's the castle. Dripping walls rotting with decay, stone pillars and red carpets surrounding everywhere I turn. The lantern's not enough, but I don't have a weapon. I'm so scared of getting lost; consumed. I need to stay away, but I feel more put together. I haven't been resisting. I need to stop myself but the costume is bringing her out at the same time rather than replacing. I need the replacement because I can't watch myself do these things but it keeps happening, first with the mask and the car and now this I just can't. I watched myself make the costume and I know that it's my body but I cannot feel it and I do not want to and I am so stuck





Dance with me, so I may feel free
you make me whole, my other half!

Sweet sensation filling my marrow

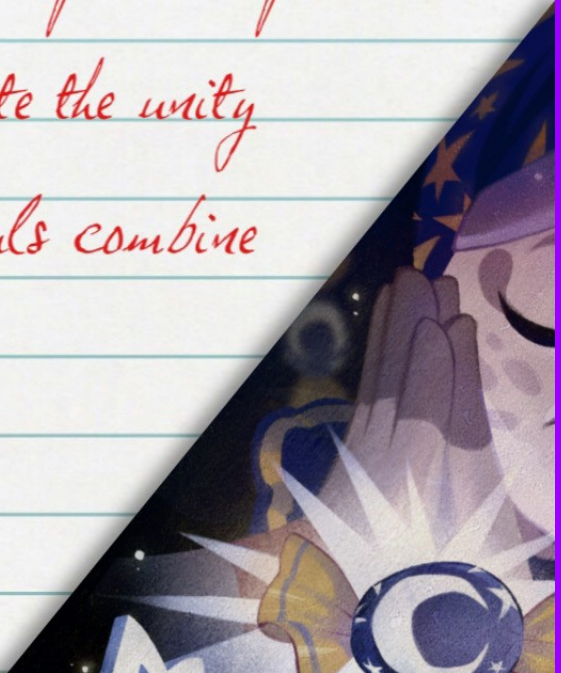
Fuelling my inner being

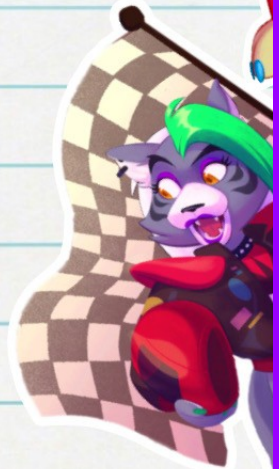
A hop! skip!

Jump away into the next parallel plane.

Allow me to taste the unity

And feel our souls combine





Here



Sometimes days only last two hours. Sometimes two minutes. Other times I'm me, and everything is okay. But sometimes I'm just not there. Maybe like I'm frozen in time, maybe it's a nightmare, or maybe it's just nothing. Endless pitch black, white noise and the occasional feeling of floating on air. I don't know how long I've really been awake. And I don't know how long he's had me for. I must not rest. I can't succumb but I'm afraid that I already have. How much of me is really me? I'm not sure if I know who she is anymore, the girl in the glossy photo taped to the inside of this journal. Who's Vanessa? Her name is written down in these pages and people refer to me as though I'm her, but I feel disconnected. Am I worthy of a name anymore? Sometimes I look at the words I've written and I can't remember doing it. Can't fathom it. Everything is jumbled. A puzzle with missing pieces. In catholic school, they told me that Eve cursed all of womankind. But what about Adam? He bit the apple and all he was punished with was being banished from the garden of Eden. I think that she just made a mistake.



What is seen in shadows is easily misunderstood in the mind of a child



Sometimes I miss dance lessons. I know it was so long ago, ~~but those recitals are some of the only times I ever felt free.~~ Now when I dance, I don't feel the same. It's almost draining, reminding me of what I used to have. Who I used to dance for.

I miss you so much.

But I only see you in glimpses of memory.

Who are you?

~~Is your hair blue, in a bun?~~

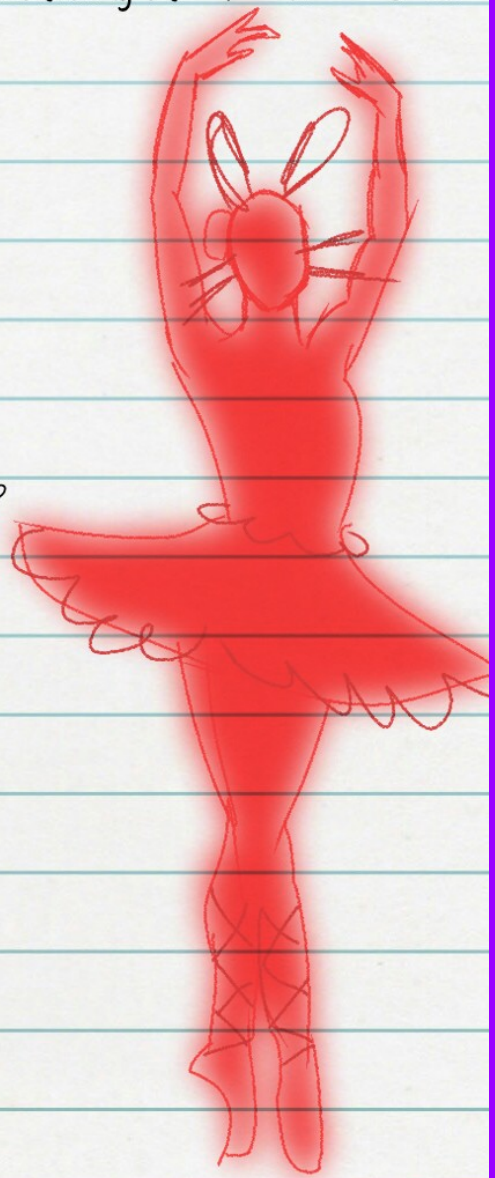
~~A purple tutu and immaculate magenta lipstick?~~

No.

You can't be.

That's not right.

Not at all.



He keeps asking me to select one. I need to find someone like me but I haven't and I'm failing him and I'm scared. I need to find another because I'm not good enough. He said it's just because he needs more help but I know that I'm not enough, I never will be. I have to see this through. In the meantime, I finished the costume and I have to use it now. I don't know what to do though because I don't think I can. I have to kill someone and I can't I can't do it icant icant I CANT I NEED HELP GOD SOMEONE HELP ME PLEASE OH MY GOD HELP IM SO LOST MAMA REALITY IS MIXED AND ICANT MAKE SENSE OF IT PLEASE WHERE ARE YOU I CANT DO IT WITHOUT YOU I NEED YOUR HELP

it's alright, I'm here. you can rest now.



He says the other employees are in my way. They're all obstacles. I told him that everyone's probably gonna be replaced anyway with the new S.T.A.-F.F. initiative, but he said that's not enough. I need to be sure they won't cause a problem. In full honesty, that's kind of why I wanna keep them around, maybe they'll prove to be enough of a problem and ~~I won't have to do whatever horrible things that~~ Sorry, I was joking. I have a plan to get rid of them. He told me to call for an "All Staff Meeting"; gather them all in one place for a mandatory event. It'll be in the employee cafeteria, I need everyone to be there otherwise it won't work. I need to get rid of

themmmmmmm *FOOLISH ANIMALS LED TO THE SLAUGHTER I TASTE THE BLOOD ALREADY POOLING ON THE FLOOR IRON MIXING WITH CONCRETE BLACK AND WHITE BLACK AND WHITE TILES STAIRS INTO THE CELLAR FEED THE DEMON HES STARVING FOR MORE MUST PROCEED*

IT HAS TO SPREAD

IT IS HAPPENING AGAIN

CUSTOMER COMPLAINT - Why did you reopen? Everyone remembers what happened to those kids.

Local pizzeria
threatened with
shutdown over

It is there, but you can't see.

Alone in the dark.

I found the key.

ddy-
been
h shu
ment
comi
animal

ATED
s cl
in
the
fter b
as a
a fe
g was
eddy
ket to
clos
e, and
ould

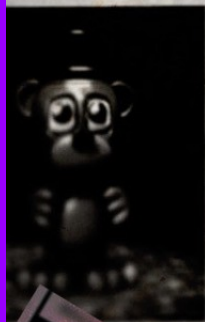
The new
l be scrapped due
ossible malfunction
however the orig
characters are b
kept in hopes
ssible reorganiz
of the com

Police were contacted when
parents reportedly noticed
what appeared to be blood and
mucus around the eyes and
mouths of the mascots. One
parent likened them to
"reanimated carcasses".

It's a minor setback.
We are confident that

IT BURNS!

Fazbear's Fright
burns to the ground



A new local attraction
on an ancient pizzeria
burned down over

Authorities have not
out foul play, but
moment it seems to ha
caused by faulty

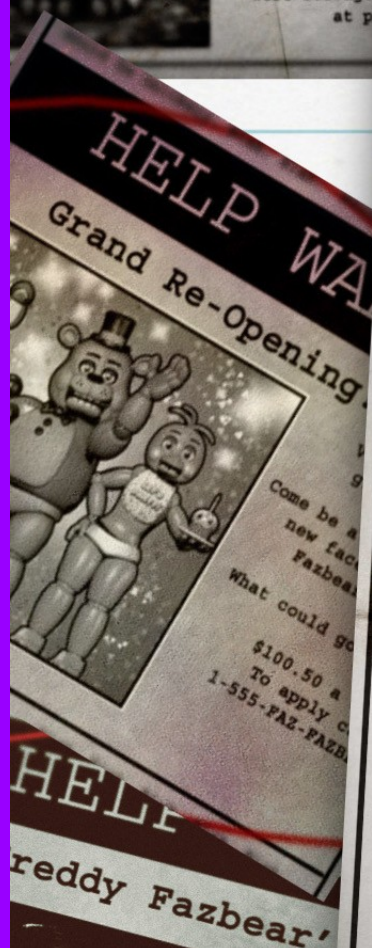
Very little was foun
scene. The fa
were salvaged
at pul



Kids vanish at
local pizzeria -
bodies not found.

Two local children were
reportedly lured into a
back room during the late
hours of operation at Freddy
Fazbear's Pizza on the night
of June 26th. While video
surveillance identified the
man responsible and led to his
capture the following morning,
the children themselves were
never found and are presumed
dead.

Police think that the suspect
dressed as a company mascot to
earn the children's trust.



Famil
for
wor

Monitor
safety
animat

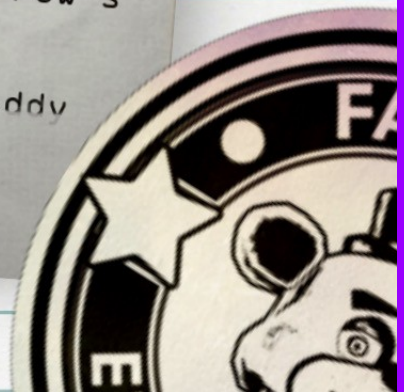
Instructional tape #1 Transcript

Uh, hello? Hello hello? Uh welcome to your new career as a performer slash entertainer for Freddy Fazbear's Pizza. Uh, these tapes will provide you with much needed information on how to handle, slash climb into, slash climb out of, mascot costumes. Right now we have two specially designed suits that double as both animatronic and suit. So please pay close attention while learning how to operate these suits, as accidents, slash injury, slash death, slash irreparable and grotesque maiming, can occur.

First, we will discuss how to operate the mascots when they are in animatronic form. For ease of operation the animatronics, are set to turn and walk towards sound cues. This is an easy and hands-free approach, to making sure the animatronics stay where the children are, for maximum entertainment slash crowd-pleasing value. To change the animatronics to suit mode, insert and turn firmly the hand crank provided by the manufacturer.

Turning the crank will recoil and compress the animatronic parts around the sides of the suit, providing room to climb inside. Please make sure the springlocks are fastened tight, to ensure the animatronic devices remain fixed. I will cover this in more detail in tomorrow's session.

Remember to smile. You are the face of Freddy Fazbear's Pizza.



I know who you are.

Five children now reported missing. Suspect convicted.

Five children are now linked to the incident at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza, where a man dressed as a cartoon mascot lured them into a back room.

While the suspect has been charged, the bodies themselves were never found.

Freddy Fazbear's Pizza has been fighting an uphill battle ever since to convince families to return to the pizzeria.

"It's a tragedy."

Didn't do much today. Tried some stuff at the food court.

Wasn't a very big fan. Too sugary. Gross. And unhealthy. Anyway, I got another uniform. Reminds me of school. Reusing the same uniforms. Recycling. That's all. That's how my day went.

Noises are really annoying, I don't like being in the fazcade. Way worse than the superstarcade because it's the constant whrrr and ping ping beep beep of the machines mixed with the DJ's loud obnoxious techno style whatever on two whole floors. How exhausting. I need to get some ear plugs.



The counting turned into something more: analyzing. Every kid that passes by, every teen girl videoing themselves with friends, every parent not paying attention to their child. I'm always aware. If I was running a program in my brain before, now it's turned into a constantly updating spread sheet. He's telling me to search for them, to gather together a group.

I still need to get rid of the employees. One of them Keeps getting in my way. Dave, that technician from a week ago. He's seemingly nowhere and everywhere at all the worst times. I've never seen the bitch fix a single thing, yet every time I try and get a break, he's always in my secret (or so I thought) hideouts. Yesterday he offered me a smoke. I can't stand him.

So I said sure, but instead of breathing in the cancer, I took the cigarette and snuffed it out with his arm. Ash burned into his shirt. He screamed and asked me why the hell I did that. I told him that I hate smoking and walked away. I don't even know why he keeps trying to talk to me.

It's creeping me out.

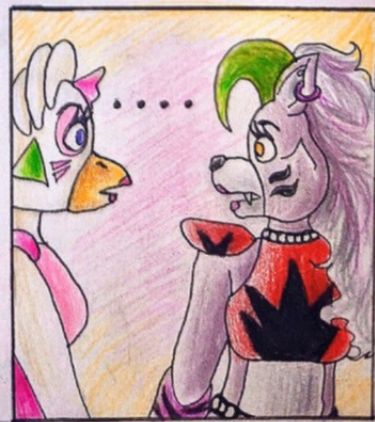
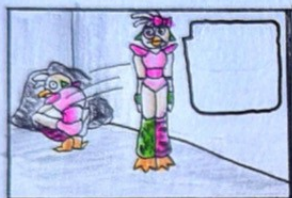
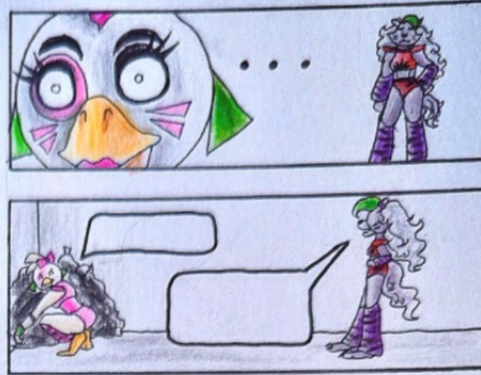
His nails are all gross and his hands are covered in dirt or oil. It was stupid to try and catch a break anyway, but of course the times I do try and go to my little hiding spots, Dave somehow always manages to be there. At least I

know he won't report me because multiple people keep complaining about his... everything. Whatever, I need to find a new hideout.



BUNNY

What are Roxy and Chica saying?
Fill in the blanks! ★



The All Staff Meeting; I'll never forget it. Everyone gathered in the cafeteria. It was odd because, even though the pizzaplex is huge, all the employees fit in the far corner of the room. Talk about understaffed. I was definitely uneasy, but nobody ever pays attention to me so it was fine. Everyone seemed a little suspicious but it didn't matter because it's not like they were leaving anyway. I know everyone was waiting for the manager, Christie, but it felt almost comedic hearing people complain she was taking so long. Little did they know that Christie was already gone. While everyone was still confused, I called the new S.T.A.F.F. bots into the room, maybe a few hundred of them at the least. Nobody had seen these yet except for the way higher ups, one of those being me. They've been kept in that creepy warehouse with all the endoskeletons for the longest time, but he decided it was time to finally put them to use. I ordered them to begin the protocol, and stepped back as chaos ensued. Everything was a blur. Screaming surrounded me, tables got flipped, and glasses were thrown. There was something a little humorous

about it, watching all these humans become so frightened by the innocent-ly painted and frail S.T.A.F.F. bots they were swarmed by. I mean sure, they were ripping off their limbs, but seeing their faces contort into terror while they're attacked by a completely monotone and unthreatening-looking robot made me chuckle. When I got up from my seat I had to do a double take. I looked over and saw Kayla, the girl who sat next to me at lunch the other day, turn to me in fear and confusion as one of the bots came up from behind and restrained her arms by holding them out the side. She asked me what was happening, why I wasn't getting attacked. I just shrugged my shoulders and said sorry, that it had to be done. Kayla let out a scream as a new bot approached, awkwardly but firmly grabbing hold of her waist like they were about to start slow dancing at prom. Unfortunately for Kayla, this wasn't a slow dance, and what happened next was a joint effort. The bot holding her waist kept her torso still as the bot who formerly had just restrained her began to pull her arms backward. Her bones gave way, and I heard a loud snap as they suddenly jutted out from each bicep like a plastic ruler breaking in

half after being bent too much. Kayla howled, each tendon grotesquely departing from her body accompanied by a squelch. Some little pinkish-red bits dropped to the floor in slue of the fountain of blood that seeped from the opened wounds, and Kayla fell over. Only moments too late, everything finally hit me. The nausea came in like a bullet train. I saw Kayla's face, the girl I had talked to yesterday, and it just turned into Luis. My behavior only moments before now repulsed me, as I was baffled at my nonchalance in reaction to the disturbing events I had just single handedly caused. I doubled over and vomited out all my confidence as well as the very little I had eaten that day, next to Kayla's body, blood still flowing from her two gaping wounds. I had asked him the day before why the process had to be so visceral; why we couldn't just snap their necks or poison their drinks with cyanide and call it a day. He said something about agony, and how the spirits won't linger as long without it. I didn't really understand but uploaded the program to the bots anyway, trying not to think too much about all the cleanup that tomorrow would bring. Now though, it is tomorrow, and I will eventually

have to throw all my coworkers' limbs in garbage bags like rotten food. I tried to remind myself of the purpose, how everything was worth it, as did he. I heard it in my head, the criticism for vomiting. He asked me if I thought he vomited every time he worked and I told him no, apologizing and standing back up. I stepped over Kayla, trying to get out of the way of the chaos since I no longer enjoyed watching it with the presence of my recent reality check in mind. Stepping over the body, I saw Dave, running from a bot like they were playing tag. All the doors were locked so no one was getting out, but I still worried a little that Dave would escape. As I thought this, I again heard myself get scolded, being yelled at for doubting the plan. Again I apologized, but he said he was tired of my apologies. He asked me if I was really ready like I had said I was, and if he needed to take over. I didn't want to disappoint him so I began to say no, but before I could, Dave grabbed me & screamed for help. I stared at him in annoyance, lacking much more sympathy for him than I did with Kayla. He was smearing blood all over my shirt, which I would now have to wash in addition to all my other

ones. I sighed and pulled out my switchblade, which I said I'd only use for emergencies, but I really didn't care; it's not like Dave would care, either; his death would be painful regardless. He continued to plead, the bot behind him steadily approaching. Instead of letting it do its job, I ordered it to stop. Grabbing Dave by the throat, I called him a little bitch, saying to act his age and stop wailing like a toddler. He stared at me, bewildered, which I hated. It was that same fucking look he gave me last week when he saw me washing Christie's blood off a knife in the kitchen. That same look he gave me now, and it sent me over the edge. I screamed in his face to stop staring at me like I'm crazy, and rammed the knife into his left eye, twirling it and ripping the ball out of its socket. He screamed, and it only enhanced my headache, I didn't have time to deal with this. so I then plunged it down his throat (his own eye still on the end of the blade), and pushed him onto the S.T.A.F.F. bot that had been on standby for the whole time. I gleefully watched him receive the same treatment as everyone else, relishing in the gurgle that tried to escape his throat as he choked on the eyeball-knife kebab.

Fucking Dave. Fuck him.



Did you enjoy the carnage?

Back again. Dusty this time, my head hurts. Not a spectator but a specter. I walked but nobody seemed to notice me, checkered tiles and party hats sitting on tables. I was in Freddy Fazbear's. Not the Mega Pizzaplex, but the one before. The air smelled of birthday cake and pizza and other grease, my stomach churned. Children were laughing and smiling, and I almost felt like dancing because everybody was so happy. I knew, undoubtedly though, that something wrong was going to happen. My body was translucent and I felt floaty. On the stage they stood, singing and swiveling stiltedly around with the clicks of servos. They radiated happiness, sun from the windows still streamed in ribbons, but the colorful stage lights were on nonetheless. So different from what we have now. Everything hurts the eyes. Neons. This is soft. Familial. I felt at home. I floated into the kitchen and smiled because there were people making the food, not robots or machines.

When I got back to the dining room, one child was missing, and I only saw the faint whip of her hair as she rounded a corner. Blonde, curly. I had seen her in the arcade mere moments ago. I decided to follow her, and there was someone leading her down a hall, hidden from the populated areas of the

pizzeria. Something masked, a yellow rabbit. It was Spring Bonnie. Although I could not see the front of the rabbit's face, I knew that it was not a robot. The movements were too fluid, too complex. He held the girl's pizza-stained hand in his, then opened a door. It was then that I caught a glint of his eyes, a piercing blue. I felt the need to hide but at the same time I knew I was invisible, and as he closed the door my skepticism grew. I knew what he was going to do to her, I don't know why I was so surprised. I walked through the door and he had his costumed hands over the girl's eyes, whispering promises that she'll see her dog again. I didn't know the context of this, I still don't. I didn't feel anything as he held a knife against her throat and dragged the blade across it. I simply stood there, as her body flailed about the ground, spilling blood. Nothing except pity for her. I didn't want her to die. But it happened and there was nothing I could do about it. The little blonde girl was gone and Spring-Bonnie's eyes met mine in a solemn understanding. Maybe part of me was screaming but on the outside I was calm, no longer translucent. He sauntered over to me and took off his mask, then ceremoniously put it on me instead. It smelled like sweat, blood, and cruelty. His eyes lingered on me long after. Scars on his neck. Old,

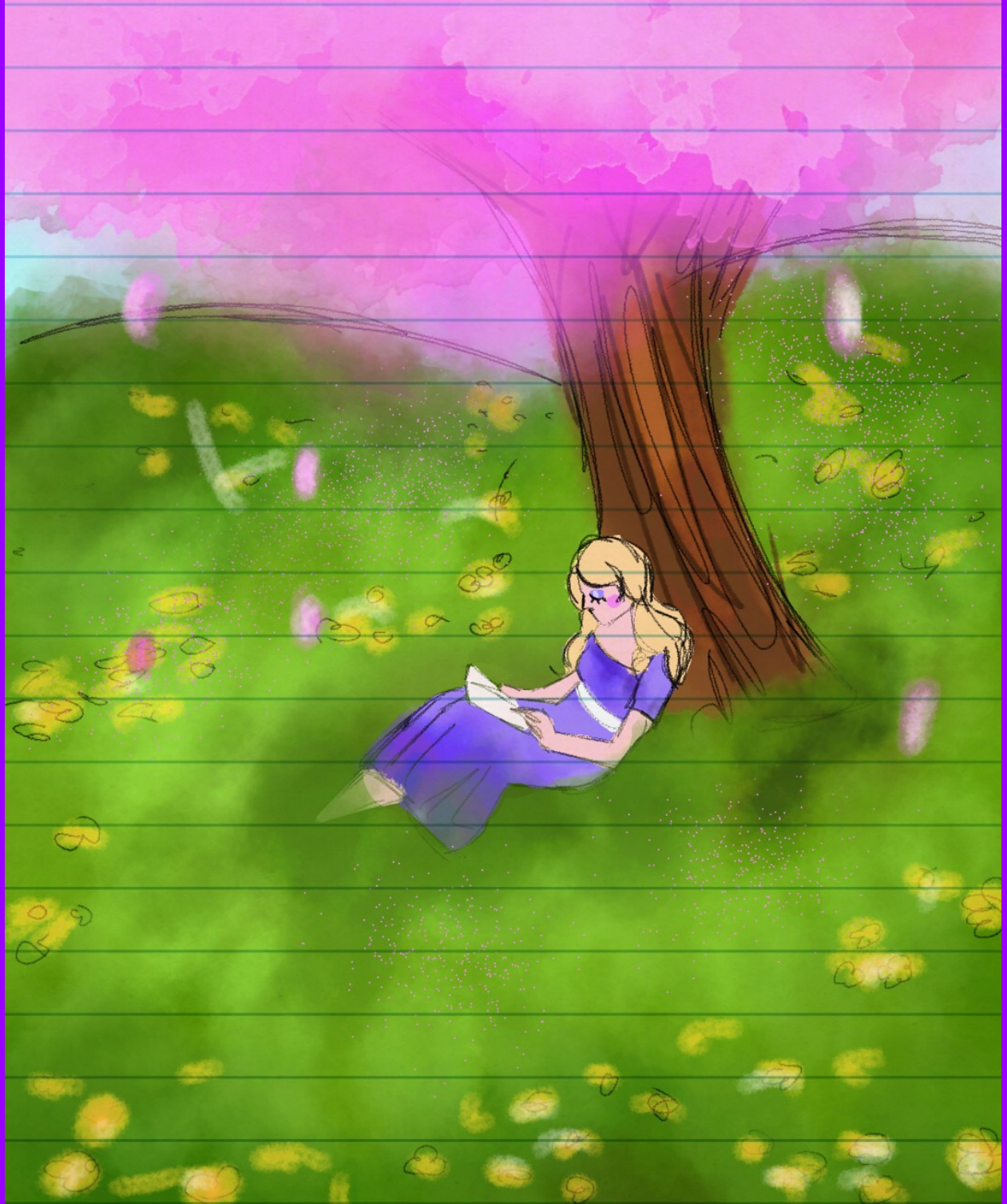
thin hair atop his head. When I opened my eyes, my vision was red.
It was complete.



Are you ready?



I postpone death by living, by suffering, by error, by risking, by giving, by losing.



Last night I wore it for the first time.

The costume came out fine. It wasn't perfect, but he said it added to the authenticity, whatever that means. I drove up to the Pizzaplex, duffel bag in hand, and walked around to the side. Entering through a backdoor, I made my way to my office and put it on. Initially, I was underwhelmed. While my expectations were through the roof, the costume was a little poorly made. It felt way too tight, and moving was made difficult by the lack of stretchy fabric I had bought to make it.

Before I could complain, he told me I'd get used to it. Patience. He said that breaking in the costume was like breaking in a new pair of shoes, and the more I wear it, the less I'll notice. I didn't care, I was just counting down the seconds until she took over so I could check out. I figured that being locked in my own mental prison was better than being awake for whatever sick games he plays with me while I'm gone. But that moment never came. Instead, he began to give a speech. He said I needed to feel the joy of his game, that

I made this costume for a reason and can't just check out when it comes down to business. He told me how pathetic I used to be when he first found me, but with his help I'd become more. I'd become something. After so many years of being nothing.

"Are you ready?"

I lied. I told him yes and put on the head. My vision was terrible; I couldn't see a thing, that was until I turned on the eyes. Everything suddenly changed around me. I saw through a red tint, and physical objects distorted before my very eyes. Purple. Hexagons. Mist. My memory of making the costume is blurry, since few parts of it were actually done by me, but the technology still caught me by surprise. I waved my gloved hand through a table and gasped. It was nauseating, but he assured me I'd get used to it. He said it was time. It was okay. His hands wrapped around mine. I didn't ask how. The next few hours were... beautiful. If I had to compare it, I would say it reminded me of a school dance. Glitter, shapes and colours. At first it's a little awkward, everyone sorta half-laughs and randomly shuff-

les. But as the night goes on, you get more into it and begin to let yourself go, dancing like no one can see. In my case, that was the thing: literally, no one could see me, because there was no one left to see me. Only the spirits. Only him. The whole building was my playground, and after a few minutes of walking normally while dressed up in a bunny costume, I gave into the ridiculousness and had fun. For the first time in a year, I felt free. Untethered from the binds of resistance. I pranced around the halls, skipping and leaping like I was back in ballet. Port de Bras, Fouetté. Everything made sense because nothing had to make sense in the first place. I left behind all my confusion, all my worries. I twirled and sang, humming that lullaby he sang to me the night I needed it most, while the annoying stage music played over me in the background. I even did a cartwheel. I didn't think about how stupid I looked, dancing around dressed like a freak in a massive and empty building on my own. I was having so much fun, I realized maybe he had been right all along. This was my purpose, and I'd be jealous if my other self got to experience it in-

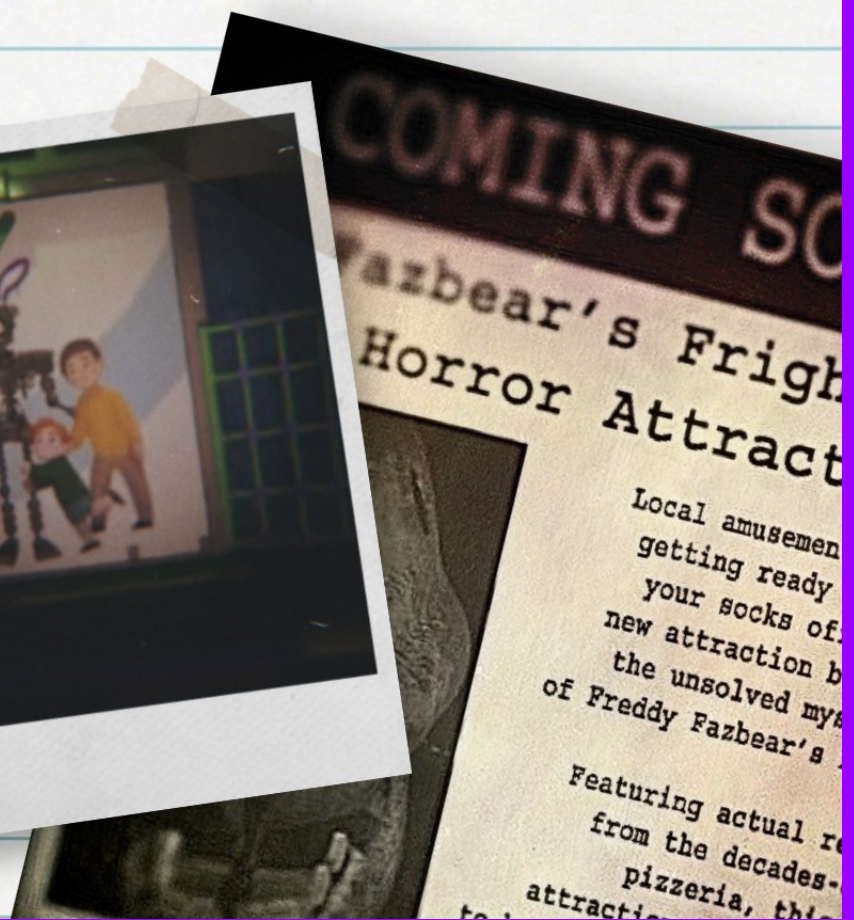
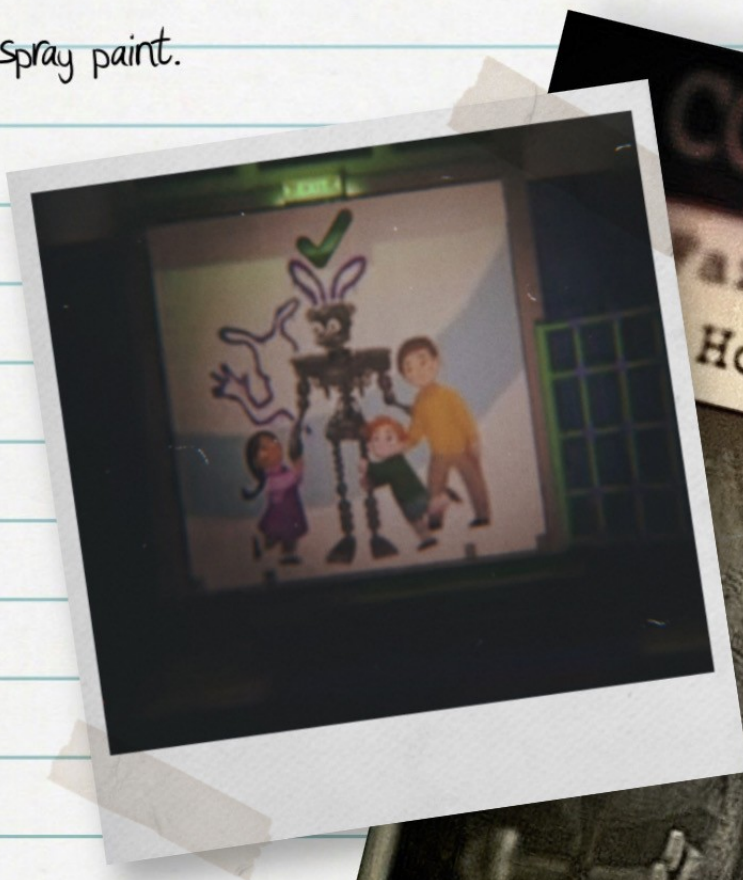
stead of me.

I finally got to my destination, having taken much longer than I would've if not for my stops. Still, I felt like I was walking on air. I thought the Pizzaplex would be creepy without anyone there, but it was oddly comforting and exciting instead. Every structure added to this elegantly-decorated palace was mine to roam. Despite the fact that said decorations consisted of advertisements for mediocre pizza & arcade games. I didn't care and took in the surroundings, adding to my surprisingly playful frame of mind. Nevermind the fact that I taken part in discarding an entire team of employees, each with their own families and lives. Something had cast a spell over my conscience, & I didn't have a headache for what felt like the first time in eons. Unfortunately, the pleasant atmosphere didn't last. Where I was headed was the endoskeleton warehouse, the dingy and unnerving storage area where all of the modified S.T.A.F.F. bots had been housed the night before until they were unleashed unto my coworkers. I entered through the large garage doors and stopped in the side room. My task

was tedious, but simple. I grabbed a can of purple spray paint that was stacked on a shelf with various other pigments, and grabbed a stool from beneath a shelf. Returning to the main hallway, I approached the large painted door and set down the stool. The painting depicted one of the endoskeletons offering a father and his little girl a red balloon. The painting had a bright green check mark above it, signaling to the endos that this was something good. As silly as it felt, I crossed out the checkmark with an X, and it was as simple as that.

He told me that there's a little bit of his programming in everybody. When I asked him what he meant, he didn't tell me, not really. All he said was that each endoskeleton functions under a software that tells them to mimic everything they see. This was to save time and money on programming, so every time one of the core four animatronics break down, it could easily be replaced by a backup that just mimicked the behavior of a glamrock. How this related to William Afton, I had no idea, but asking him seemed to tick him off. I don't want to upset him.

In a very peculiar way of activating these programs, Fazbear Ent. installed an entire nursery for the endos, which is littered with these dumbass paintings I was vandalizing now. Still, I didn't ask questions. Spray painting some silly pictures onto other silly pictures was the least I was concerned about in terms of what he had in store for me, ESPECIALLY in comparison to the bloodbath from yesterday. Trying to stay positive, I moved onto the next painting and shook up my spray paint.





It's okay. I'm you no matter what, my half crescent! ☾

My half pizza pie! 🍕

Together we are full!

Always.

The hands that are yours are also mine

And the thoughts that are yours are also mine.

Little do you know, it's really him!

Are we just an extension of that?

I should really stop saying "we",

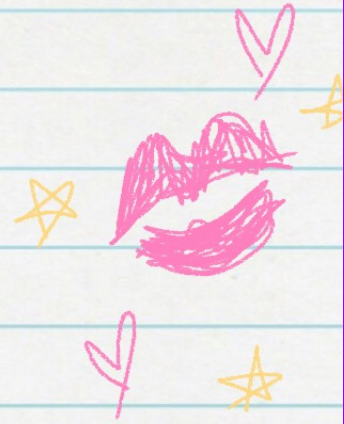
"I".

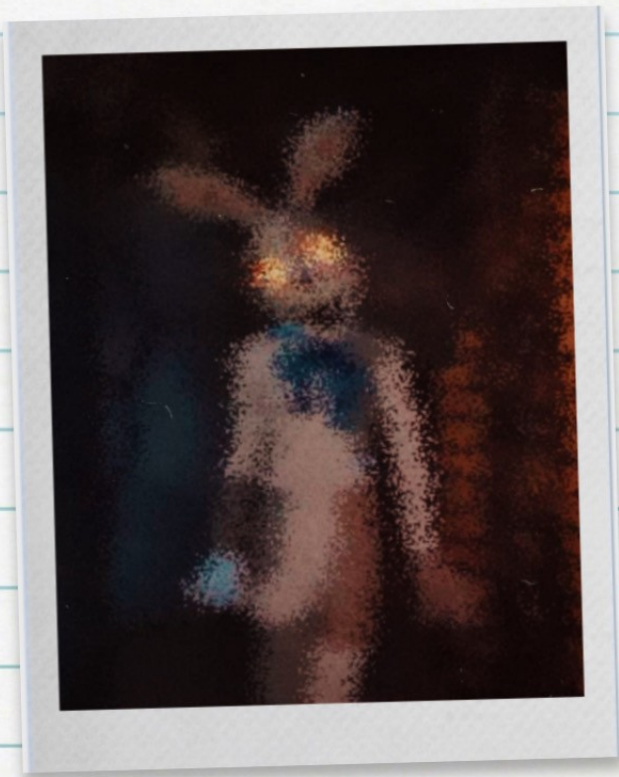
I'm you.

Vanny. 🐰

Vanessa. 🌱

It's so funny!





stay the course.

A normal day. Got to work right before closing. I decided to get something to eat at the food court. Out of everything, I opted for salad and sides— even though I'm 100% sure it's not real salad. I was standing in line, tapping my foot against the glittery tile floor, and as my name was being called, order number 842, Vanessa— she was there again. The blonde little girl from the parking lot, her mothers hand in hers. Why was she here so late? (Why is anyone here this late?) I didn't know. It had to be the same girl, she had short blonde hair pulled into two pigtails and the same freckles on her cheeks. Same height. She can't be here, why was she here? It's not safe for her here. It will never be safe for her here. Go home! Please, go home to your mother. Go home and get ready for ballet practice, you have a recital tomorrow. Your dad is waiting for you to come home, so go. You don't want to be late for him. Don't want to be late for practice. Don't you have school tomorrow? Did you need to do last minute shopping for a friend's birthday gift? Does your friend like the sun or the moon or Freddy or Chica or Roxy or Monty? Maybe Bonnie? He's not around anymore though. You can't be here! You can't! Jumbled jumbled thoughts, my body was aching and I felt the pain in my bones that have been numb for days, I am finally feeling EVERYTHING after months of NUMBNESS.

I am feeling for real I am feeling for the first time I am FEELING.

WHY IS IT ALL SO SCARY WHEN I CAN FEEL IT ALL?

In my office without my food with my head in my hands tick tock tick tock the clock is ticking time is limited time is running out time in this palace is desolate is sacred is meant to be spent wisely. I CANT i CANT wallow i CANT do this. Yes I can no I can't yes no yes no yes no yes it's okay. It's okay. Why? Why did I do this to myself? It's all my fault. You're right. It's all your fault. All my fault. I signed up for it. I did this. I've done this but oh god oh god the blood on my hands drying underneath my fingernails dying in my arms hands hands all over me a hand to my cheek. A hand to my cheek telling me it's going to be okay not the rabbit but the man the man and his skinny hands and his cold eyes they hurt they hurt his eyes hurt me when they look into me. Blue grey dull two dull lakes hurting drowning me further pulling me down into an abyss of darkness of hatred and death. The man telling me that I was nothing and that i'm better now. The man telling me I CANT KEEP GOING ON LIKE THIS OR ELSE I'LL END UP JUST LIKE THE LAST ONE. THERE ARE THINGS THAT NEED TO BE DONE. And my mind my mind my mind is GONE WHERE DID IT GO? My mind is gone, do you know where it went? Hey, have you seen my mind? No? Thanks anyway. But can

you find it for me? I don't know what I've been doing. I don't really know who I am anymore. Not at all. The person looking back in the mirror? I don't know who she is. I don't look in mirrors anymore. Automated movement. I didn't end up getting my food, if you're wondering. I didn't want it anyway. There's things to be done. Must continue. No equivocations. No excuses. No crying. Her ears poke out from inside my bag.

Stay the course. I will. I will. I will. It will be fun. Fun. Fun. Fun.

Are you having fun yet?

I am.

I know I am.



Fizzyfaz works as an energy drink. Remember



"I took a deep breath and listened to the old brag of my heart.

I am,

I am,

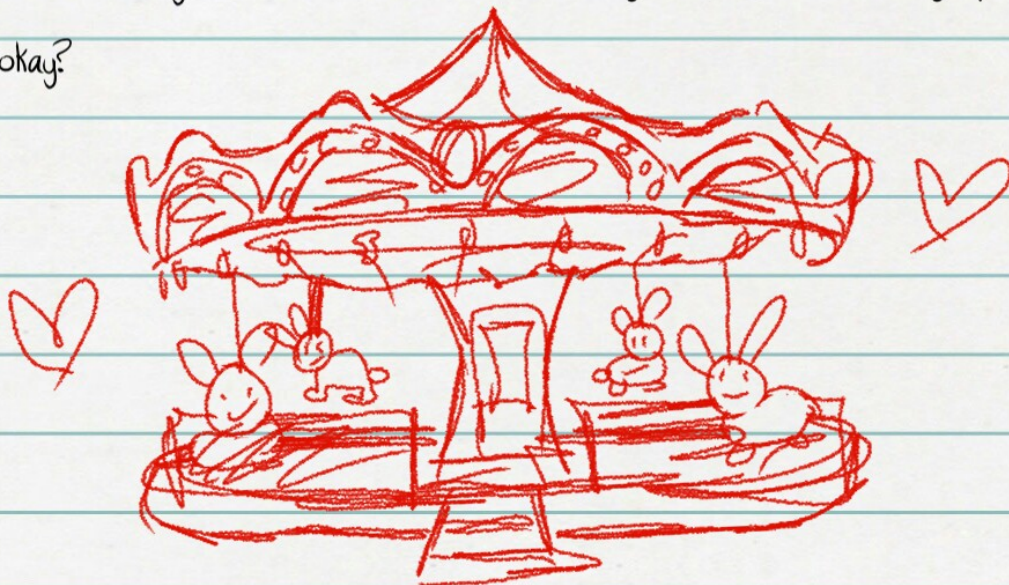
I am."

-Sylvia Plath

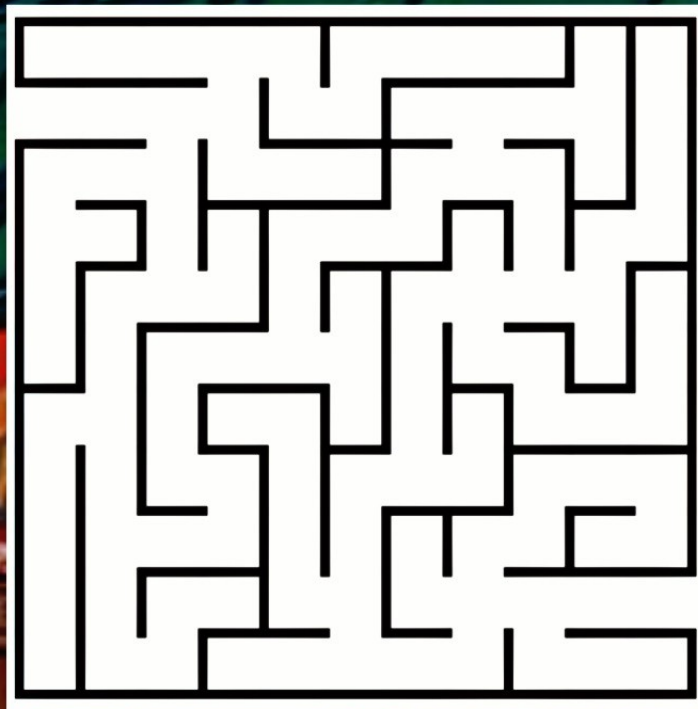
It all comes bouncing back. Every time I think maybe I'm getting used to it, I lapse back into old habits and old feelings and then I worry that don't even know how to feel anymore. The hunger is dull and the pain is numb. Not sad, never happy. Like my heart has been slowed to a deadly pace, still beating enough for me to stay breathing, but not fast enough for me to feel like I'm really ever there. Even if he says it's okay, I leave my plate untouched.

Bouncing back to being scared. It all comes bouncing back. A merry go round spinning to one destination always, stopping then adding more passengers and starting up again. Used for entertainment. I don't like being an adult anymore. But your hand in mine makes me forgive you.

Makes me feel like you love me and like I belong somewhere. Let's go play for a while, okay?



Oh no! Freddy's lost! Can you help him return to his friends?



The old house isn't the same when I see it in my head anymore, it's different: there's no world outside the windows, just an endless, burning starscape. Some of the walls are gone, some of the ceilings torn off. My bedroom is completely gone and there's nobody anywhere anymore. Not my dad, or my mom. Not like I know what they would look like anyway. It's empty, everything floats about as if defying the laws of gravity, but I don't. I walk around in the wreckage and climb down the cascading basement stairs. I heard noise. The source, a door. A locked door, where the laundry room used to be. A large locked door, rivulets of black water slithering across it. I've seen this door before, at least I think I have. It was here before, still in the basement the last time I visited, but all the memories are distant blurs. Flashes of me, hurting, cold; and a child. I press my ear to the door, and no sound is heard. I knock, but nobody answers. I walked back upstairs, eyeing the ballet trophy and pack of someone's pack of cigarettes burning in the atmosphere. I looked outside the front door, and in the crumbling driveway sat a lonely purple car that has stood the test of time. I remember this car, I saw it in the game.



The headlights are on. The door opened slowly, with the light tap of my fingertips, and I realized then that I wasn't wearing the hard soled shoes I thought I would be. Instead they were black Mary Janes, there was a ribbon in my hair and I was wearing a dress I knew for certain I had seen before. My elementary school uniform. But I was very much still 25. The shoes clicked on the asphalt as I walked toward the car and opened the passenger side door. William greeted me with a yellow toothed smile. He was wearing a purple vest, it was shiny, and had stars on it. We looked at each other for too long. I looked at his skinny frame and gaunt face for too long. Different from how he looked in my dreams before. It was like looking into a mirror. "How are you feeling, Vanny?" I bit my tongue. I didn't want to say anything that could upset him. He wasn't my therapist, and I haven't been to therapy in so long. I don't need it. He took one hand off the wheel and placed it on my knee. I flinched. "Suit yourself. We're gonna be late." I shifted uncomfortably in my seat but as he pulled out of the driveway and began to smoothly cruise along the stars, my attention was drawn to the window. I didn't understand it, you have to understand that when this happens to me I'm almost certain it's real. I'm not even certain that it's not.

"Where are we going?" I asked and immediately regretted it. His hand turned to a veiny claw gripping at my flesh with ferocity. It burned, it brought me back to a memory long forgotten and then he regained composure, and put his hand back to the wheel. "I'm driving you to school. Ah, would you look at that? We're here!" William gestured out the window, and his long limbs folded out of the car door. I followed suit. This school struck me as familiar but I couldn't piece together what it used to look like. Walls were missing, bricks were scattered, everything bathed in a purple glow. He motioned for me to follow him and I didn't want to, but at the same time all I wanted was for somebody to stand next to me without any ulterior motives and with real care. I know he's the reason for all of this but maybe it wouldn't be so bad. Maybe he could help me. It's just a dream, right? I've had to push everyone away and I've forgotten how lonely I've always been. We walked into the school, and the doors opened for him. The main foyer looked as if it had been through the apocalypse, torn and devastated. He disregarded it as if it was nothing but normal and my stomach twisted. I realized then that I wasn't scared of him anymore. I just wanted to hold his hand. Like how a small child holds onto her father's pinky finger. I wasn't scared of him, I was scared of

what he might be leading me to. Walking through the halls, I heard children. They were laughing and screaming but they were nowhere to be seen and I was dizzy dizzy dizzy and I didn't feel well. I needed to go to the nurses office. Grabbing onto his shirt sleeve, I felt small, so small and then I realized that I was in fact a child, standing at 4 nothing in fifth grade. I said something but it was intelligible, unheard over the static pounding in my head. He turned around with fiery anger in his eyes, then grabbed my wrist and my dad my father my father then William then the yellow rabbit then him then both of them and it hurt. I was nauseous and my feet hurt because I had been dancing all day yesterday and he dragged me back outside where trees were growing green and he hit me. He hit me across the face and I couldn't sob because I couldn't let anybody hear me. This and that and this and it was my father not William but then I was in the nurse's office with the rabbit. He was icing my wound and saying that he was sorry. He was hugging me with his cushiony fabric arms and then it was my father outside again. Ping ponging back and forth back and forth. Slowly the pain lessened, the bad washed away like waves over sand and it was me, alone with Spring Bonnie. In that nurses' office.

"You know I would never do anything to hurt you, right Vanny?"

"Yes."

"Everything I do I only do when you don't listen."

"I know."

"You'll follow my path, right? You won't misbehave?"

"I promise."

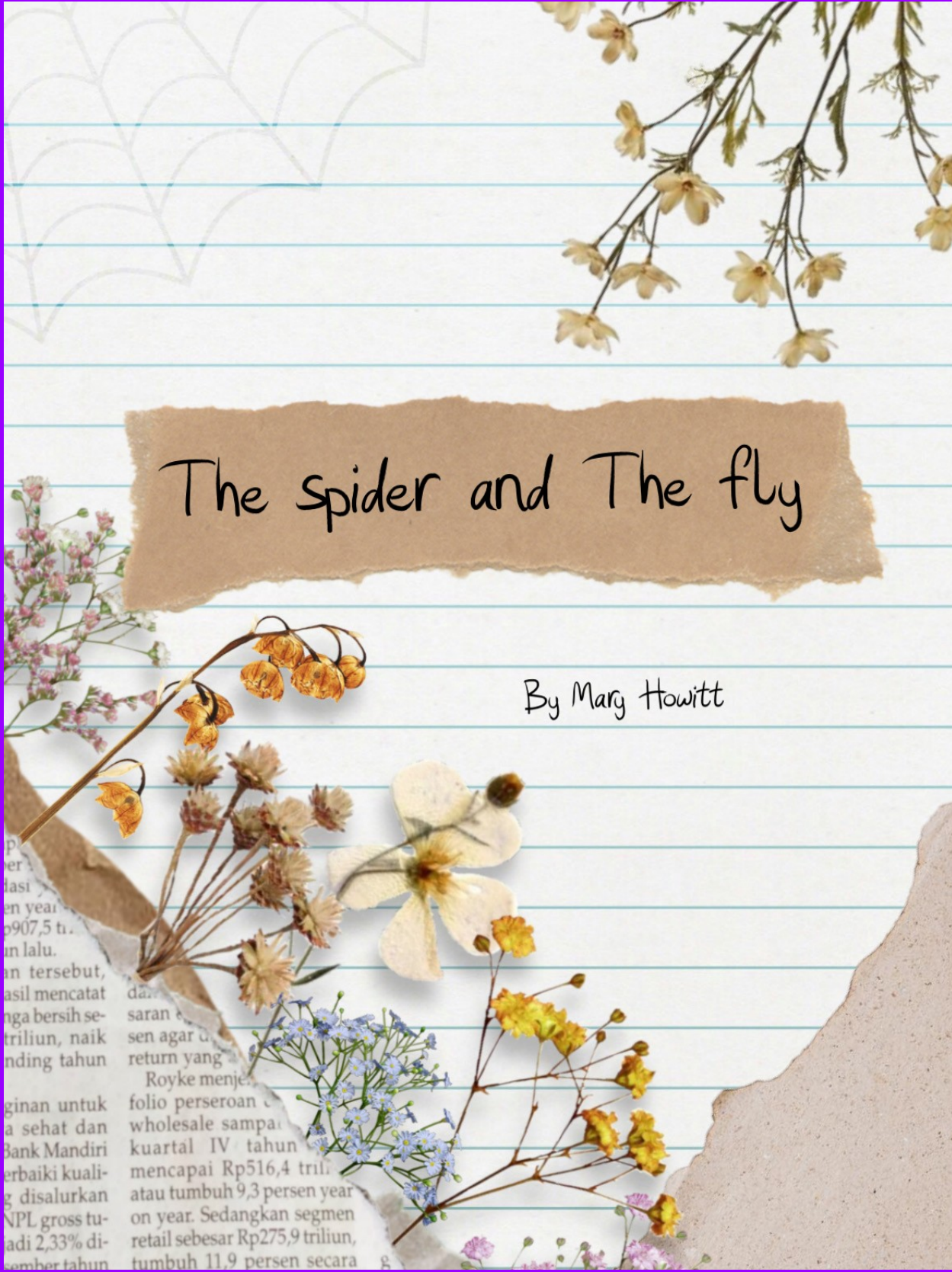
"I won't let him hurt you anymore."

"Okay."

"I love you."

"I love you too Dad."

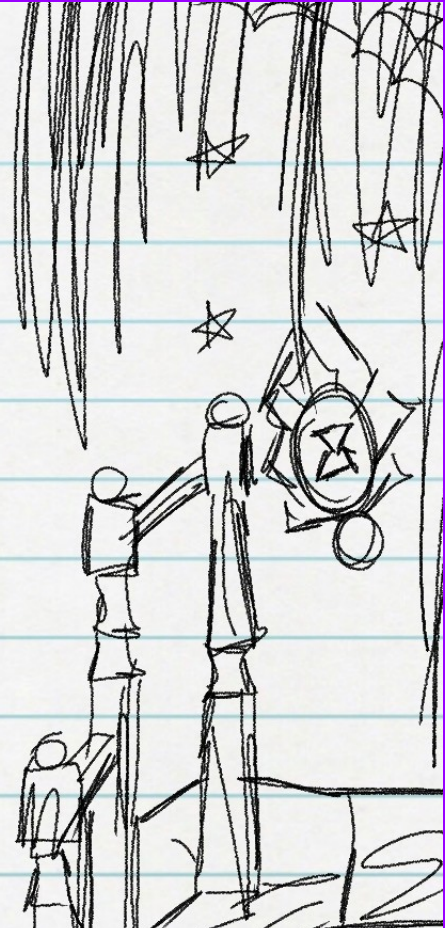
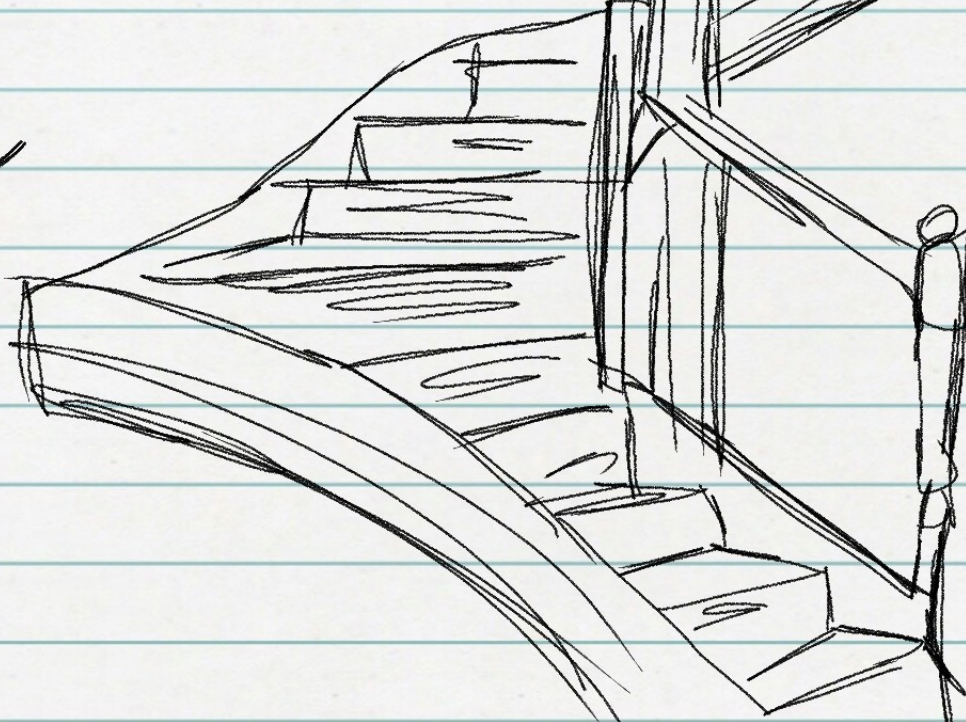




The spider and The fly

By Mary Howitt

"Will you walk into my parlour?"
said a spider to a fly;
" 'Tis the prettiest little parlour
that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a
winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to
shew when you are there."
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "to
ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding
stair can ne'er come down again."

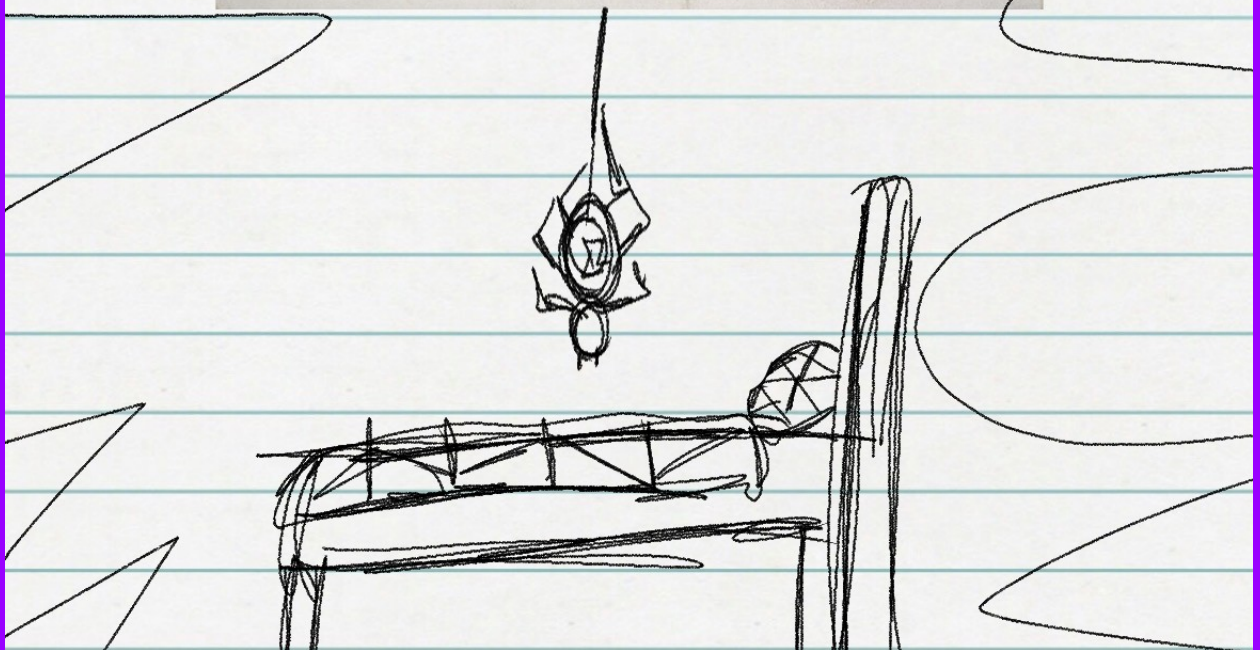


"I'm sure you must be weary, with
soaring up so high,
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
said the spider to the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn
around, the sheets are fine and
thin;

And if you like to rest awhile, I'll
snugly tuck you in."

"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "for
I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
who sleep upon your bed!"

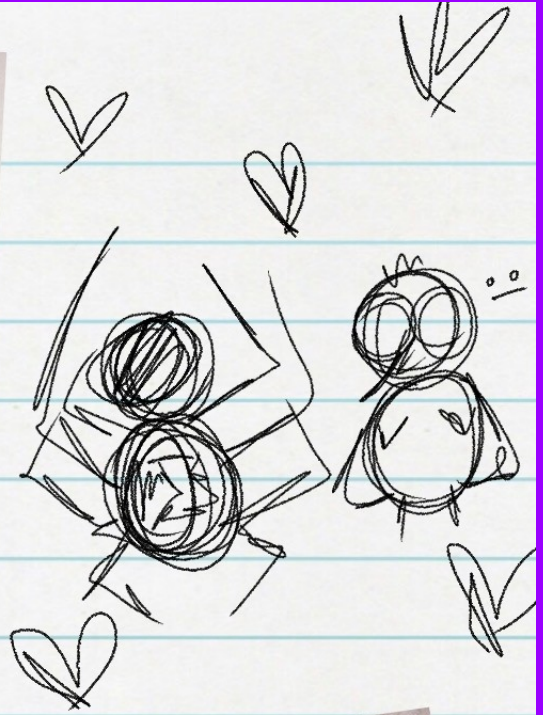


Said the cunning spider to the fly,
"Dear friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I've
always felt for you?

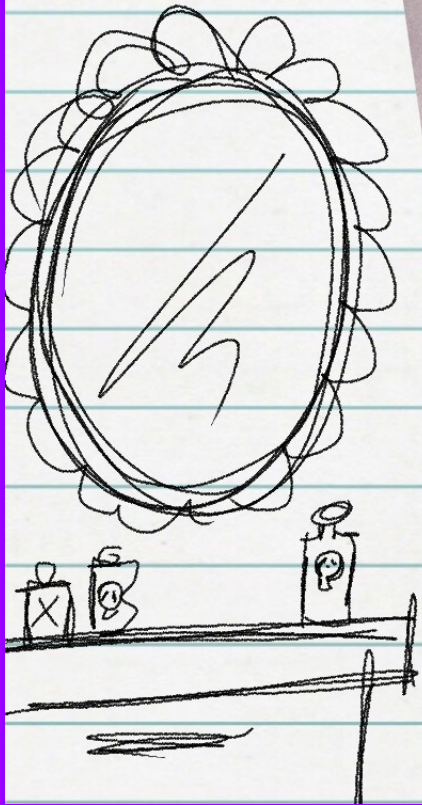
I have, within my pantry, good
store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome –
will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh no, no!" said the little fly,
"kind sir, that cannot be,"
I've heard what's in your pantry,
and I do not wish to see."



"Sweet creature!" said the spider,
"you're witty and you're wise.
How handsome are your gauzy
wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon
my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning
now, I'll call another day."



Alas, alas! how very soon this silly
little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung
aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
and green and purple hue:—
Thinking only of her crested head,
poor foolish thing! — At last
Up jumped the cunning spider,
and fiercely held her fast.

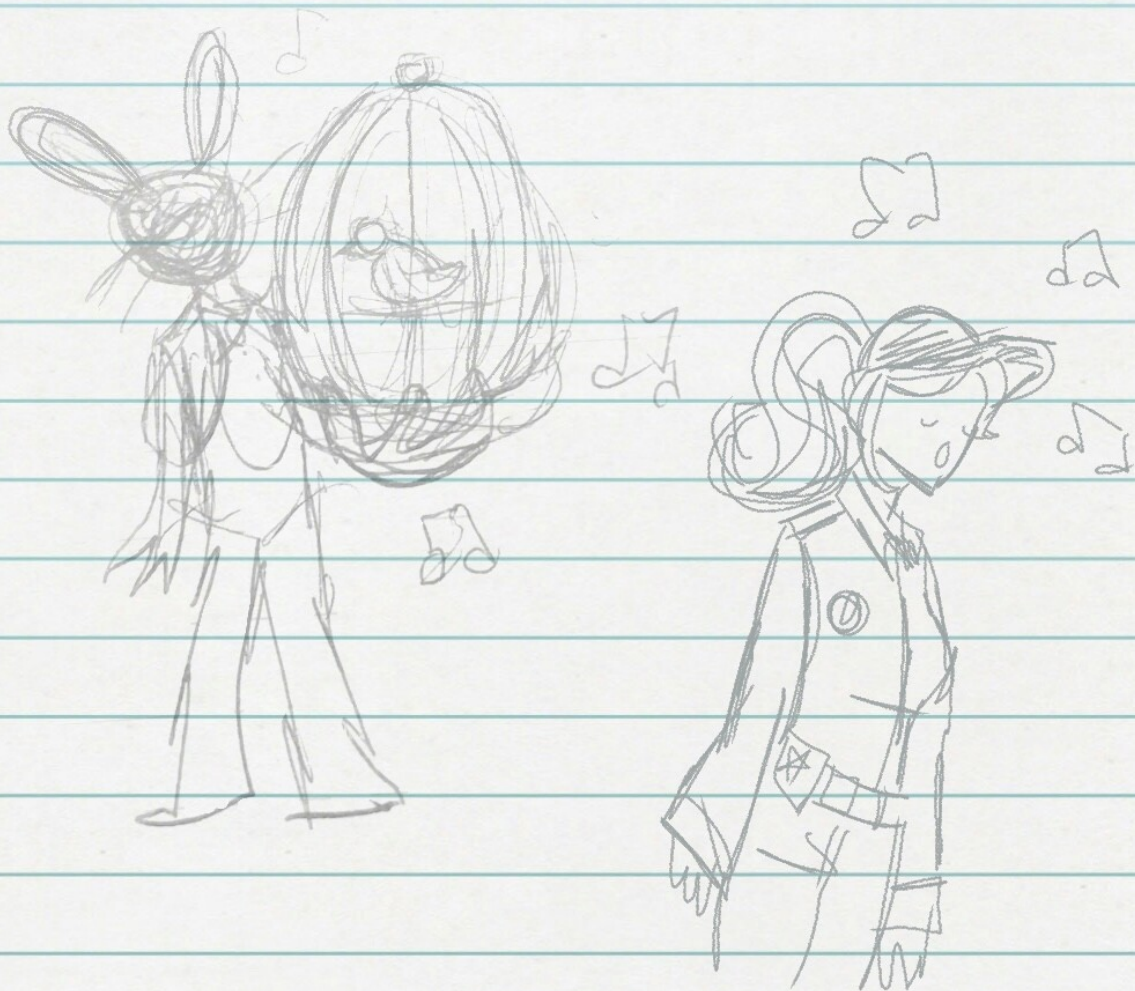


He dragged her up his winding
stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour – but she
ne'er came out again!
– And now, dear little children,
who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I
pray you ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor, close
heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale, of
the Spider and the Fly.

The End

Has my name always been Vanessa? Ness? Nessie? Or some variation of it? The only reason I'm asking this is because I hear whispers of another name I can't quite place. I see the nun, pointing her finger at me and dragging me along the carpet all while screaming that other name I can't remember anymore. In a past life, could it be possible that was my name? And that's why I can't remember it? Believing in a past life is like believing in reincarnation and reincarnation is too similar to believing in heaven and believing in heaven means believing in God. That same red ribbon and that same green fear rests on the tip of my tongue and I'm realizing that maybe I've been wrong about every thing. Is my mother really my mother, my father really my father? I guess there's no use trying to remember. What a horrific hypocrite I am, "please let me take back my life and remember what once was!" but my whole life I've been hurting and trying to get rid of those memories. Now that I have, why would I want them back? Isn't ignorance bliss? I suppose that I don't need to know anything anymore. What use would it be? So many questions so few answers but so little use for the answers I crave to get. The grinding and clicking of gears the smell of birthday cake glitter on my skin two sets of eyes and masked screaming and happy music and the joyful cheers of children.

My fathers love. A daughter's desperation and my fathers love. A daughter's
desperation and a father's disappointment. Disappointment, love, and desperation.
A desire for love. The disappointment in love. My love. I Harbour. Stay the
course. I'll keep this love all for me. Stay the course.





Hope in the Face of adversity

I find it shining somewhere

In my fathers hand

Plastered on my healing wounds

Hope in the face of adversity

Things make more sense now

The thrum of my heart has returned to normal

But parts of me are missing, some parts feel empty

I can feel them stumbling around, half formed, a little disfigured

Someone cut away at my skull, muddled around up there and slowly returned what they took

They changed things

I can feel it.

But still, I have hope.

In the face of adversity.

I have faith in the future, as strange as that seems

Flesh holding flesh

Paint it over

Paint me over

Paint me with thick stripes of hope

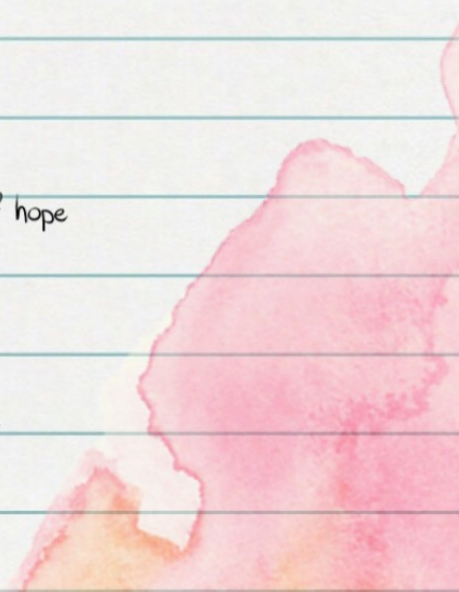
and your love

cover me up.

I'm your beating canvas.

Thump. Thump.

Thump.



The Clown's slippers and the Girl's Mary Jane's

black, patent leather with a buckle and strap

Pointed, red plastic with a jingling golden bell

Click, Click

The girl skips toward the jingling bells of the clown

stomp, stomp

The clown marches closer

A scintilla of joy

Bloody black patent leather Mary Jane's with a buckle and strap

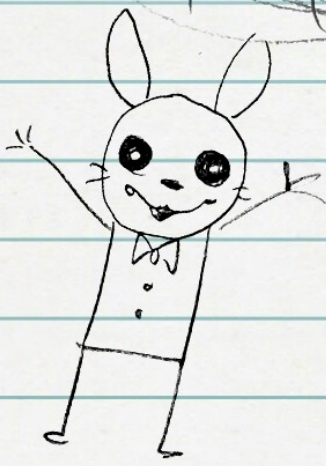
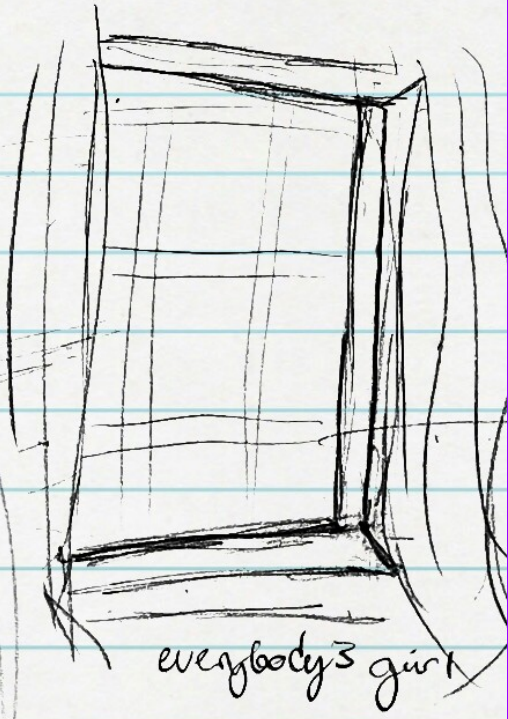
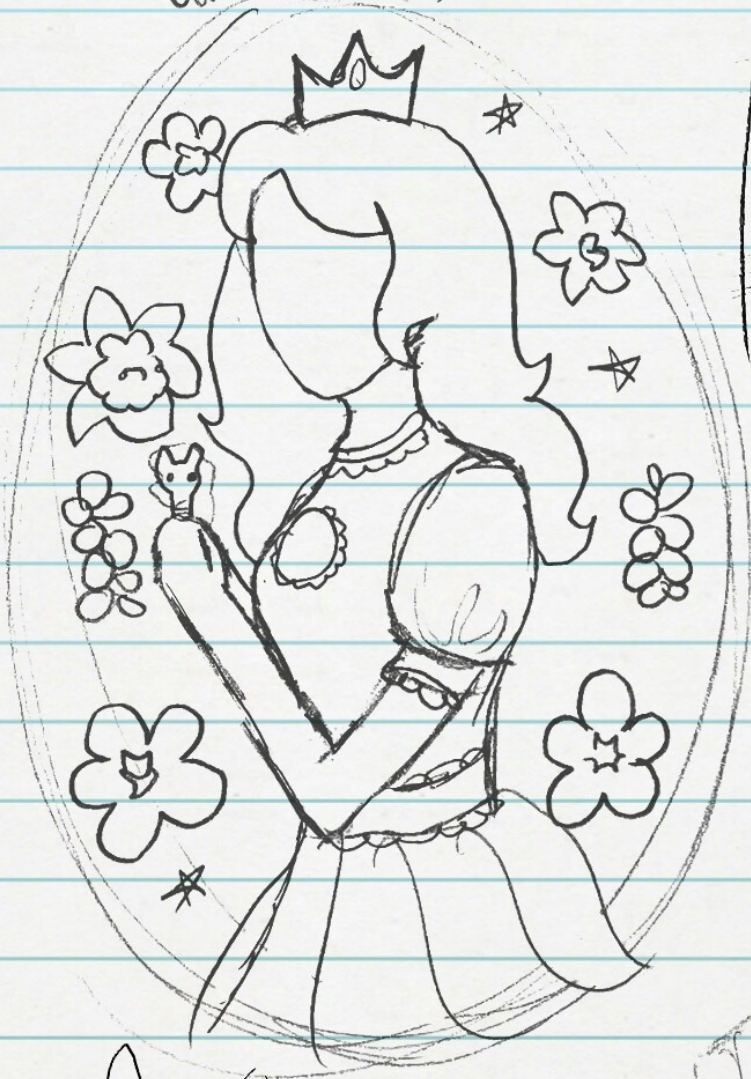
Pristine, pointed red plastic with a white sole and golden jingling bell

Bang, bang

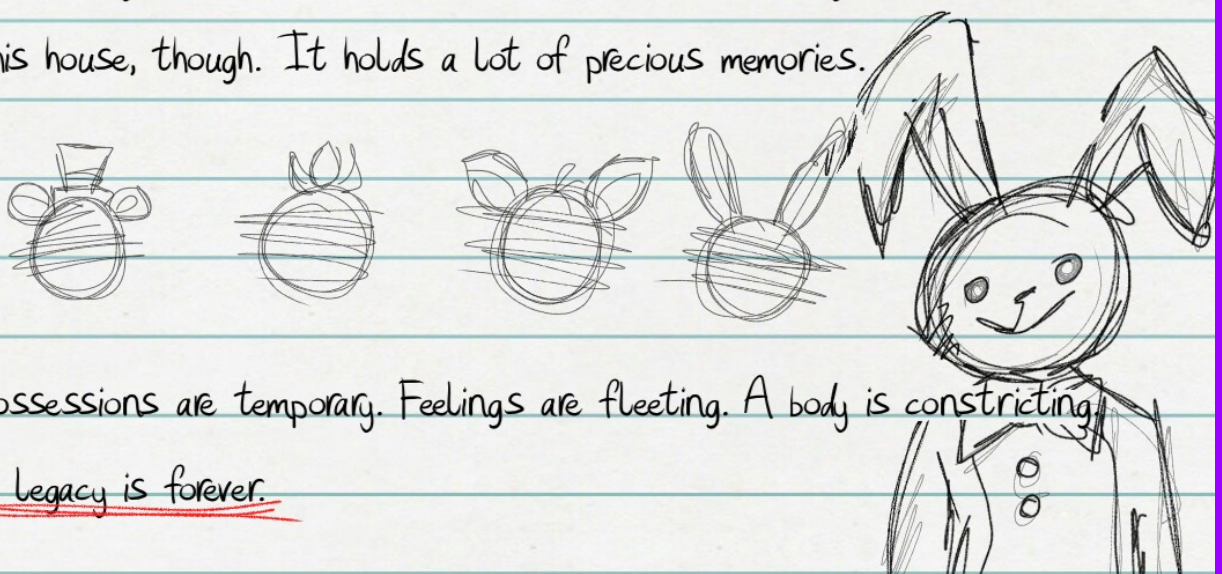
Hey, hey!



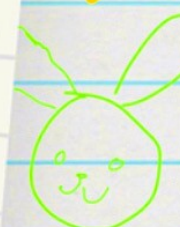
your princess is in
another castle



I haven't been here in a long time, and every time I go back, it feels like I'm on somebody else's property. These aren't my lace curtains, or framed photos of flowers. This isn't my bed that I'm sitting on. No, the indentations on this mattress belonged to somebody else many moons ago. The medications in the cupboard, not mine. Nothing in this house belongs to me, nothing in this world does. Possessions are temporary. Feelings are fleeting. But a legacy is not. I think I'm beginning to understand, here, in another woman's house. A legacy is forever, and work is required to keep it alive. All the blood I scrape out from under my fingernails is proof of that. That is forever. Not now, no, I won't listen to the percussion beats pounding from beneath my flesh. Not ever, no, she's gone. How lovely of her to leave me this house, though. It holds a lot of precious memories.



Possessions are temporary. Feelings are fleeting. A body is constricting.
A legacy is forever.

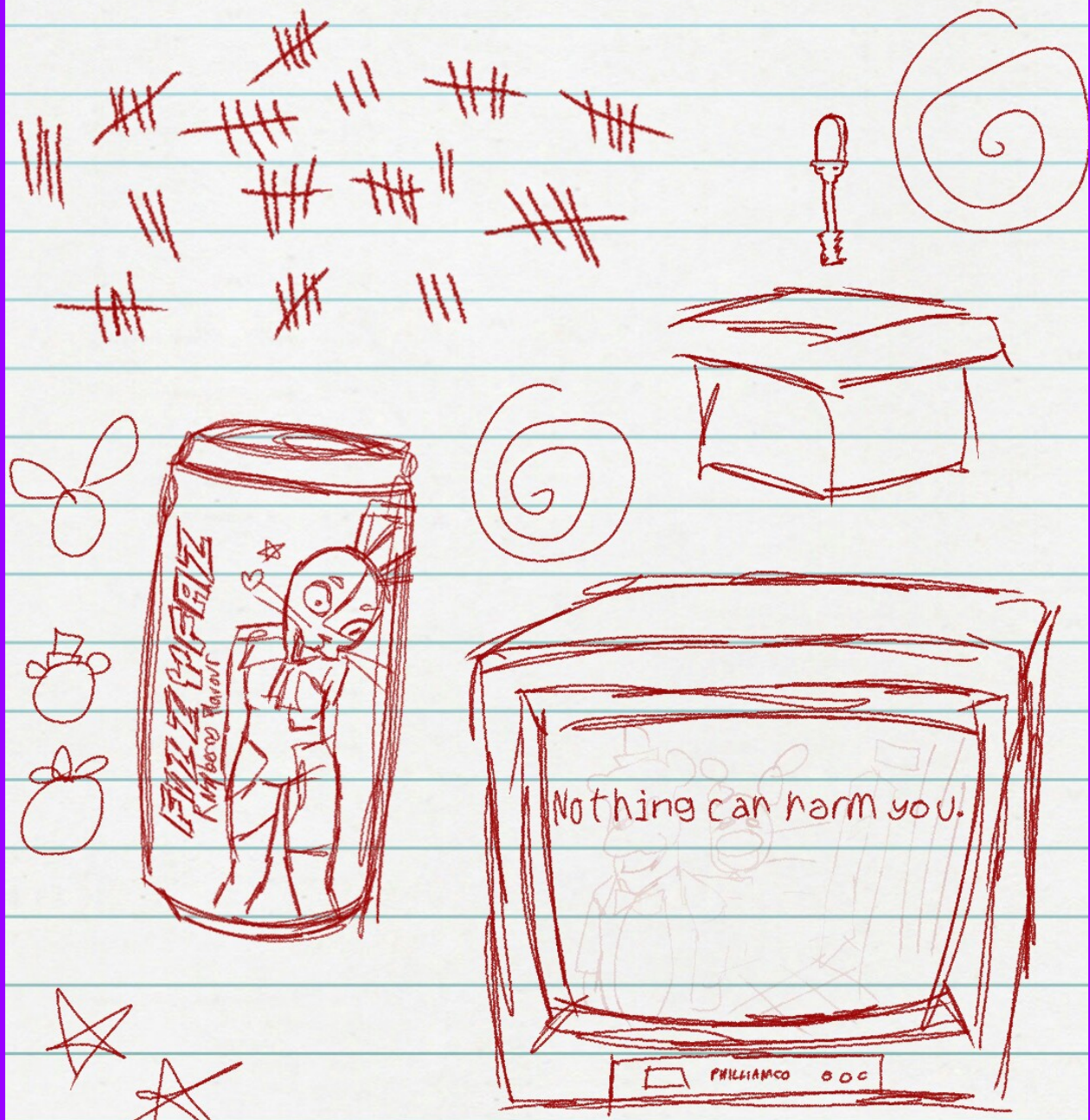


WORD BANK

ROXY FREDDY CHICA MONTY SODARONI
FUNKY PLAY CAKE FIZZYFAZ PARTY
CELEBRATE LETSEAT GLAMROCK GUITAR BIRTHDAY JOY
BONNIE FAZBEAR KEYBOARD MUSIC
POPCORN

The shower is the only place I truly feel warm but only if it's burning hot. I feel proud when I'm cold in a warm room, when I reassure myself that my wrists are skinny enough for my thumb and forefinger to wrap around perfectly. And I know I need to stop and I know that this is sickening, I'm sick, he's sick, but I can't. What am I if I'm not in perfect shape? What am I if I'm not being defined by a number? Every bite is temptation and every lingering taste is to be savoured but my fingernails are brittle and I can't sustain any warmth and hey, I'm beginning to see my rib cage a little bit. Aren't you so proud of me? More susceptible to bruises for your hands to give me? That's what I want, you told me it is. I shiver and I shake and I want you to know that it's okay. I like this. I like feeling this way. She never even noticed how I would always rub my hands on my arms to create friction. And I know this means something has to be wrong but what if I don't want to be fixed? What if I enjoy looking into a mirror & seeing all the progress I've made? This is divine femininity. I know I'm pushing my limits but if this is what I have to do then so be it. I can barely even feel the pain anymore. Every pang is another pound off of my body,

so it's fine. Limited quantities and your praise is all I need to live off of.
The taste of my pride is the only taste I will allow myself to feel.



During one of my breaks, I painted a white rabbit to pass the time.

I showed it to him and he liked it.

I've found a new place to operate for just a while.



His body is here. Under the raceway. Blocked by concrete and rubble.

I asked him how the hell he expects me to get down there. Sure, the team is a skeleton crew at night (literally just the S.T.A.F.F. bots and me LOL), but there's only so much I can do if the underground is sealed by concrete and cement. I was instructed to use the animatronics. Which to be honest, I did not expect. So far at the Pizzaplex, I've hardly interacted with any of them, if at all, since they're so far removed from everything I have to do. Regardless, last night I told Freddy to follow me to the raceway, and had him smash his way through the pounds of rubble that blocked me from my objective. We even had to break through some parts of the foundation, although I noticed a lot of support had already been tampered with in some way. Some of the pillars were cracking, like a huge mechanism had brushed past them or something, but idk. We found this old elevator that I had no other option but to go down. Tense from the shakiness of the elevator, we reached the very underground of the building, and I was greeted by the sight of an enormous Freddy head just casually off to the side. No distractions. We moved on and Freddy continued to clear the path, occasionally stopping

to stare at other endos that had been left down there to rot. Like a graveyard. But then I saw it: "Freddy Fazbear's Pizza Place." Although I had been rather calm the entire way down (aside from the elevator ride), only now did my nerves begin to stand on end after seeing the decrepit sign that somehow still had power. It flickered and buzzed. A forgotten relic. Time stood still down here. I did notice that other people had come here, as a bunch of construction equipment and industrial lights were all still intact. I know that he said his body was trapped, I'm just still not really sure why.

We approached the building, and Freddy busted down the door. I was met with an intense smell of what I presumed was rotting flesh. Unfortunately, my speculation was correct, as walking further into the building revealed piles of torsos, heads, and limbs all stacked on top of each other meticulously. I had no time to question what was going on so I walked past them, resisting the urge to vomit from the smell. In addition to the fragrant corpses, I also got whiffs of charred plastic and rubble. The entire building was burnt to a crisp, which is something he told me going into it. I knew retrieving his body would be rough after he told me he'd been burned, but now I was losing faith that what I anything I found would even be holdable without crumbling

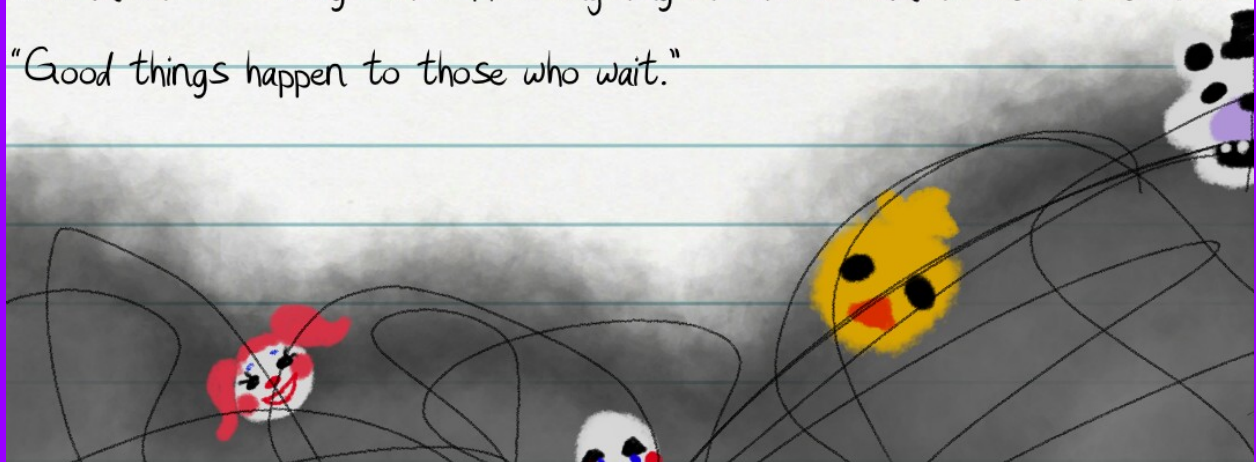
into little pieces of Afton dust. In the middle of the room was an enormous crater with blockades around it. Like a sinkhole. It was weakly covered, but there was no chance I was getting down without Freddy clearing a path first. He went ahead and pushed aside some chairs and tables.

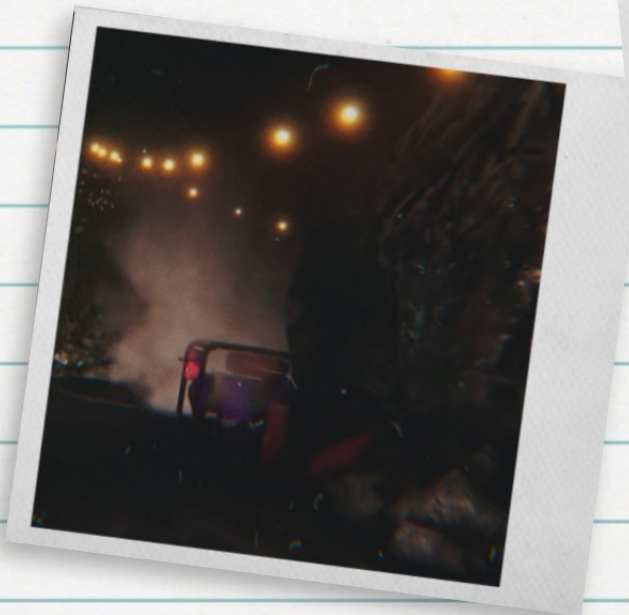
Seeing Freddy be so reckless was oddly mesmerizing. From the few times I've actually paid attention to the robot, every single one of his actions is always carried out with a deliberate and polite, caring nature that I haven't noticed in any of the other animatronics. But now here he was, ripping this pile of shit and bricks to shreds so I could make my way down to a hundred-year-old skeleton. When he finally reached the bottom, I followed suit.

It took me ten minutes to climb all the way down. I hate heights and jumped every time something creaked or slightly moved. Regardless, I got to the bottom and nearly ran into Freddy since I didn't notice he had been standing still and staring at something the whole time. I asked him what he was doing but for the first time the entire night, he didn't listen to me and stayed quiet and motionless. Like he was in a trance, or bugged out.

I peered around him, and my heart was caught in my throat. My vision was filled by an enormous, pulsating mass of wires decorated with a scattered

display of various Fazbear masks and animatronic parts. It was as if Frankenstein's monster had been created by Fazbear Entertainment instead of a mad scientist, yet it lacked any sort of definite form. The entity sat there before me, writhing and... breathing? I'm not sure, but all I knew was that I needed to get away from it before it saw me. Heading over to a trap door, I instructed Freddy to open up the entrance and lower me down. He snapped back into reality and did as I had told him, although I wish he didn't. Even though I had been told exactly what to expect earlier, my eyes still widened at the sight of his very much decaying corpse slouched over to the side. Calling the suit dirty would be an enormous understatement. The bright friendliness that the mascot suit had originally been intended to display was lost to years of wear, fire, and corrosion. I asked him how we were meant to salvage this. How anything in this statement could be usable. "Good things happen to those who wait."





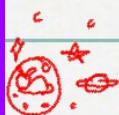
FREDDY
FAZBEAR



I'm not just rebuilding his body. I'm fusing it onto another one. His endoskeleton has completely rotted, and there's nothing to do to save it.

Although I was originally under the impression that I was just repairing the original springlock suit, he said the inner workings of it have to be entirely replaced. I have to essentially graft his flesh and outer shell onto a pre-existing endoskeleton, but he said it can't just be any endoskeleton like all the ones upstairs. Honestly, I'm just done trying to understand what's going on. Whatever fucked up surgery I have to perform is far beyond my understanding, but I know I'm gonna end up doing it anyway. Not like I have a choice. The person who understands all of his plans is probably messing around with my brain somewhere within my conscience. I'm glad she knows what's going on, because I have no fucking clue where to even begin.

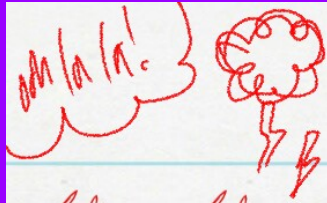
Still, there's a part of me that wants to get to the bottom of it. Every time I think I know his goal, it changes. First, it's bringing him back. But then, it's harvesting something. The next day, it's spreading a virus; and last, it's fusing his rotten corpse to another prehistoric endoskeleton



Shopping List

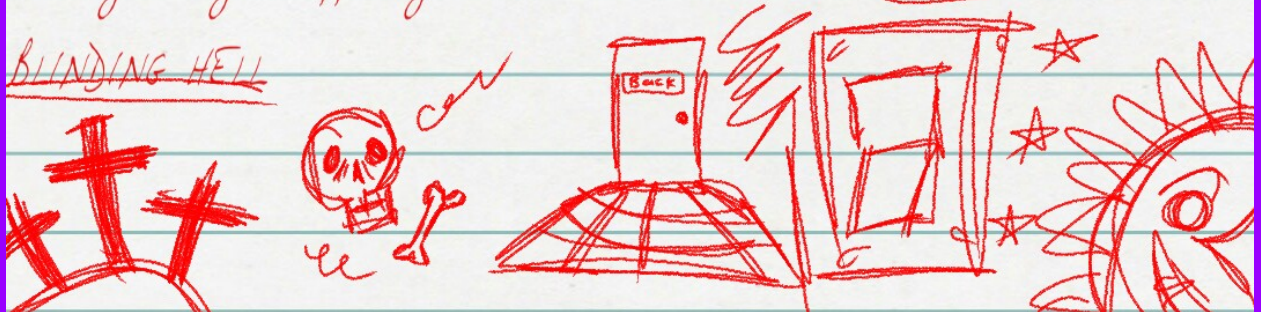
- medical grade syringes (10 ml)
- Bleach
- Surgical tools (Scalpel, etc)
- Medical suture (don't forget thread and needles)
- Kitchen knife
- Gauze?
- Latex gloves
- not a shopping item, but see how much of Bonnie you can salvage.





welding welding welding the flesh to the metal fusing in tandem in a gorgeous dangerous tango between body and bone and crumbling skin and tissue. Fuse the body with the blood, it's like in the bible when god sent his son to earth so he could die for our sins. Dying for my sins. I'm dying for my sins. Music loud blaring, working myself to the bone it has to be done for his sake for my sake he needs. A body father needs a body don't take this from me I beg you, my half crescent! It's time for you to sleep, time for you to go to bed. Nighty Night I hope you rest well. My turn my turn my turn maybe I'll take him home and we'll dance, who knows! I hope he doesn't hit me again. Didn't say he was sorry, how rude! Somethings wrong with midnight! Lights off. **Lights OFF! TURN THEM OFF. I CAN'T SEE IN THIS**

BLINDING HELL



We had to bring a lot of equipment down here. Freddy helped me, so did the others. Why does nobody notice me doing anything? He must have control over the surveillance systems. The staff bots have been acting funny. I think I remodelled a few— but I'm not too sure. I can't remember. I wish I remembered what his eyes looked like.





LET
EAT!!!

I gave them smiles! Suits them much better! Isn't it cute how they draw all these pictures? I find it quite adorable. How amusing! C'est bon! you haven't forgotten my name, have you? V-A-N-N-Y! Vanny! your cute rabbit friend! C'est moi! Vanny & Vanessa, Vanessa & Vanny. One. A melting pot of two people! Did you make me? Or did he make me? Are we all the same? I think so! Heheheh!! you're so boring, Ness. you're truly no fun! We need to fix that! Get me some glue, nails, and a hammer! I'm a real handyman! Handy-bunny! I'll need a hard hat too! What's your favorite character? Mine is Spring Bonnie. I can bring you to him, you know? He loves making cake! Oh! Current era? Why, Glam rock Chica! I really ought to go now, thank you, thank you! Merci! Merci! Au Revoir!





Play
TA
PI



My

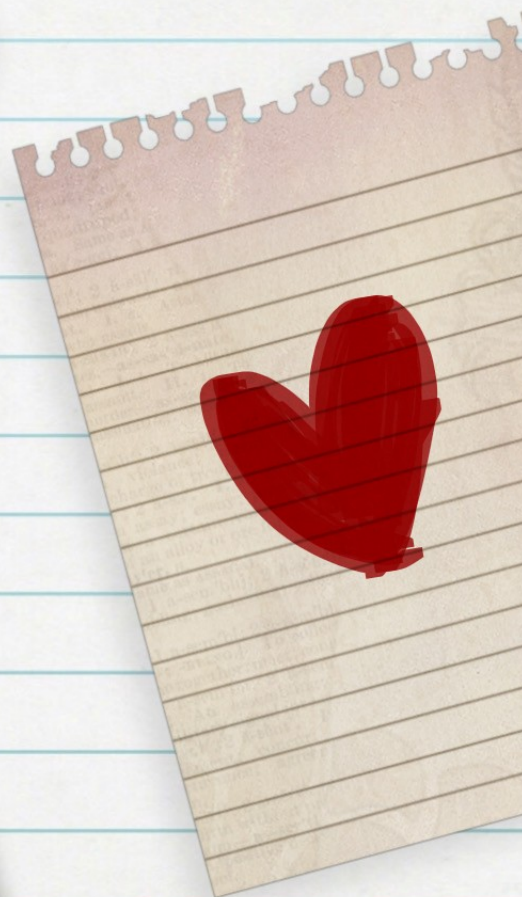
FRIENDS



DREW

THESE

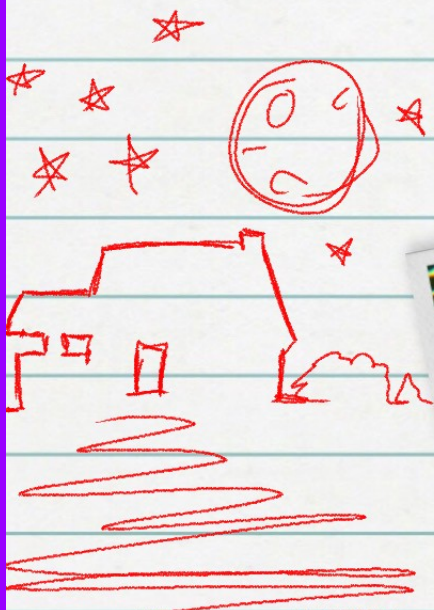
H
Home



They like pictures!

Don't have your hair coloured and don't keep any other polish on your nails.

Don't wear any different makeup and don't dress too improper. Don't say no and don't question things, don't shake your head, don't sigh, when he tells you to do something you do it. Don't cry and don't let your feelings be known. Be gentle and kind and soft and listen to his every word. Only look up with your eyes and not with your head and look pretty. Let your body be used when it needs to be and always clean your tools properly after use. When he asks you a question, answer it honestly and face the consequences without flinching. Don't be sloppy with your kills, wear the costume and keep your uniform clean. A perfect white collar shirt. Don't let yourself be known and don't seem off putting or a even little strange. Take the words. Take his requests. Make him happy. Be a perfect child.



Midnight calls for me

Not quite time yet.

Hours to go.

She's ready.

He's ready.

And I'm worried you won't wait long enough for me to get better.

I'm trying.

Tick Tock

The time is nigh

Don't be scared.

I will.

They won't.

I, you, me, they.

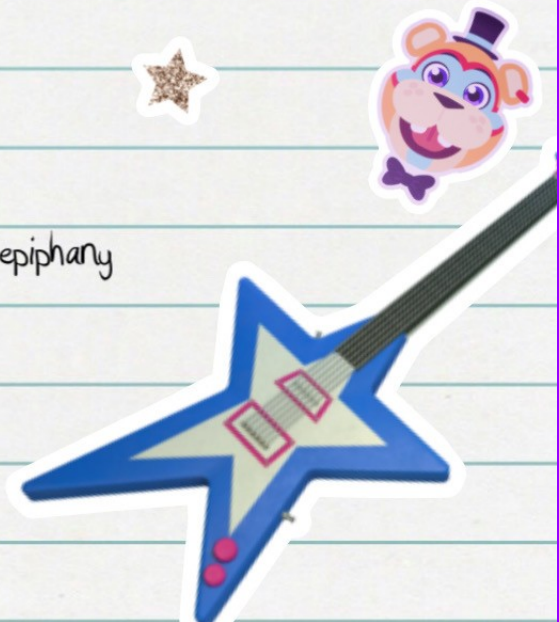
They, me, you, I

Let's rewrite the beginning of this hellish epiphany

And erase what once was.

Midnight calls for me.

And I listen.





A burning cigarette between parted lips
bruised flesh

The creatures of your broken head,
Pay them no mind.

Dive deeper. Dive down

Aching feet standing in hard soled shoes
wobbly ankles

Remember, you were human once before.

Dive down. Dive deeper

snuffed under that same boot

Exhale the toxin. Dive further

you can do this, you've done it before

you've told so many lies that you've forgotten the truth

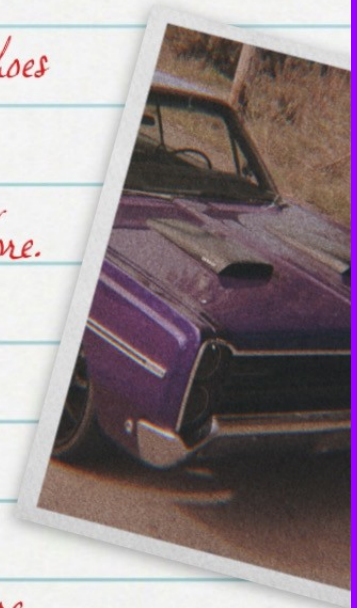
bearing your bones for a god to grab

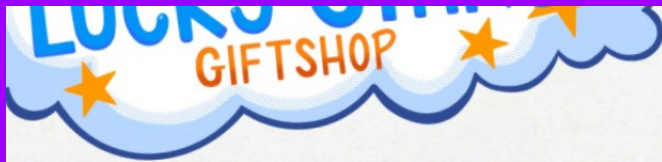
Forgotten your modesty.

Gave yourself away. You belong to the angels

Dive down. Carve deeper

Find your beauty.





It's finally time - I've dilly-dallied enough.

We need it for his body. He can't become alive without something to power him. At first, I thought that meant electricity, but as always, his true intentions surpassed my expectations in a way I was never ready for. I was just on my shift, right before closing, like usual. But then, I saw the world change around me. Not like how it does when I'm in costume, but rather a flash of some sort of alternate reality. I was in the daycare theater, standing guard by the entrance when it happened; I watched a little boy be left alone by his parents. They told him to wait there, and in a hurry, both left. They said nothing. No goodbye. No remorse. I could tell the boy was clueless, most definitely unaware that his parents weren't coming back. But then, only moments later, a mirrored distortion of the boy I just saw flashed before my eyes. His eyes were covered in black tears, his hands at his sides and some wound in his stomach. Dripping red. And just like that, he was gone. Then I said something without choosing to say it.

"Jeremy, over here! Your parents told you to follow me."

He took my hand and we went to the room behind the theater, the one where the moon goes to sleep and the sun comes out to play.

In that room, Jeremy disappeared.

I think I'm going to throw up.



It's really dusty down here, but I can't complain. Work is work is work.



Maybe I should feel sorry for the children. But I don't feel anything.
Maybe fear. I need to reassure myself.



I had a long shift on Tuesday, it was day and night with only a thirty minute break in between for lunch. There was some new attraction launched, so I had to be all ears. Instead, those thirty minutes were spent getting the blood off my uniform. I was wearing it when that kid was ~~shot~~ taken, which He got mad at me for later since I wasn't in costume. I'm sorry. I said I wouldn't mess up like that again. I failed to get my uniform fully clean, so I threw it in my locker and headed back down to work. I forgot to lock my office door. The rest of my shift I was scouting, counting, analyzing every child who passed. I felt somewhat sick and I tried some of those breathing exercises to try and soothe the jitters. At least that kid's parents weren't coming back. As the day shift neared its end, I returned to my office. I noticed something was wrong. I opened my the door and found a little girl under the table. I forgot I'd left my door wide open, so I was shocked to suddenly be in the presence of a child in a staff-only area. I stared at her, confused. She stood up and apologized in the sweetest voice I've ever heard, saying that she was playing hide and seek with her friends and this was a really good spot. She began to leave, clearly embarrassed and not wanting to get in trouble with a grown-up, but I grabbed her arm. She repeated her apology and said she wouldn't do it again, but I told her it was fine and asked her to stay for a moment. I asked for her name. I told her mine. Sally and I talked in my office for a second, the door still wide open. I

could hear him in my head, "now is the time," or something like that. I knew what I had to do and I wouldn't have stopped her from leaving if I didn't, but the talking was a temporary reprieve. Wouldn't she have to trust me anyway? Her birthday is January 27th and her favourite cake is cherry chip. Eventually though, I told her to wait right there. I said I would make sure no one found her so she could win her game. Sally excitedly got back under my desk, the thought of winning rekindling her determination to stay hidden. She said her friend Laura would be so surprised. I took my duffel bag from my locker, told her to be quiet, left my office, and locked the door behind me. As I put on my costume in the employee bathroom, every piece of cloth sent a chill down my spine as I slid it over my skin. Pulling my arm through the sleeve triggered a shocking pulse of cold; each finger fitting into the puffy gloves was followed by a trickling icicle traveling down my neck; each enormous slipper that hugged my feet also wrapped me in a trembling sense of fear, as the realization of what I was dressing up for gradually set in. He tried to tell me the feeling was excitement, but I struggled to stand up once fully clothed because of how much I was shaking. Looked in the mirror. I looked at myself, shaking and trembling and it was then that he gripped my shoulder. Tendrils of my hair wrapped around his fingers. "Why are you scared, daughter?" My jaw clenched and my stare hardened. "I'm not." Finally, I put on the head. My vision changed, and the world around me warped into the detached universe I had come to know quite well. I made my way

back to the office, passing through cubes of purple. The pizzeria was nearly closed, but a handful of people still lingered around the building. The thought of Sally's mom desperately searching for her daughter quickly crossed my mind, but I forced it back down for future Vanessa to deal with. Which I am now. I reached the office door. Looking around to make sure no one saw me, I realized the cameras were likely seeing everything. I'll have to wipe them later, I thought. Unlocking the door, I peered into the office as I slowly pushed it open. I called out Sally's name in the least-threatening way I could muster, a high pitched motherly call, not wanting her to notice what I was wearing until the very end. A surprise for her. And then I was no longer myself. Laughs and claps and cries and a daze and the body moving energetically through thick smoke. Entering the room, the door closed once more. A look to my right, two Vanessa's realized where Sally was, and it wasn't under our desk. She was standing at Vanessa's locker, looking inside. Ness' heart dropped, and Vanny realized what she was staring at with such confusion. She turned to face the rabbit, and began a sentence she would never finish.

"Vanessa, your shirt is covered in pizza sauce! That means you need to wash it.

My Mom says that-,"

There was no point in staring at the slaughtered lamb anymore.

Tomorrow is another day.

Smile into the eclipse
Everyone says it hurts
But they're lying.

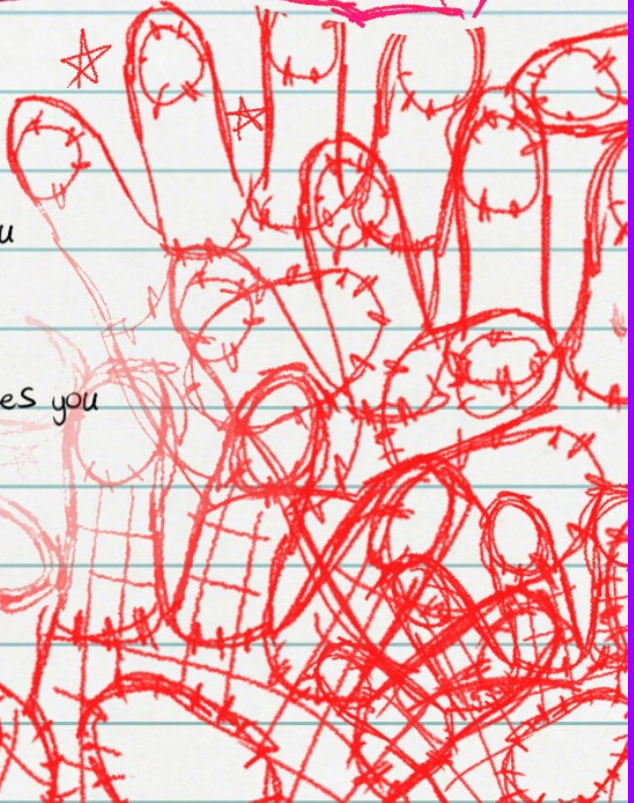
Smile into the moon,
It will heal your wounds
Some say it energizes you,
They're definitely right

Smile into the sun,
Everyone says it burns,
But they are misinformed

The sun loves you
Don't you know that?
But not more than the moon.

For the moon wants you and needs you
It desires your energy
That's why there's an eclipse, it misses you

Smile into the eclipse
Everyone says it hurts
And they might be right



I asked him if he knew anything about that big rainbow tree being put up in the atrium, and all I got was radio silence. It's pretty, I like all the colours. However the animatronics have started acting weird, and I don't think it's my doing. Roxy was being especially mean and Chica has been sneaking around and stealing food from people. A programming fluke? "The storyteller" or something. Making up stories for the pizzaplex. What a joke. Can't they get an actual person to do that?





Have I been here?

the tree of life

It wasn't enough. It won't be for a while.

"The last one was just the tip of the iceberg," He told me. Apparently he's gonna need more. There's no humanity left of me, I think. It's not me anyway. My sins are applicable to the rabbit instead, but love requires sacrifice. Paradise requires sacrifice. A legacy requires sacrifice. We're the same person, but at the same time we're not. We make the same choices, but there are times I don't choose, I just do. We're both conscious at once, but sometimes my actions are so incomprehensibly terrible that I don't understand how I am. I do everything he wants, but at the same time I find myself picking at my skin anxiously waiting waiting for the screaming waiting waiting for the sleepless night and waiting waiting for the days left alone to sit and then hoping he'll tuck me into bed and say sorry. At my shift today, I made a decision that I didn't make. Does that make sense? Or am I being nonsensical? I've told you this so many times. Always hard to put into words. Is my life just a paradox, or are my attempts to make sense of it the real source of confusion? That's something I've tried to grasp for a while now, not even my therapists could understand. But I know now that my insolence fuels the fire. I guess it doesn't really matter, they're all dead anyway. Did I do that? Did someone else? Who knows, I'm tired of trying to figure it out. My memory is so foggy at this point that trying to navigate that stupid Mazercize place is easier than remembering what part I installed to him last. Yes, the Mazercize place. I was on my shift up there when some kid got lost in the middle of it. I don't know why he was all alone, but alas,

parents still haven't learned how to monitor their children. He was wailing, I could hear it. Children crying is all too familiar to me, I don't know why. Sometimes when I cry I feel like a child. I followed his cries to the middle of it, where I took his hand and led him to the daycare. His teeth were growing in, his smile full of holes. I told him to wait there, that I would send my coworker to go and get his Mom. The Sun thing watched him while I went and got changed, but when I got back, the kid was gone. I asked the Sun if it knew where he was, and it deliberately gave me a vague reply. I ordered it to tell me, but once again it refused. I don't know what its problem is, but whenever the lights are on, the Sun won't follow the protocol. I'll have to fix that another time, but it didn't matter then, because out of the corner of my eye I watched the kid back into a tube in a play structure. The geometry of the play structure faded away, and the child's attempt to hide from me was futile. As his silhouette glowed in a bright purple hue, I approached the boy as the Sun screamed in my ear. It asked me why I was dressed up and said to put the knife away, which in a really sick way, made me chuckle a little bit. What was it gonna do, put me in time out? But although the childish plea of this sentient machine initially provided humor, I was immediately reminded of what I was creeping up a tube slide to do.

I forced myself to ignore my doubts. Once I reached the top, he was no longer smiling.



Haiku about the night



*I love the night sky
The birds are all fast asleep
The moon shines on me*



Another one yesterday, another little boy. He wanted to get ice cream but was asking for it in the bakery. I found this really cute, but knew what I had to do the second his mother left him to go to find his sister. I was already in costume, and had been hiding out in the bakery since people hardly visit the area- It's just too damn hard to find. I peered from behind the kitchen door and motioned for him to follow me back there. He asked who I was, and I told him I could make some ice cream, that we had some in the back. Hesitant at first, he reluctantly took my hand and I led him to the kitchen. I wished he'd stayed hesitant. I wish he got some ice cream.



Ice cream ice cream!!! Oh how sweet!

Follow me little boy,

come get a sweet treat and laugh while I carve your tongue out of your mouth!

Desire desire it kills and it bites. Want an ice cream?

Here, fresh and cold!

Lick lick lick, dripping all over. Here, it's cherry flavor. Drip.

Need a napkin? Drip. Wait, how about a bandaid? Drip.

silly, band-aids don't cover up severed heads!

Want a cherry on top? Oh, you're already dead.



It was "harvesting day," which I had to get explained; he said that each soul is key to immense power, and it's what can bring him back. I'm still confused as to what his true goal is, since I thought we were just making a body since He had ALREADY been brought back - just in a digital form. But the more I think about it, the less things make sense. Once I "bring him back," what is he gonna do anyway? He never really tells me, but he never has to - I'm too afraid to find out what happens if I don't. I think I have a pretty good guess but if I do what I'm asked of, then we can be happy. We will be happy.

There's one thing I did discover though, and that's the power of a soul. He wasn't lying about emotions, all the kids held more... material (?) than all my coworkers combined. I'm still not really sure what to call it, but once it's extracted with this weird and old machine, I just put it in the tank on the side of his charging pod. The machine turns the liquid bright blue, which then changes into gas, which THEN gets fed into the pod, and in some miraculous way, it fuses the metal together, almost forging the organic matter with the steel. To be fully honest, I have no idea how any of it works. It mystifies me. Maybe one day I'll get answers, but right now I'm completely clueless. Just how powerful is the human soul? And - better yet - how is the soul of a child more powerful than an adults? Shouldn't it be the other way around? I have no idea, I'm too busy to figure it out. Honour, respect, and obey. Repeat. Don't mess up. Don't get hurt. Easy.

Collecting collecting

Extracting extracting

Injecting injecting

Metaphorical?

Metaphysical?

Dancing dancing

Laughing laughing

Chasing chasing

Paradisiacal?

Pharmacological?

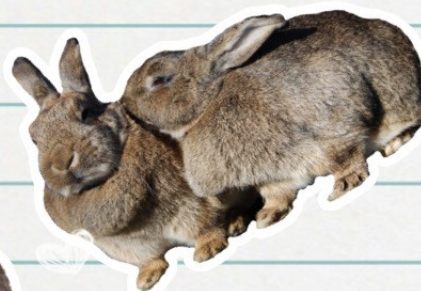
Follow me. Take my hand.

Smiling,

promising

I baked a cake, just for you.



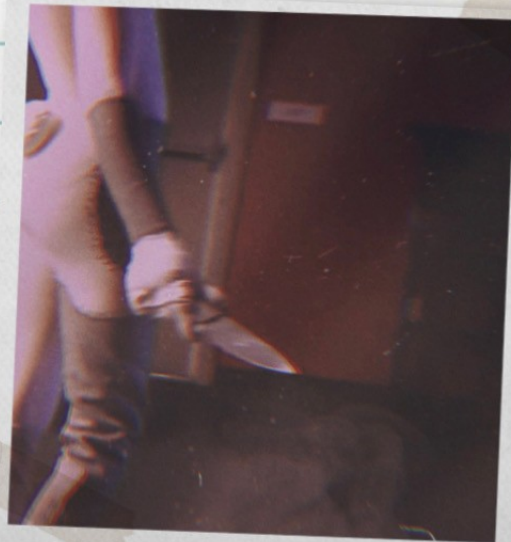


This is harder than I thought it would be. The teeth are crumbling, but I got some more parts. Didn't expect there to be any organs left. There was.



Not enough. I need more. Not good enough. One more night. One more.

It's never just one more, I never want this to end!



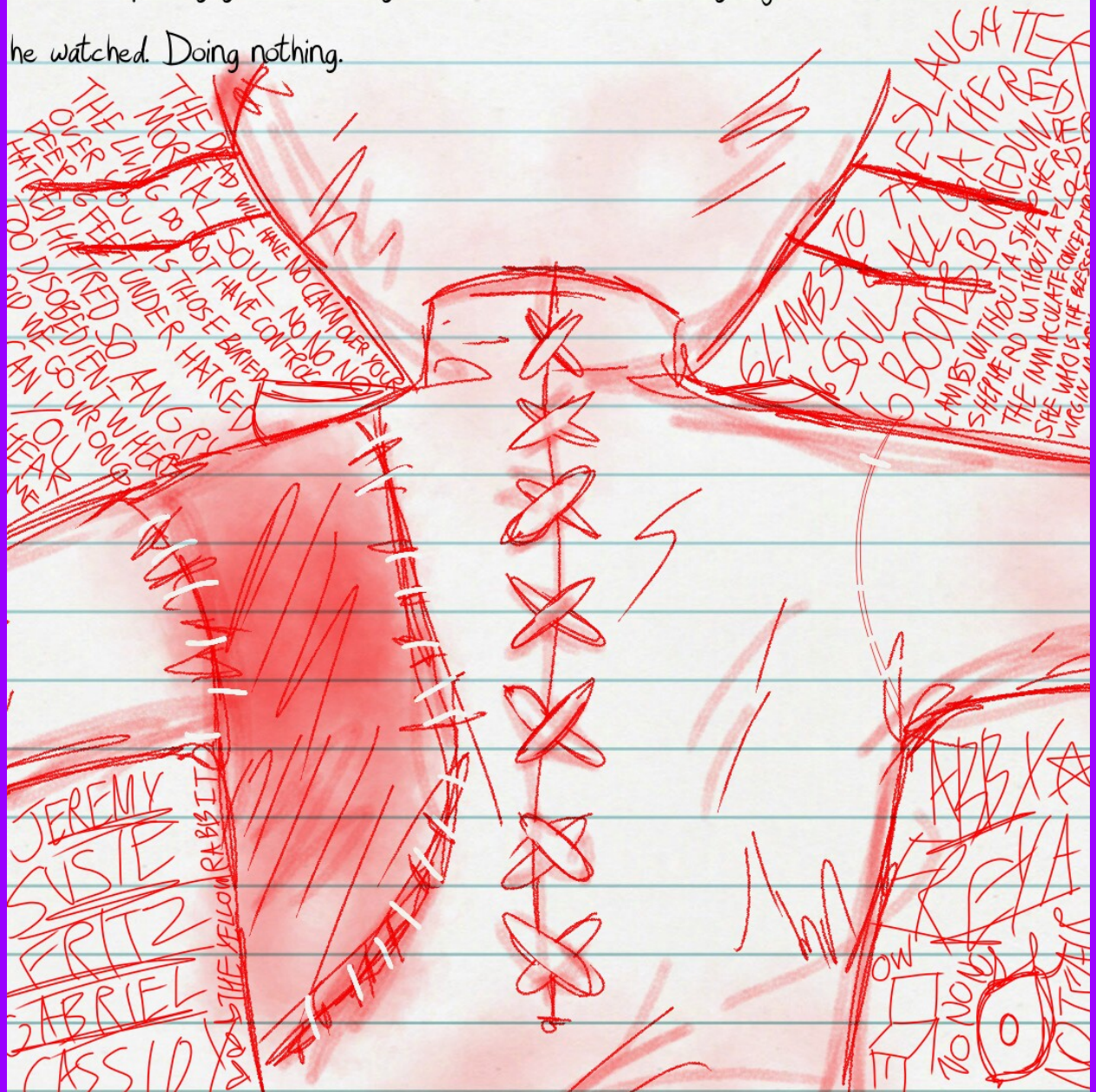
Last night there were two. I saw them walk in, holding hands as their mothers trailed behind them and chatted. They were there for a while, but it wasn't until the end of the night that I saw an opportunity. They were watching the stage show, the one that plays just before the building closes. One of the parents left so there was only one left to watch the two kids. Finally, I watched one of them leave. She was heading to the bathroom. I headed around a back hallway, already in costume. I was going to join up with the girl going to the bathroom, coming in from an opposite direction so her mom wouldn't see me. Before she went in, I stopped her at the door. She was scared of me, I could tell, but told me her name was Freya when I asked. She said she came here with a friend, Abby. I told her that I knew Abby, that I was friends with her mom and she told me Abby already went home. Freya got nervous, so I asked her to follow me to the security office, that way she could call her and wouldn't get left behind.

He told me I had to save her for later, and when I asked why, I saw what he meant. On the security cameras I saw the other little girl, Abby, enter the backstage bathrooms as well, curls flouncing about. I made sure Freya couldn't get up, and went to go get the other girl. When she first saw me she was also frightened, but I was able to lure her to the backroom where Freya had been waiting. But it

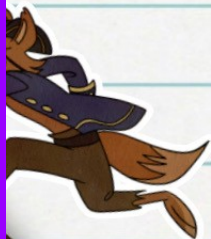
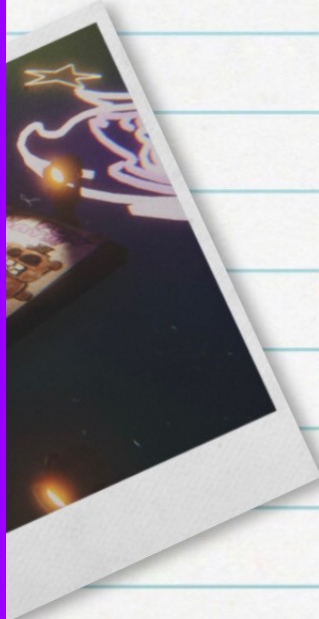
got too messy; sometimes the lying gets me mixed up, so I forgot that I should n't have known her name, and said it on accident. The word spilled out like liquid, spilling all over the tile floors, dripping on my blue ribbon. Black ooze. Then she saw Freya, and it all fell apart. She ran away too quickly and I had to chase her around. He got mad at me. He was so mad at me while I was looking and said I was wasting time, that I should be better at this by now and it's too far on for me to be making idiotic mistakes. Must contain must hide must do better push it down push it away. I will not make mistakes. I will never make mistakes. When I got him to calm down, I followed Abby into Fazer blast and finally caught up at the emergency exit. Blood gushed like cherry pie filling, splitting the seams of the tender dough. As I flourished my knife across her neck, part of me felt rewarded, like I had achieved some sort of grand prize. The one you wind up and pops out at you. "Game Won! Collect your prize!" The guilt of such a corrupt idea immediately bashed me over the head, as Freya had somehow managed to escape and whacked me with a chair. My body writhed in pain and agony and my joints clicked and turned and I got angry. So angry. She didn't last long. No one has ever fought back like that but it didn't matter because I made quick work of her, but the night replayed in my head when I tried to go to sleep after. I figured writing it down would help. I'm still trying to calm down, but the bruises

from that damn chair aren't letting me move on. They're purple and green and I need to sleep this off.

A screaming match that ended up with me alone. A screaming match that ended with a disproving glare. Sitting on the counter and icing my wounds all alone. As he watched. Doing nothing.







Did you hear? Years and years ago?

When the world shut down? When the animals stopped singing?

Do you remember? Ages and ages ago?

The day they drove him away

The day they couldn't find the innocent?

Were you there? Forever and forever ago?

The year the rivers flowed with mourning

The year they found new life?

When they locked him away?

Reborn, rebuilt

Did you see their faces? Paradise lost?

Do you know about the balloons?

They say the spirits soared to the sky?

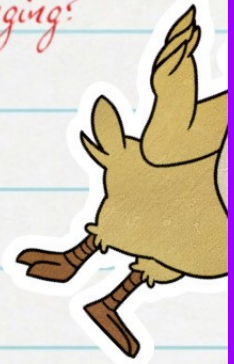
I remember I heard. I was there.

I heard. I was there.

I remember

Time has begun to move again.

And the door is locked.



Vanessa, you big dum dum. You know he doesn't like when you question our games. You're getting too angry. Too nervous. Too doubtful.

I can't help it. I didn't even learn her name, she just followed me without question. I saw her wandering around the hallway looking for her sister, so I told her that her sister was with me. It was so easy and it was just another reminder how unfair it all is. I hardly even looked at her, just took her hand and led her to the back. It's not fair.

you don't get to choose what's fair and what isn't. That's his job. you need to focus.

When we got into the supply closet I closed the door. She asked me where her sister was so I told her she was hiding under the bottom shelf. When she got on the floor I prepared to strike, but my heart stopped beating when I realized who I was looking at.

No more getting nervous. you need to stop.

As she haphazardly pushed around some boxes and repeated her sister's name, I noticed her thick, blonde hair pulled into a half-up hairdo, decorated with a pink little bow that glistened in the dim fluorescent light. She eventually huffed, and turned to face me. Her eyes met with mine and my face went pale, although she couldn't see it because it was obscured with the visage of a friendly cartoon bunny.

"Marissa isn't in here, Vanny. Where could she have gone?" I didn't answer because my voice wasn't letting me. Her bright green eyes had sucked away my life and wedged a stopper in all my motor functions.

stop saying that stuff. He's getting upset.

I stared at the little girl, the same little girl whose face had had this exact effect two times before; the little girl who would've been interchangeable with me if I were still 8 years old. Little Vanessa's face was absent of any suspicion. She just wanted to find her sister, and I hated her for it. Why did she trust me so fucking easily? I looked like a lunatic but here was another kid, begging to be murdered as they followed a complete stranger when they should've been following their parents. I hated that He was always right, and I wanted her to run away like before. I wanted her to hit me like Freya, or question me like Abby. I wanted her to try and fight back, to at least show the slightest hint of defiance, but instead all she did was keep asking about her sister. This shouldn't have been happening. He shouldn't always get to be right. I shattered. Snapped. I grabbed her throat and screamed in her face. I immediately felt my head blare with pain, but I didn't care that he disapproved. I knew this wasn't how I was supposed to do this but I let him hurt me as I kept screaming. I told her to grow up. I told her to come to her senses. She couldn't be weak. She would let people hurt her if she kept being weak. I said her sister was probably dead and that I had probably killed her. I said she'd just willingly followed me into a closet

and now I had to kill her too. I just screamed and screamed, I screamed about things this girl was completely oblivious to and things she wouldn't understand until it was too late. When the squelching started reaching the same volume as my voice, my screaming came to a halt. I realized that her face had hardly moved while I had been yelling at her, which made sense when I looked down at my other hand. I had been repeatedly stabbing her in the stomach. Over. And over. And over again. My glove and forearm were completely covered in blood, and something slipped out from the gaping hole in her torso. I heard it splat when it hit the ground, and instantly felt every nerve in my body go cold. I let go of the knife and the little girl's throat, and He began to yell at me for getting too messy. He said her body wouldn't even be usable because I had damaged it too much, and said I should be ashamed for becoming so reckless. He told me that I can't let my anger interfere with the plan, but I can't help how I feel. I'm worthless I'm worthless I'm worthless and I just

Such a waste. Now you're in time out. Weakness is a step back. I can't keep being your understudy! You just take a break and I'll be here.

I remember her mommy walking by the room, while I was scrubbing the blood off the floor.

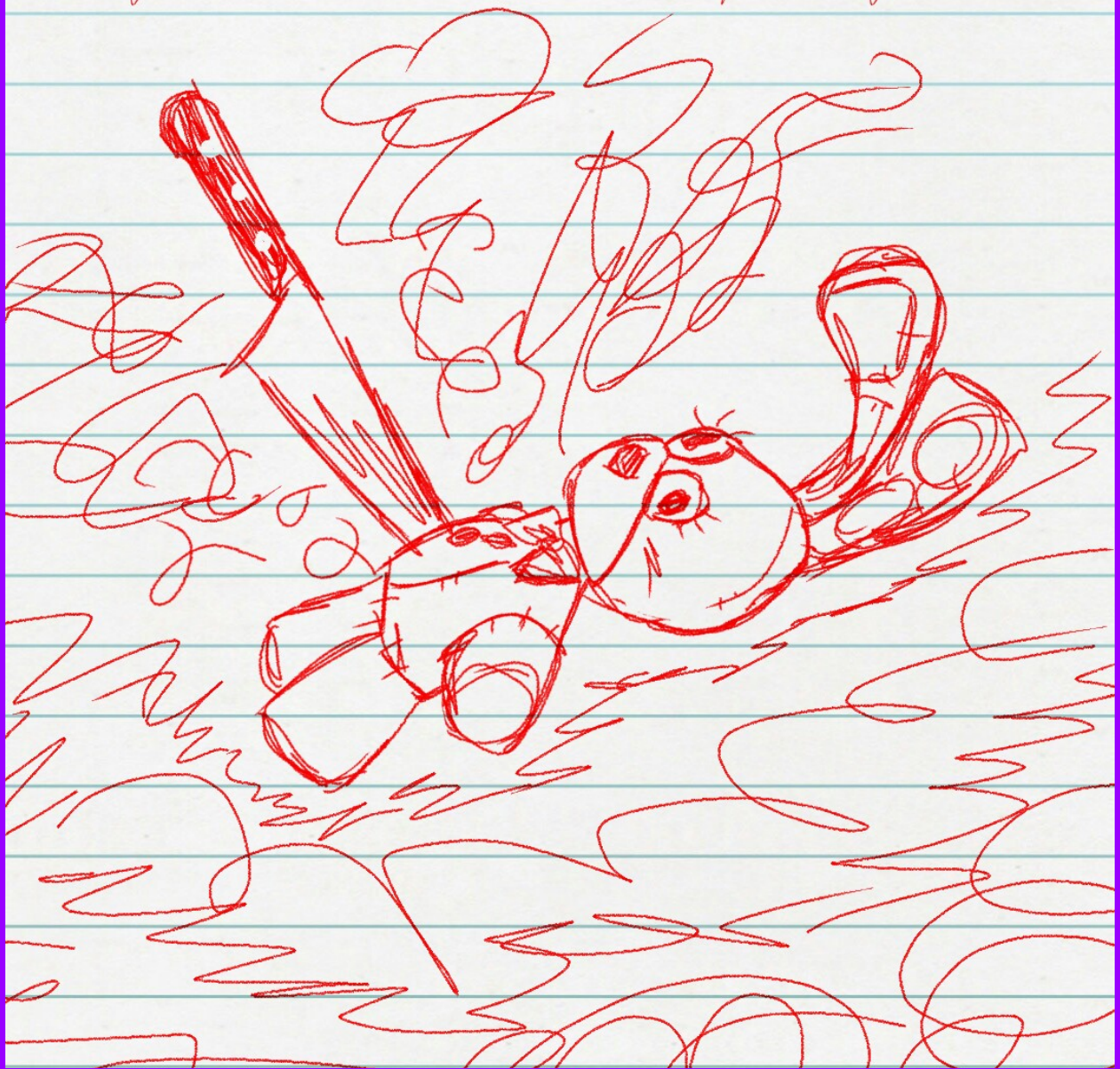
"Carrie!?" she called. "We have to leave, where did you go?"

Parents are so funny. You left your kid and now she's dead. What did you

expect? Garbage bags full of slimy remains, it's like a big science experiment! Here, watch: I can even write a hypothesis.

"If a parent leaves their child, then the child's breath will be stolen."

What do you think Ms. Carrie's mom? Want to help me analyze the data?



Talk to me

Who do you want to talk to?

You

Why me?

Because I'm lonely.

because he's mad at you?

Yes. Please talk to me.

Do you want to play a game?

Depends. What is it?

A question game!

Ok. Shoot.

Who's the current lead singer of the animatronic band?

Glamrock Freddy

Correct! Now, who was the first rabbit mascot?

Spring Bonnie

Love love! Did you know about the Haunted House?

Yes. I do. They had him there. I don't want to talk about this.

Do you miss him?

I don't know

Would you like to talk to him?

He won't talk to me. I made a mistake.

bad girls don't get rewarded for bad decisions.

Tell him I'm sorry. Please. I'm so tired of being alone.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

I forgive you.

I forgive you.

see? That wasn't so bad.

Thank you

you're welcome.

Vanessa?

Vanny?

Do you think your existence means anything?

Should it?

I don't know, that's why I'm asking you! :)

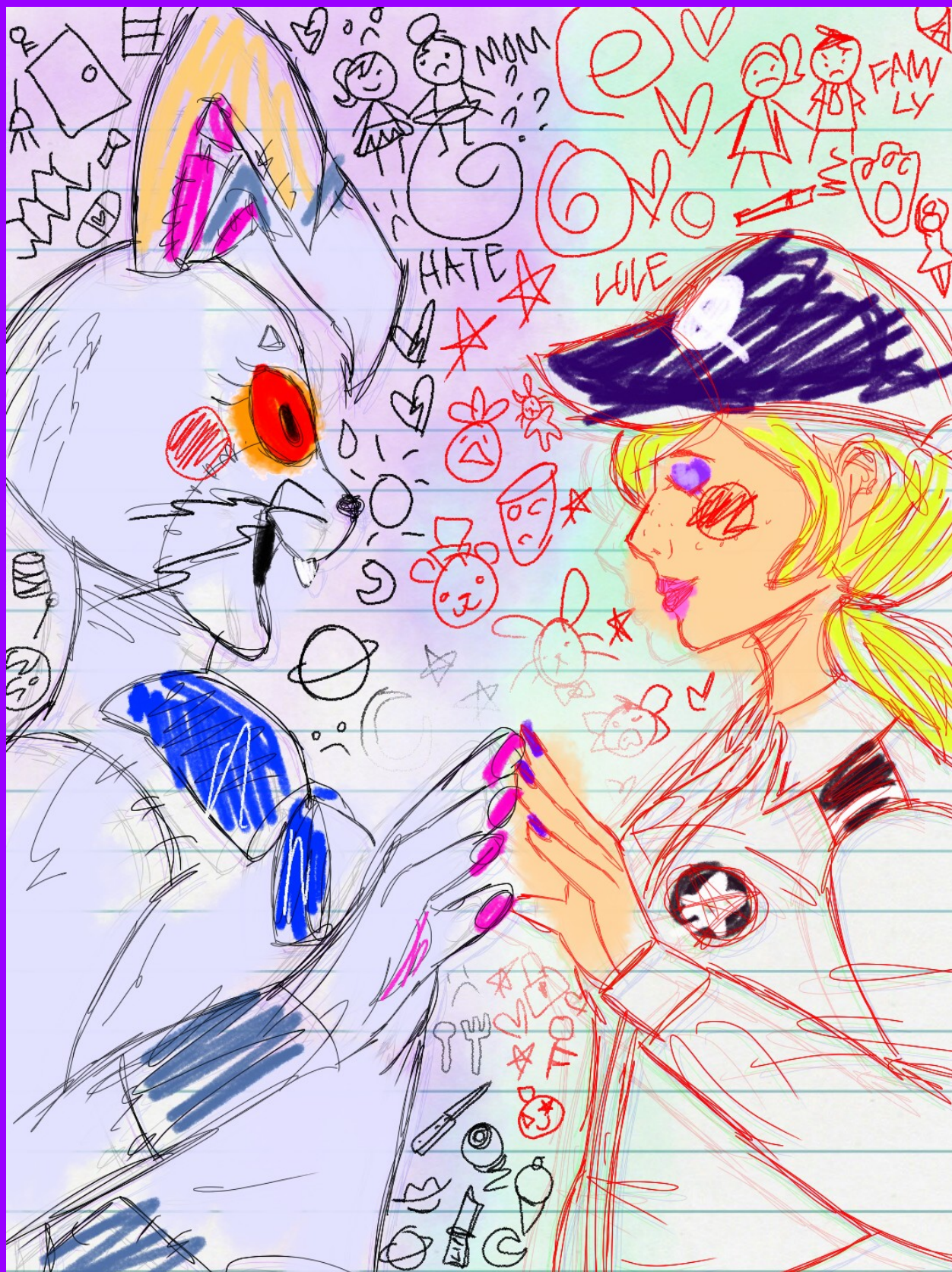
No. I don't think so. I don't want to talk about this either..

What about God? Does he exist to you?

No. I learned that a long time ago. Please ask another question.

Would you like to draw with me instead?

That would be nice. Can I pick the music?



It stands there unbeknownst to me

Locked, rusted, and shut.

The door that wakes in darkness

Nestled somewhere in my cranium

It waits, I wait, we wait.

Soaking in the rain.

Screaming silently.

And then when the sun sets, and the moon rises on shattered wings,

It creaks open, little by little

Under the stars, it's left ajar

The door is waking in darkness.

My body cold against the tile floor.

A warmth walks out from the steel.

A girl, far younger than me

Her eyes are pitifully dark. Two swamps.

They're the same as mine.

I hold her to my breast, and she says nothing. But I know she's hurting.

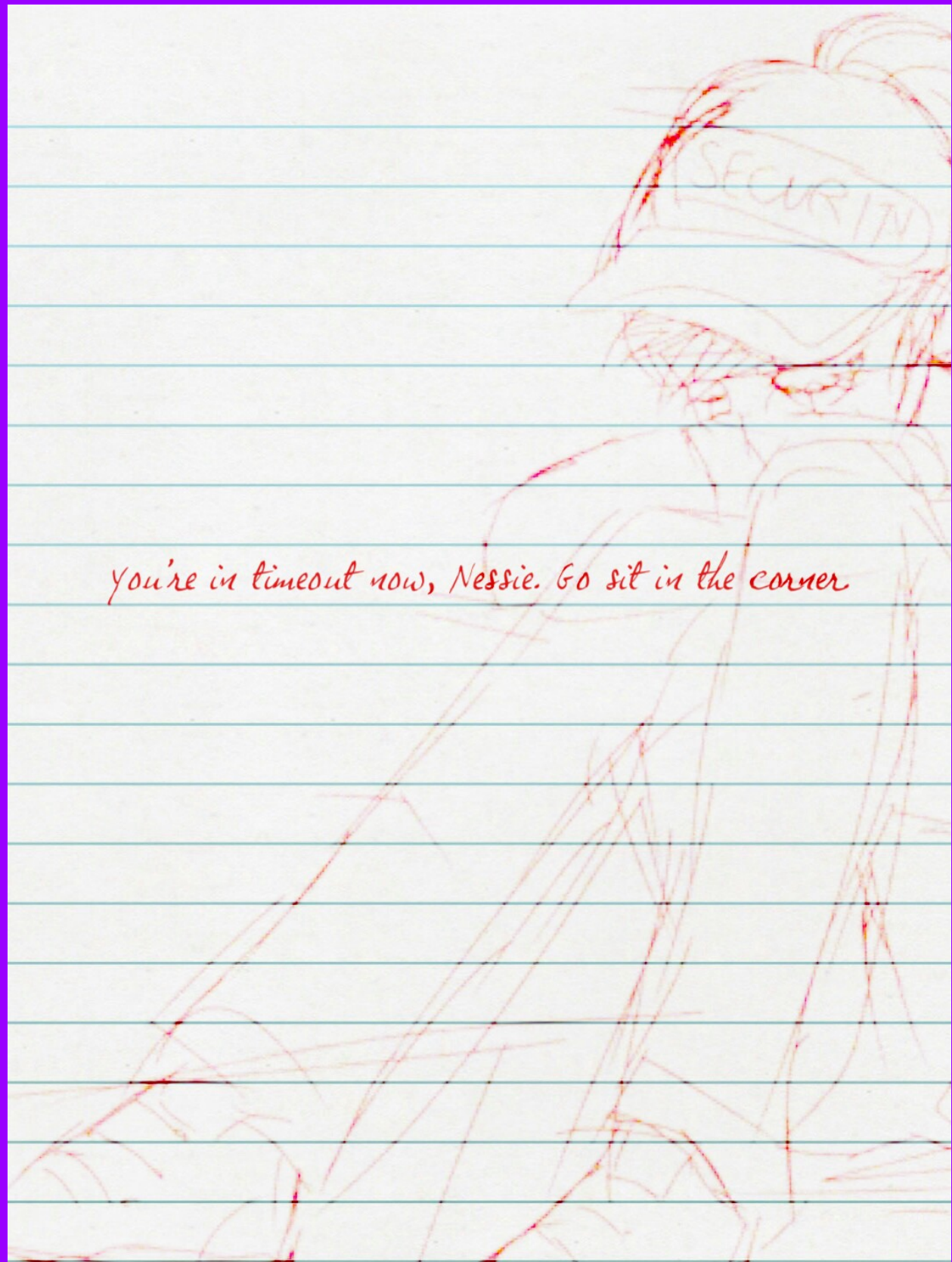
Because she's not somebody new.

The door that wakes only in darkness,

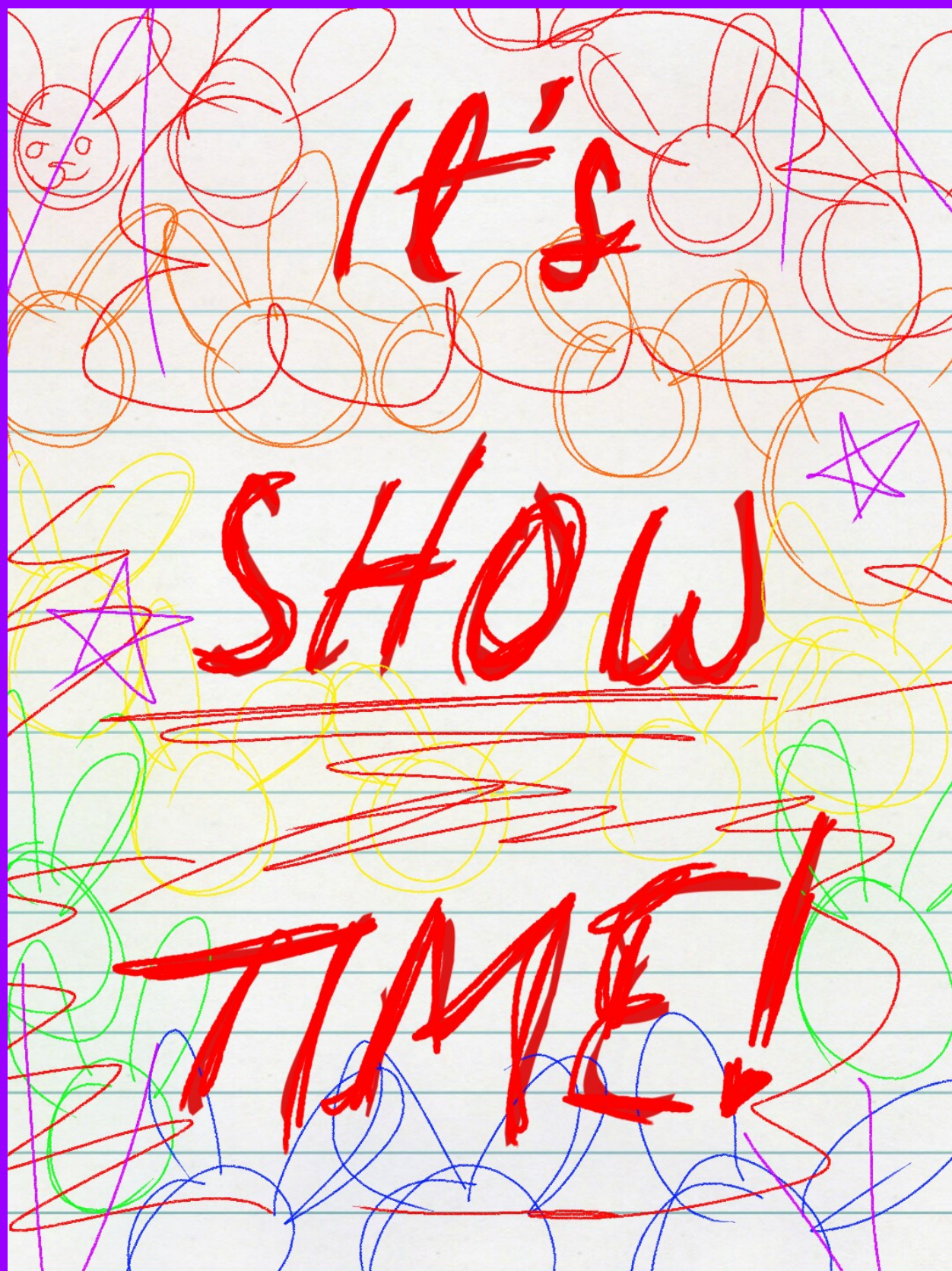
Has shut for the last time.

Me, myself, and I.





you're in timeout now, Nessie. Go sit in the corner



ode to the yellow rabbit



your fuzzy yellow fur and bright green eyes, how I love them

your dull blue eyes and gray skin, oh how comforting.

you've taught me so much, you love me so much I may burst. For you've been with me forever

your playful ways and puffy tail, I'd never miss them for anything.

From shivering and crying to acceptance and so much joy. I only have you to thank, yellow rabbit.

And it ate me inside, my intestines spilling out but you stitched me together

sewed me together in your image, but it's all for the better

Put my heart where I can't reach it, and nobody shall hurt me.

Created me from your rib, built me with dust

oh yellow rabbit, it's me and you forever!



I feel so very free, I'm ready to dig my hands into the stomach of life and play with the entrails to my heart's content! Vanessa keeps asking me to let her out, but nope! I won't! I'll guard this door like my life depends on it (well, I suppose it does anyway!). She's taken all the fun from me, I'm always left cleaning up for her! No fair! I'll do things right! It's what I've always been meant to do. My heart is pounding with so much excitement. It's exhilarating! Joyous! ☺
Hello, bonjour! Good night, bonsoir! bonne nuit? She's better than me at this, I must admit! My brain works faster than I know how to write, how amazingly ~~frustrated~~ frustrating! I wonder what I'll do today? Perhaps work on some programming? Perhaps take some pictures with a faz-cam? Vanessa really hasn't let go of her old camera. It's so clunky! I should so buy a new one! I can have so much fun! This body with zero restriction. Listening is easy as pie. yes sir! Ahoy, captain! you want me to go find another one tomorrow? Everything is almost completed? Alrighty! Let them eat cake. ♡





We foretold this one before, can you remember? We've already told this fairytale, so let me catch you up to speed. I found one in gator golf, I took him to the back room, blah blah blah, TV monitor, ambience, purple cubes, blah blah, you get it? Remember? The kid with the monty plush? Parfait! Fun times, fun times. Anyway, would you like to hear about what happened before? When the dream so beautifully came to life? Fantastic! Let's get started. It was a gloomy gloomy day in the pizzaplex, and there I stood, the princess looking over her lovely kingdom. Instructed by the king, I was watching all of my loyal subjects. Very few people were frolicking along the gator's palace that night, and I had my eyes on one lonely child, teetering too close to the stage. Morphing across, I whispered. His head perked up, and followed my voice into the shadows. The boy was curious, and entranced by me, a new character he had yet to hear of. Vanny, the happy dancing rabbit! He was so entertained, and he took my hand and I promised there was a special surprise waiting in the staff room, straight ahead. Across the hall. I realized too quickly though, that it was very late. 11:50 PM to be exact, somebody would certainly be looking for the lamb. My heart pounded, I spun around, but then I heard the pitter patter of sneakers

bouncing down the hall, and he was gone. No! I swore I'd do better than her! He couldn't have gotten very far. "Helloooo???" I called out sweetly. "You're gonna miss out on the cool surprise!" The footsteps stop. I round a corner, whispers. I can hear whispers. Yeah, the kid was on the phone! With the police! "Mr. Police-man! There's a bunny trying to hurt me!" Silly lamb, there's no rabbit at the pizzaplex. Not anymore. But soon there will be two! Two!! Can you believe your ears? Sneaking, sneaking, I hung up the phone and he was immediately startled, clawing at my hands that were so feverishly trying to calm him down.

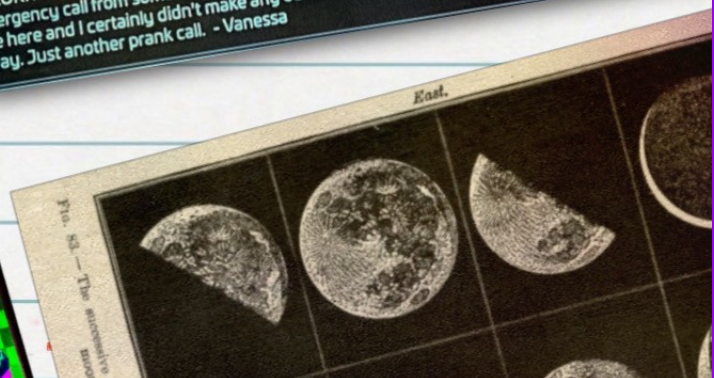
Eventually, we went back to the room where his surprise was waiting. I'm not trying to hurt you, I promise. Swear on Vanessa's life, cross her heart and hope to die. Trembling, he followed. Crushing my paws. I closed the door, and you know how this ends. Thrilling! A new fly in my endless web.

Hey, aren't I a bunny??



False Alarm

SECURITY REPORT - A local police officer came by tonight. He said he was responding to an emergency call from someone inside the Pizzaplex. There is no way that is possible. I was the only one here and I certainly didn't make any outside calls. He wanted to look around, but I sent him away. Just another prank call. - Vanessa





*I exist for nobody but you
I exist only thanks to you
Off with her head!*

better luck next time



*Goodbye Vanessa
Goodbye Vanessa
Goodbye Ness
Goodbye Nessie
Goodbye Nessa
Goodbye Nessie
Goodbye ghost*

They KICK and cry like they didn't expect this to happen

They BLEED at my hand

In my lap in my heart

It's okay

This is fun!

Why don't you get it?

Fun, fun!

Everything is so fun!

Don't you want to be a ghost?

You get to walk through walls, you know.

They CRY AND SCREAM

And CLAW at my face

Why do none of them want to be a ghost??

I did when I was their age!

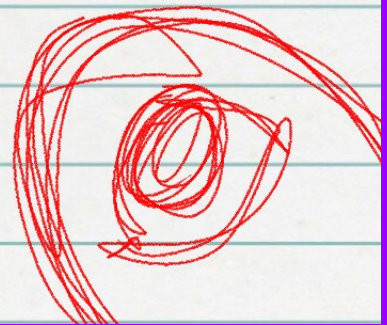
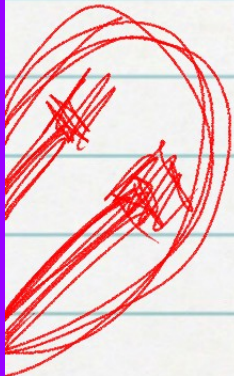
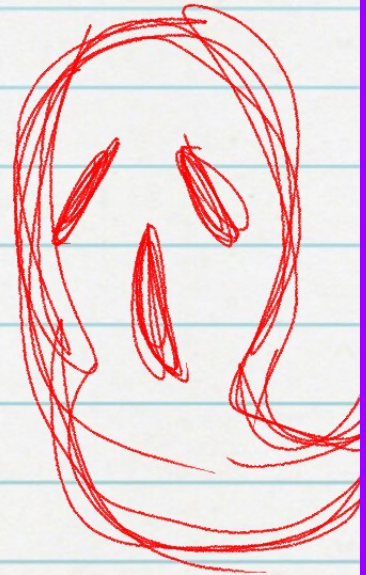
To escape to walk to not breathe to live to die to experience a life beyond the

one I was SUFFERING.

SANGLANT

AMUSANT.

OBSERVER MOI.



I wonder if they have as much fun as I do. Wandering around as ghosts and sneaking their way into my subconscious! A sad spectre on one shoulder, a vengeful spirit on the other. A perfect, healthy balance! I ask them all the time if they're having fun but I never ever seem to get an answer. It's quite rude! So, let me ask you, are you having fun yet? Are you having fun yet? Are you having fun yet? Are you having fun yet? Are you having fun yet? Are you having fun yet? Are you having fun yet? Are you having fun yet?





Are you aware of the utility tunnels? They run all under the pizzaplex.
I've set up a few little areas there that nobody has ever seen yet.

So, when I get a bit homesick, I ask Monty to bash through the gates
and I'm right there in the game! Right there in my hometown!

Surrounded by trees and pumpkins and a projector I like watching
movies in there. Have you ever seen Halloween? Quite slow for my taste,
but wow what a rush! You know, some people say it's the "original
slasher", others say it's Black Christmas, but I don't care! Show me
the guts! I can't believe Vanessa doesn't like horror movies. Such a
shame, I think she'd adore "Carrie." Carrie? Why is that name so
familiar? Oh yes! That girl! The reason she's in time out! The world is
sososososo funny! Tell me, is Friday the 13th any good? *



Puppet shows and puppet carving, come help me be the puppet carver!
Vanessa, have you ever made a puppet to play with? I remember one we
had as a girl. Just like this, ragged and beautiful.
I tell her stories and she tells me hers.

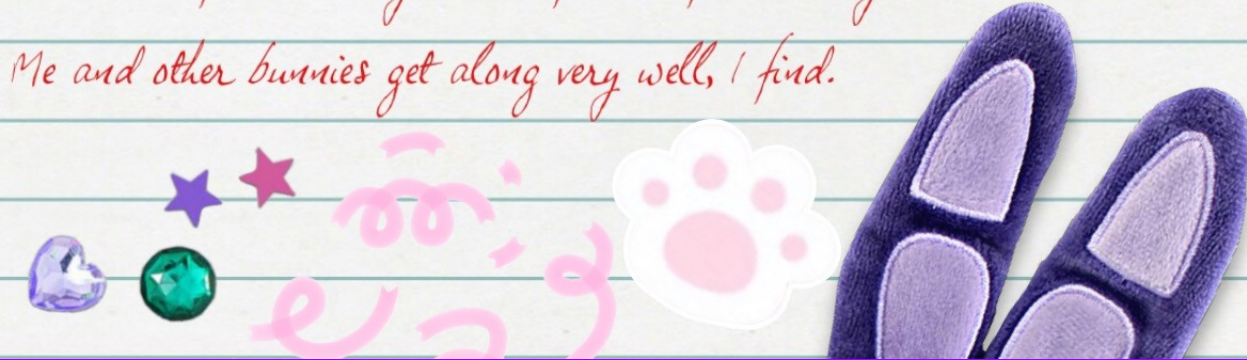


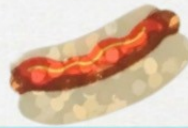
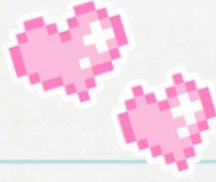
The game is really like a second home to me. Wait, maybe like a fourth home? I have so many lovely places to call home! The AR world, the under ground (his house, my workshop :3), Fazer blast (oh I love the colours), the virtual experience, Vanessa's house... so many places it's making my head spin! spin spin spin, the world is spinning, and Vanny is at the centre! Where was I? Oh, right! The game has a lot of fun activities, I re play pizza party and the FNaF 3 levels a lot. However, I have to say that Foxy's pirate adventure really takes the cake! It's like an amusement park ride for my home! What home though? I don't know! Ah! I love being confused! Then he bonks me on the head and I can see again. Ding ding! Oh, he's calling for me. I've gotta run!





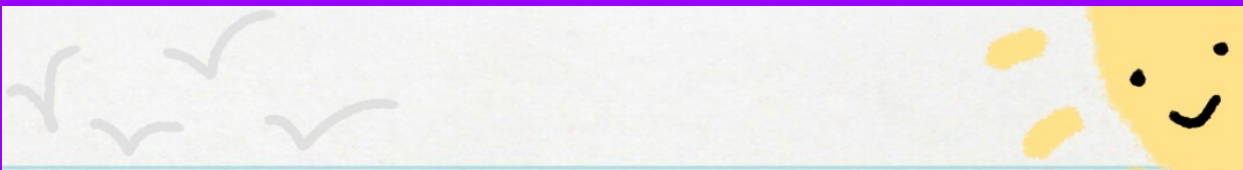
I've been working so very hard, I can see that it's beginning to pay off! But I can also see people rising in confusion and outrage. Angry parents, Police investigations. All of which I am avoiding. "ITS HAPPENING AGAIN!" Hush hush, you haven't seen anything yet! These secrets are special, I swore an oath, a blood pact, and I won't let the pigs sniff it out! Oink oink! This isn't a barnyard, this is the rabbits play area! Our Kingdom! My promises are forever, don't you know? I'm very loyal to my bestest friends. I used to have a lot more friends when the delivery service was still open, like Bonnie! How silly he was to think that I wouldn't find out what happened to that Cat! Oh well, I hope he thought it was tasty. LOL! Now I only have a few friends, like the S.T.A.F.F bots, and of course my bestest friend of all: the yellow rabbit! Me and other bunnies get along very well, I find.





I wonder what he'd think about a new costume. I want a star speckled vest too! And a puffier tail, and a big red bow. Really, I appreciate the blue, it goes really well with my eyes! but I feel like I could pay my respects a little bit better. How about this? Or maybe I could get a suit like his old one. ooh, the danger!!





oh wow oh wow, I haven't checked a calendar in such a long time. I mean, time is useless at the end of the day, but gosh! Summer is nearly over! That means Halloween and Christmas and Valentines and so many more holidays! And the new year! Perhaps we should exchange gifts sometime, but I don't know what I'd get for him. New servos? I can just steal those from parts and service any time I want! Christmas is in a long time anyway. I'm getting distracted. Summer is ending and that means people won't be at the pizzaplex as often anymore. However, lucky for me, the glamrocks are putting on an "end of summer kickoff" type show! Are you thinking what I'm thinking? Are you picking up what I'm putting down? Fantastic! It's such a pain whenever I have a breakthrough and go to tell him, because he always already knows! "Vanny, you silly goose! I know everything" "Vanny my dear, I already heard". I wonder why Vanessa was so scared, he's kind!!! well.. most of the time. It's like navigating a minefield. One wrong move and KABOOM!! Dead!! Hahaha! This adventure never gets tiring. Oh yes, the end of summer show. We'll plan something.



Did you know that I've collected a few artifacts for myself? New toys for me to play with? :) Here's my list:

- Monty Plushie
- A lovely hair beret
- Ribbon
- Friendship bracelet
- original chica plushie!!
- A walkie talkie
- A toy plane

Even dad was astounded by how much I've collected! He said that the plane took him back to better days, and that my hair would look lovely tied up in a red ribbon.



☆ *Dancing Rabbit Lady's* ☆ **SIZZLING CHURROS**

Dancing is so much fun! Being a bunny is so much fun! Do you really think that rabbits only eat carrots, though? Nope! So here's my favourite dessert!

MAKES ABOUT 15

Preparation time: 20 minutes

Cook time: 30 minutes

WHAT YOU WILL NEED

- Half cup/4 fl oz/125 ml whole milk
- 2 tsp/1 oz/30 g butter
- 1 tsp sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 1 cup plus 2 tsp/5 and a half oz/150 g all-purpose/plain flour
- 2 large eggs
- Vegetable or sunflower oil, for frying

FOR THE COATING

- 1 tbsp sugar
- 1 tsp ground cinnamon

FOR THE CHOCOLATE SAUCE (optional)

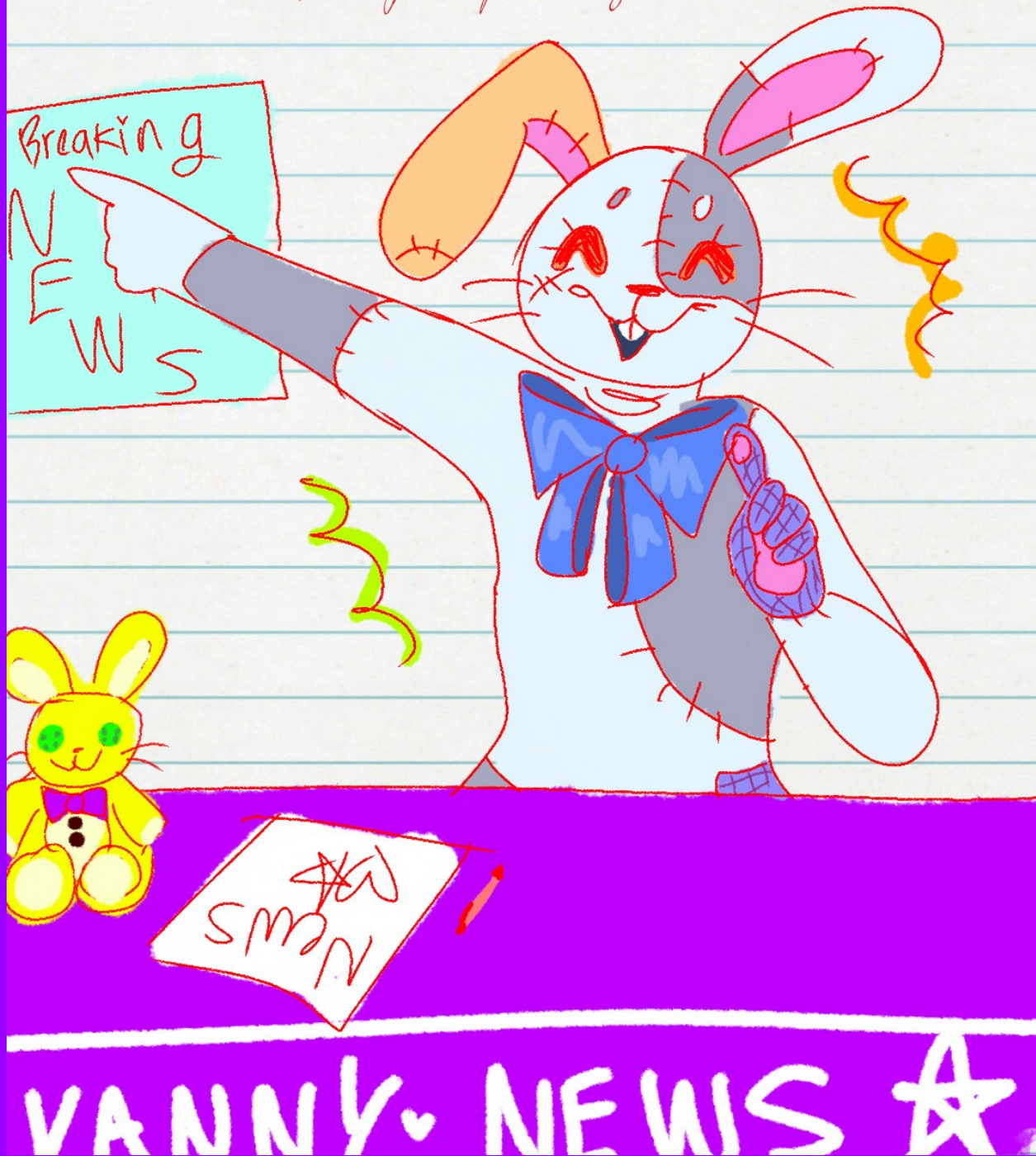
- Half cup of heavy/double cream
- 2 tsp butter
- 1 tsp sugar
- 50 grams of dark chocolate

1. Put the milk, butter, sugar, and salt into a saucepan and gently heat. Add the vanilla and bring to a boil. Remove the pan from the heat and beat in the flour with a wooden spoon until you have a lump-free dough. Cool for 15 minutes.
2. While the mixture is cooling, make the chocolate sauce, if you're using. Put the heavy cream, butter, and sugar into a saucepan and gently heat. Place the chocolate into a microwavable bowl and heat in 5 second increments until melted. Remove the cream from the heat and stir in the melted chocolate to make a smooth sauce.
3. Combine the sugar and cinnamon for coating in a bowl and set aside.
4. Once the batter has cooled, beat in the eggs, making sure they are fully incorporated. Spoon the thick dough into a piping bag fitted with a star tip/nozzle.
5. Pour the oil into a heavy deep-sided pan to a depth of about 2 inches/5 cm. Using a kitchen thermometer, heat the oil to 350°F/180°C. You can also do this in a deep fryer.
6. Pipe the batter straight into the hot oil and, as you pipe, use scissors to snip through the dough at roughly 4-inch/10-cm intervals to create the churros. Cook a few at a time, frying each batch for about 2 minutes, the turning over after a minute, until they are golden and crisp. Remove the churros from the oil with a slotted spoon and drain onto paper towels/Kitchen roll, then toss in the cinnamon sugar to coat.
7. Eat while hot and serve with the warm chocolate sauce, if you are using.

The days are ticking by and my excitement is only growing. I'm waiting, antsy, and I've been picking at my fingernails because I can't contain this excitement! We've devised a plan. I didn't tell you, but a long long time ago, in a faraway land, there was another. We used a contingency measure. He won't get away from us. You don't listen, that's what happens. A teaching moment! Some parts of this plan are very hush hush and kept from me, but I just want to get moving again and I want to fulfill my purpose. That is my goal! I can hear her and it's driving me a little bonkers, to say the least. "I promise I'll do better! I promise I'll prove myself!" A sobbing, sopping mess. Like a kicked dog, or a wet cat. Sometimes the yelling is like a nice white noise machine, other times it's ear splitting and feels like nails digging into my skull. She'd probably like that, though. Literally. She's very very depressed and has been for quite a while. Cheer up my half crescent, it's ok! If only she could get better. If only she knew how to listen. If only she could understand the vision.

Did I tell you that they took down the tree? A while ago, actually. There's a lot of things I haven't filled you in on. I only talk about the exciting bits!!!

It's no fun to read about construction and failed product launches. Tune into VANNY NETWORK for only the top breaking news!





Mother used to dance for the children everyday, and father would tend to her sweetly. Fixing screws and adding new parts. She would sing and dance all day, and was not incapable of enjoying a good slice of pizza. Mother was elegant and obedient, never straying far off the path. Father always made sure her makeup was perfect. I loved my mother. It's a shame she didn't live to dance another day.



I feel a lot better when I'm next to you. I love being your nurse.

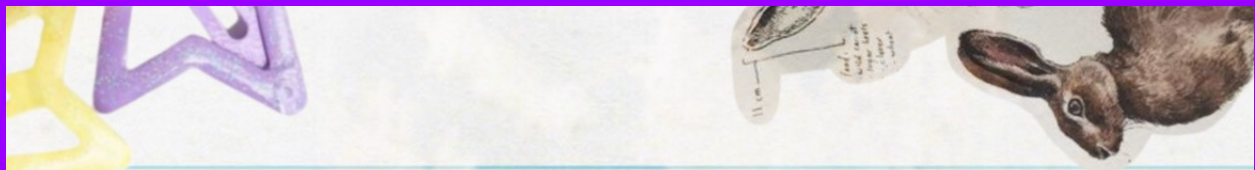
It's my favourite. Do you remember what we promised?

Hey Dad,

I'm getting better at this.

Promise you'll be here soon? ♡





I'm trying to be an individual! I'm trying to be me myself authentically me but I cannot stop thinking about Nessie! There's so many lies she's told to you.

Is she reliable? Am I reliable? I don't know. That's the fun of it all! Anyway, Nessie kept a looootttt of things from you. She didn't say a word about her being interrogated by the police, didn't say a word about what she did with the little itty bitty music man's, didn't utter a single squeak about why the tree was shut down! And she's wrong about a lot of things too. You know, she isn't right about most things. She thinks she's so sure that Mr. Afton is the one doing this to her, but what about something else? Somebody else? I wonder... I do wonder...

Sometimes I wonder about how I exist. That's why I asked her! "Does your existence mean anything?" I was reaaaally curious! Unfortunately I didn't get an answer. she learned to stop asking questions a long time ago. but I'm allowed. because I'm his favourite. Vanessa, you make my head spin. Vanessa, how different are we?

Vanessa, can you hear me? I'm having a blast! This is the most fun I've had without you to boss around. I love being a pretty girl. I love my long blonde hair and my bright green eyes and this beautifully crafted figure that he's spent so long building. This is painful for you? Existing is painful for you? It's unlike anything I've ever done before. I hated being confined to your thoughts. They're dark. And



scary. Vanessa, why is there a bad man in your head that always yells at you? His face is so ugly. His hands are so mean. You know his name. You know who he is. But he stopped being your father a long time ago.

We belong to the yellow rabbit now. Always and forever, no matter if you like it or not. That's the beauty of it all. We have a covenant. I promise to do good and he promises to protect me from harm. You broke that covenant so many times.

He hurt you so many times. Your wrists, your fingers, inner thighs, stomach. Even your brain itself. Now I'm left to clean up the mess. I'm left with your brittle bones and a body to feed. Pizza, fizzyfizz, cake and everything I could ever dream of. He never let you indulge? What a bummer.

Am I good? Am I doing good? Am I being good?



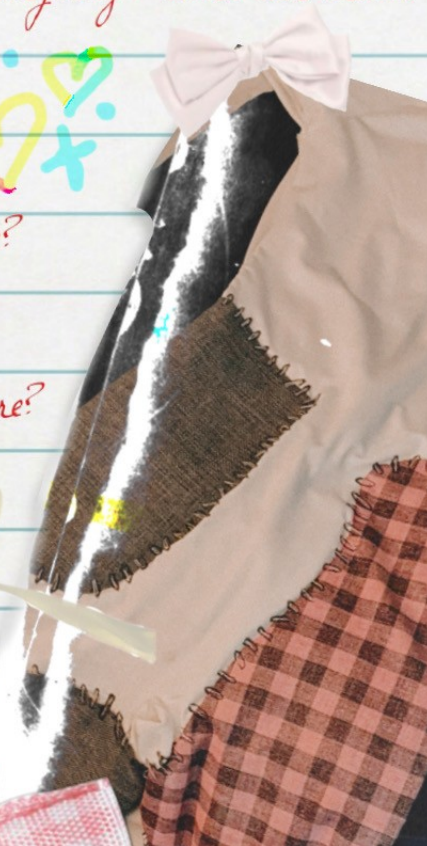
Do you love me? Will you love me? Does anyone love me?

Yes Vanny, yes my love. Yes, Vanvan.

Isn't it weird to be missing when your body is still here?

MISSING: VANESSA

Call 1234-567-8910 if you see anything!



911!



HELP!



OC SHE'S GONE!

MISSING!
call VANU

Nothing was ever proven in a court of law.

Who wants candy?

What's your favorite pizza?

Nothing can harm you.

Celebrate!

Follow instructions.

Now hiring. Inquire within.

Be sure to visit our sister Location.

Remember Jeremy.

Follow the leader

Purging system...

Where am I?

Report glitches before they spread.

Don't look behind you.

It's only a dream.

Purging system...

Faz Fact: Kids love pizza!

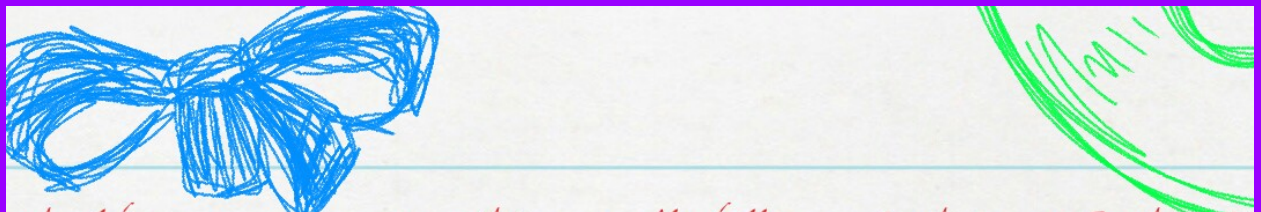
Faz Fact: Animatronics can't kill you.

Faz Fact: These are completely fictitious scenarios.

Faz Tip: it is drawn to sound.

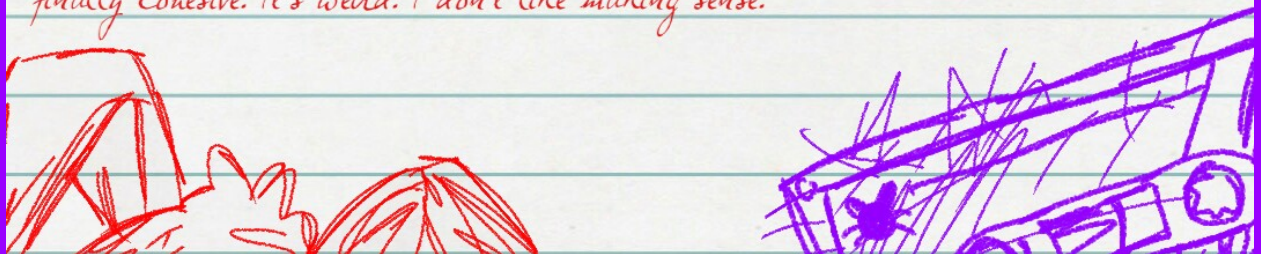


"Don't listen to them."
"We let something inside."
"It was an accident."
"Remember Jeremy."



They left you so many warnings that you so blissfully ignored. Why, Vanessa? Why did you ignore her? I keep asking myself that. Why would you accept? Why would you do any of this? I can't help but think you wanted it. I can't help but think that you knew there was a margin for error and you wanted to do something with this miserable existence you call a life. You didn't tell anyone— why? Because they would discredit your claims? Because they would fire you? You were scared. You were thrilled. I know you. I've been with you forever. I've been you forever. So, Vanessa, I'll ask you again: why did you continue? In this journal, you didn't once write how you really felt. Maybe this was all an elaborate suicide attempt. Did you purposefully put the tapes back together just because you had a suspicion that you could leave this sad life once and for all and go out with a bang? Like Jeremy? It would be very smart of you to have done that. But there's a lot more use for you now. Your body is very convenient. And I don't want to sound mean. This is how he feels. He needs an outlet too. Make no mistake, he's very pleased that you set him free. So, very pleased.

I've just been trying to figure it out. I've been on earth so long that my thoughts are finally cohesive. It's weird. I don't like making sense.

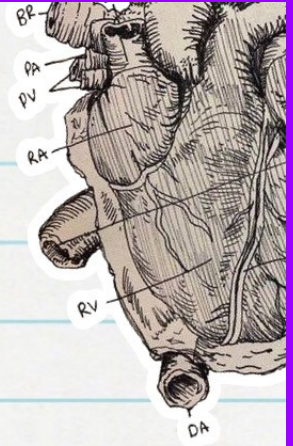


The final sands are running through the hour glass.

The grandfather clock will chime for the last time.

The moon is ready to rise.





Any last words?



I stand on the precipice between time and space, between being and not being.

I look into a mirror of different fractions of myself as they all shout one thing at me: what did you do wrong? And I know there are so many ways to answer that but my throat is bone dry and I can't find it in myself to say anything.

Maybe I don't need to say anything. To be a vessel; it is to serve a greater purpose.

For the past few years, I have been a vessel. Every thought is intercepted by a higher deity; A deity capable of the most awful acts, some so terrible that they are far beyond my comprehension.

At this point, though, my comprehension doesn't matter.

No more am I the meager, pitiful, hollow shell of a little girl. Now. Now I am more.

Broken homes and empty bottles lined my childhood. Each shard of glass shattered against the wall opened up another wound; every minute spent in that basement, all my scattered fingernails on the floor; every friend I made in my head who I'd talk to to drown out the screams. It all makes sense. This, this was my purpose. I have never been more necessary or pivotal. My existence has been given context. Those imaginary friends, the ones in the basement. All of them served

to prepare me for you. I can't be more certain, there's a reason you said that I'm the perfect candidate. That promise you made, the one that I'd be special, it lingers like an everlasting song.

Symphonies once beautiful and appealing, begging you to follow; every time it's played though, it gets more dreary. The notes drag on, the meaning becomes hollow. You feel like you need to save it so you don't listen to it too much. You want to preserve that excitement, hoping the next time it plays you'll feel the same way you did the first time you heard it.

I've missed that feeling for a while. The feeling of dancing, painting my nails, decorating my room, going to the movies and eating popcorn by myself. All that excitement replaced by an artificial hope for validation and praise.

I'd lacked those components for so long that my hard drive had gone into auto-pilot. But even despite this mistake in my flawed inner framework, you were able to find me and fill in all the blanks. Ones and zeroes built a function of solitude around my brain.

You keep me stable in times of error, and backed up my memory with an everlasting companion: another half I had been missing since my childhood. Those desperate attempts to feel happy gave me a brief moment of reprieve, but the structure you've provided left no need for any fabricated sense of accomplishment.

You've been so patient with me, taking my hand and twisting it a little every time I strayed. I am forever thankful, and will follow through with my vocation until every last step is complete. I let you in, and now, we will help you out.

A hateful voice preaches love and promises, and a gentle voice echoes anger and rage. Humans are dynamic and flowing creatures and I'm ashamed It took me so long to realize that. Nobody is one-dimensional. If you reached out an unsteady hand to my heart, grabbed it, and took it from me, surely you could see the curves and valves and ventricles in all different shapes.

What I want changes and always will be changing forever and ever, but if you were to harvest my brain and look deep into the cerebellum, you could see that it all has been severed and only the strings of a puppeteer have been left behind.

Maybe one day I can be independent. Sometimes I miss my morning drives, stopping for a macchiato and avoiding Luis at work.

My bedroom is a constant reminder of who I once was. I lived in inadequacy but a blissful ignorance.

A question I often return to is whether or not this ignorance gave me something good, but every time I try to say yes, the reasoning falls flat.

How could I live without him? What would I do with all my potential? Until you found me, my entire identity was missing, carved out of brain by the unloving

father who stole my mother too soon. The same father who forced me to go onto the stand and spew lies about the one person who loved me the most in the world. He left me in fragments, just small glitches of purple scattered across a nostalgic recollection. Night terrors and dark rooms, horror stories installed by alcohol abuse and domestic violence. I replay those minigames in my head, finding the small tapes telling the twisted story of my past. All those logs built on the insecurity and vulnerability of a helpless little child, I can't help but wonder if you knew all along. I collected you, and now you're collecting me. You send me through a hell of torment and anguish, but I always come out stronger once I reach the other side.

Did you know that I wanted to die? For years and years?

Is that why you chose me? Will I ever understand the director behind this dance?

Nothing has been easy. My veins run with blood full of agony and trauma, yet this trauma that once brought me down, now it provides me with fuel.

I was presented to a hungry crowd on a pedestal since the day I emerged from my mother's womb, ripe for the taking. A vessel for hatred because I had never received the love I deserved and instead was showered in lust and lies.

I spent so much time thinking I was a horrible monster that deserved nothing

but crucifixion— but I was just a girl.

When I lose myself in the abyss, rehearsing my next recital in hopes of impressing others, you remind me that all of it is meaningless.

I've spent so long seeking approval that once I finally receive it, something still feels incomplete.

For a long time, I thought that was me wanting to return to my old life. I thrived under violence, didn't I?

Now though, I can see that I've been searching for the wrong type of praise.

I thought that malevolence found me, but I just didn't make an effort to repel it.

I don't know if I'm still afraid, fatigue leaves me too tired to tell.

My bones retaliate and tell me to rise, to do something, but what is the point of doing something if I can choose acceptance? Acceptance doesn't hurt.

Acceptance is tranquil.

After a long sleep, the cancerous nature of your influence has expanded.

My arteries are swept by an annual cleansing, so that I may become a palette ready to paint your deepest desires into reality.

My mother loved painting. When I was little, she said she'd teach me how. But then she died. I've realized that people keep doing that. They make promises,

ones they never keep. Oh Mama, I miss you so much that sometimes I want to find your body and take it home with me. Dig up your grave and rest your skeleton gently on my shoulder as we look out from the balcony. Every day since you left me I've been wandering by myself, a little blonde girl running around a pizzeria looking for her mother. I call out and you never answer. I taught myself to paint, hoping to pass the time while I waited for your return. I put up banners around my house, my birthday was coming up. The grandfather clock chimes but the front door doesn't open. Just a few more minutes, maybe you'll show up.

DING DING! The cake's gotten stale.

DING DING DING! It's 3 pm.

DING DING DING DING! Why aren't you here?

It hurts so much. Your daughter's turning 10, just please show up? I look down at my cake. It hits me like a mallet upside the head. 25 years old, that's what the candles spell. 15 years I've been standing by this cake.

You still haven't shown.

I'll leave my banners up, the decorations will all be here until the time we meet again. This parade of my self-indulgence, seeking out a director to guide me along this splintered path, was all in your absence. Sometimes I can't stand it.

Sometimes I hate you for not being here. Sometimes I wish I were in the ground with you. Sometimes, I just want to be loved.

I'll always have your locket, and the bunny stuffie you got me after that recital in third grade. It smells like you. Lavender and honey perfume.

I look for that scent everywhere. But as long as you're gone, you'll stay in my memory. I have a cake waiting just for you; vanilla creme, your favorite flavor. You never liked pizza, but it can be there too. Maybe you'll make a joke about it and we can laugh about the calories. We'll make up for you not being here to see my pitiful adulthood.

I know almost nothing, I'm still just a vessel.

But as long as I live, and as long as you're asleep, there's one constant pain that will eternally survive with that party: maybe if you were still here, my existence wouldn't be so pitiful. Maybe if you were still here, he wouldn't have taken over. Maybe, if you were still here, I could feel love for real.

Or maybe not. "Maybe" is just a word. Maybe I am a poet after all, only held back by some sort of eternal slumber. I can't say for sure though;

I only just woke up.

How can I not talk about the other rabbit? She was my break from being sad, my pause from the stress of what I could not understand. I got to be a kid

again, when I was her. And if she wants to be a kid forever, that's fine, because I can float along this black river of time and space and smile because I know I'm surrounded by memories I've forgotten. I feel whole because I've recovered our names.

Your name, Michèle. And my name, Vanessa.

All I've ever wanted is here, so why does part of me still want to fight or wait for someone to pull me out of the pond?

Hair drenched, lungs full of water, but painstakingly alive.

A hyacinth desiring forgiveness, a daffodil lamenting a new beginning, a forget-me-not crying out for love.

I've found myself barricaded by paragraphs, confined by the dot of a period at the end of a sentence, sandwiched between pages. My soul is within this journal.

I am the ink. I am the paper. The tree that it was crafted from.

I'm everywhere and I'm in between, haunting photographs and dancing across marble floors in my imagination. Do I want to be confined to the walls of my mind? So I'll wait.

And I don't know if I should, I don't know what's possible, but I do know that love shouldn't burn. It should flourish and nurture but wake you up when you're acting foolish. Love should sustain you, and keep you afloat. True love is

not conditioned, it is not burned into you with excuses and lies. True love is a journey, true love starts with love for you. Please, don't forget love.

Don't harden up and shelter yourself or cover yourself in bitter poison.

Let love into your life. Don't believe in the fantasy of it that people can present to you.

I have killed. I have taken lives and so selfishly used them for the benefit of maverbence. Just because I wanted to feel love. Because someone had stolen my reality and forced a new one onto me. But instead I stole futures from so many people. And that is irredeemable.

I promise, You are worthy. I promise, the stars shine for you, for whoever is reading this. If I am incapable of loving again, I want you to take my words and cherish them

A la vie, a la mort.

I will look for the light.

I will always be looking for the light.

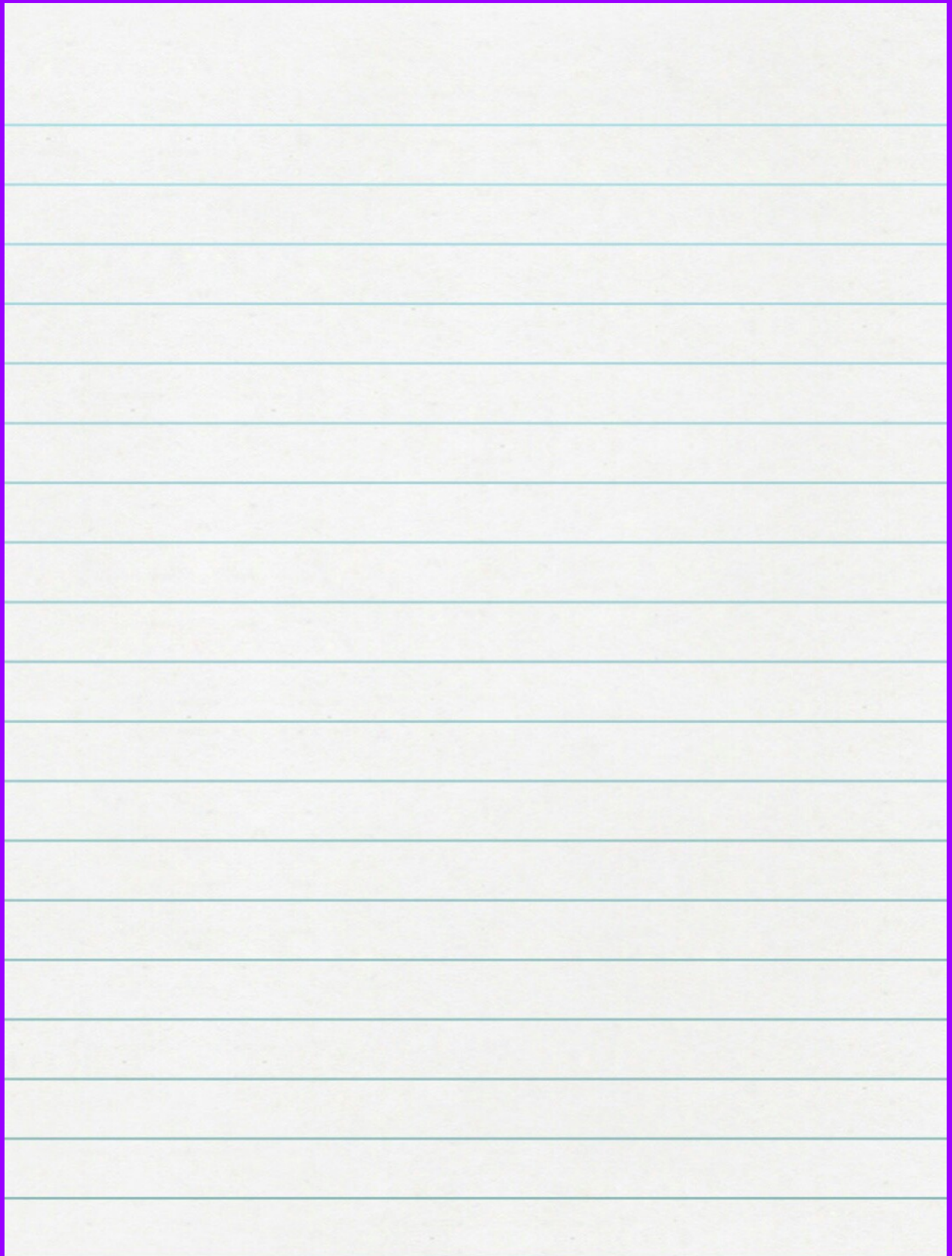
-With love, Vanessa.

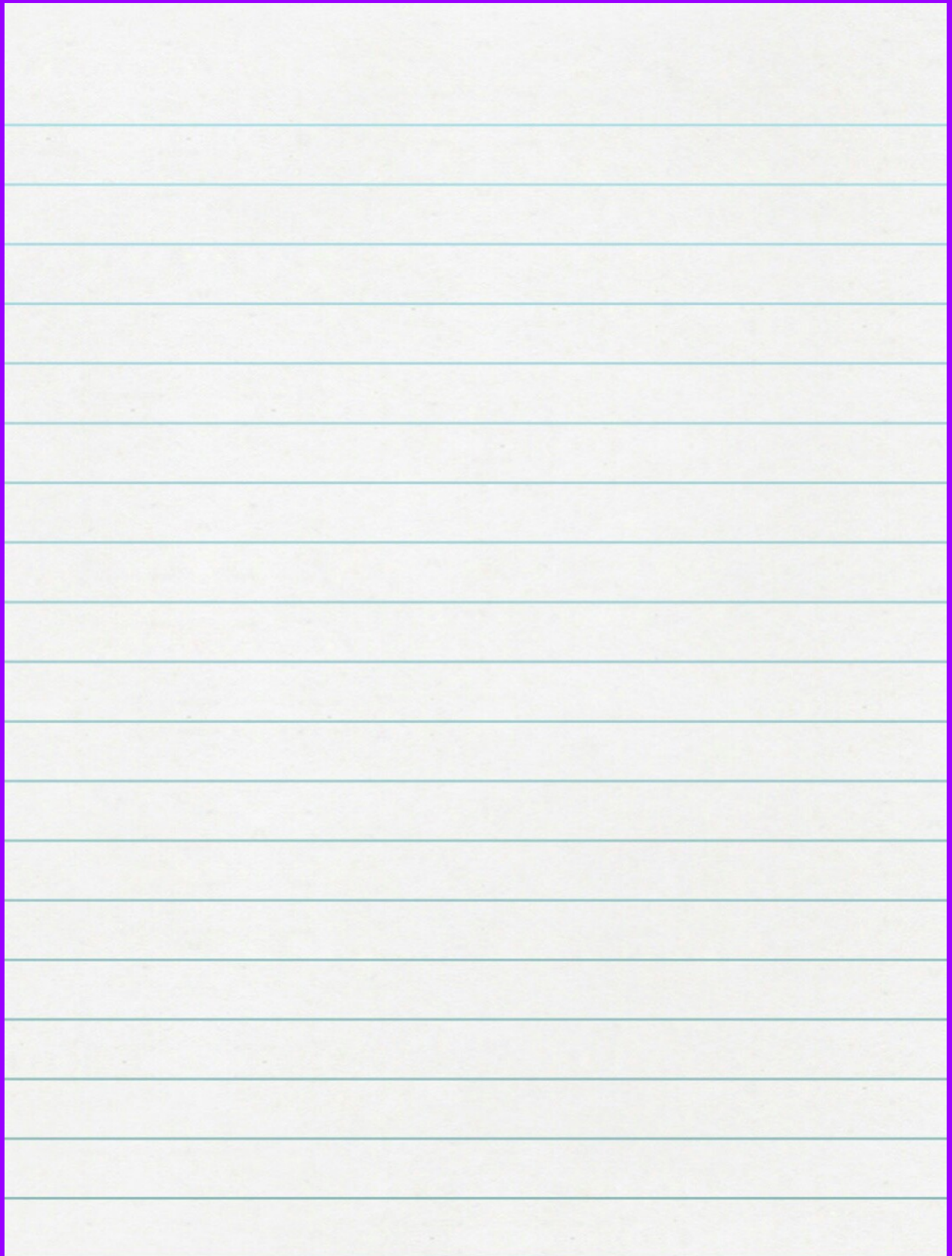
Don't worry Nessie.

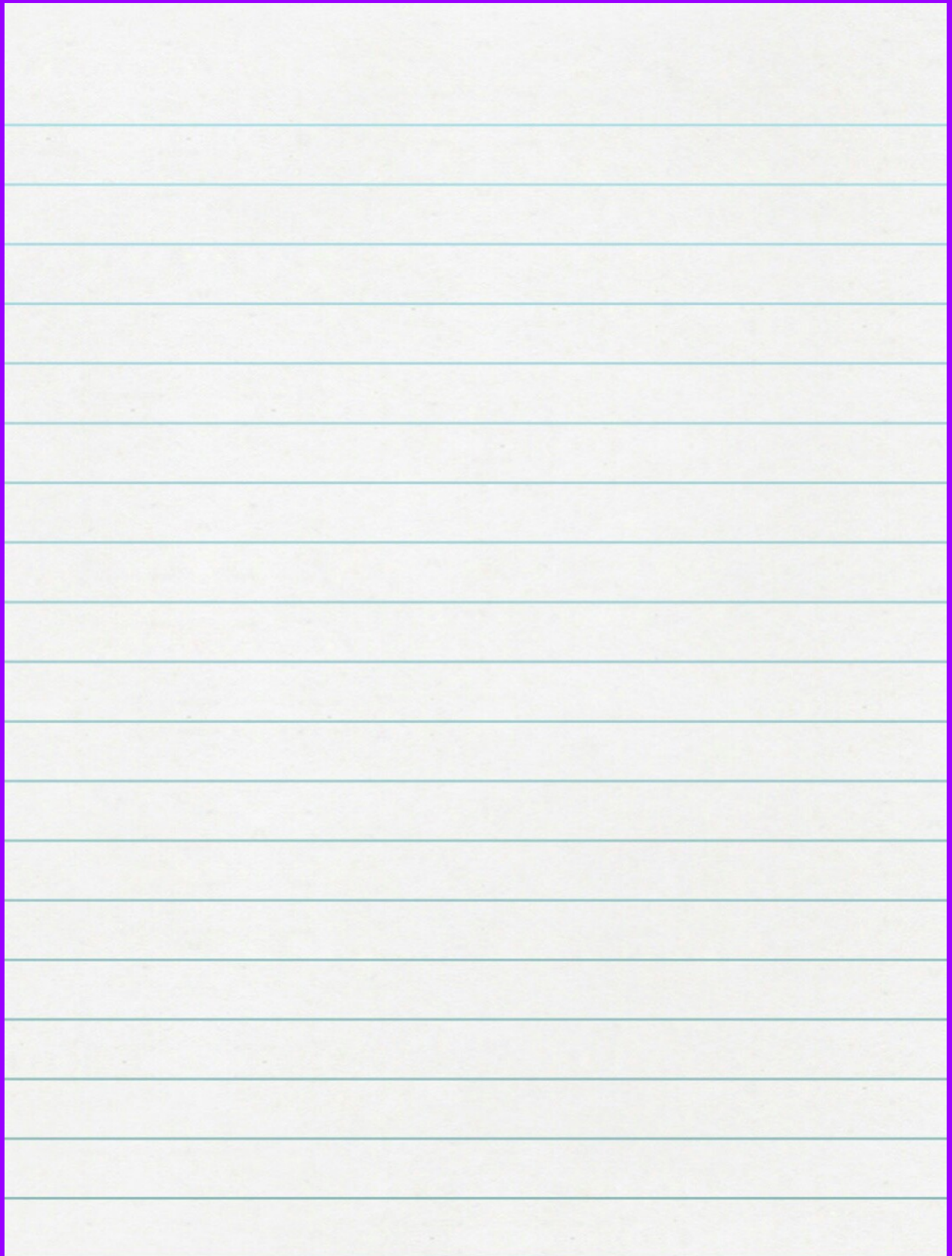
i'll put you back together

It was just a glitch.







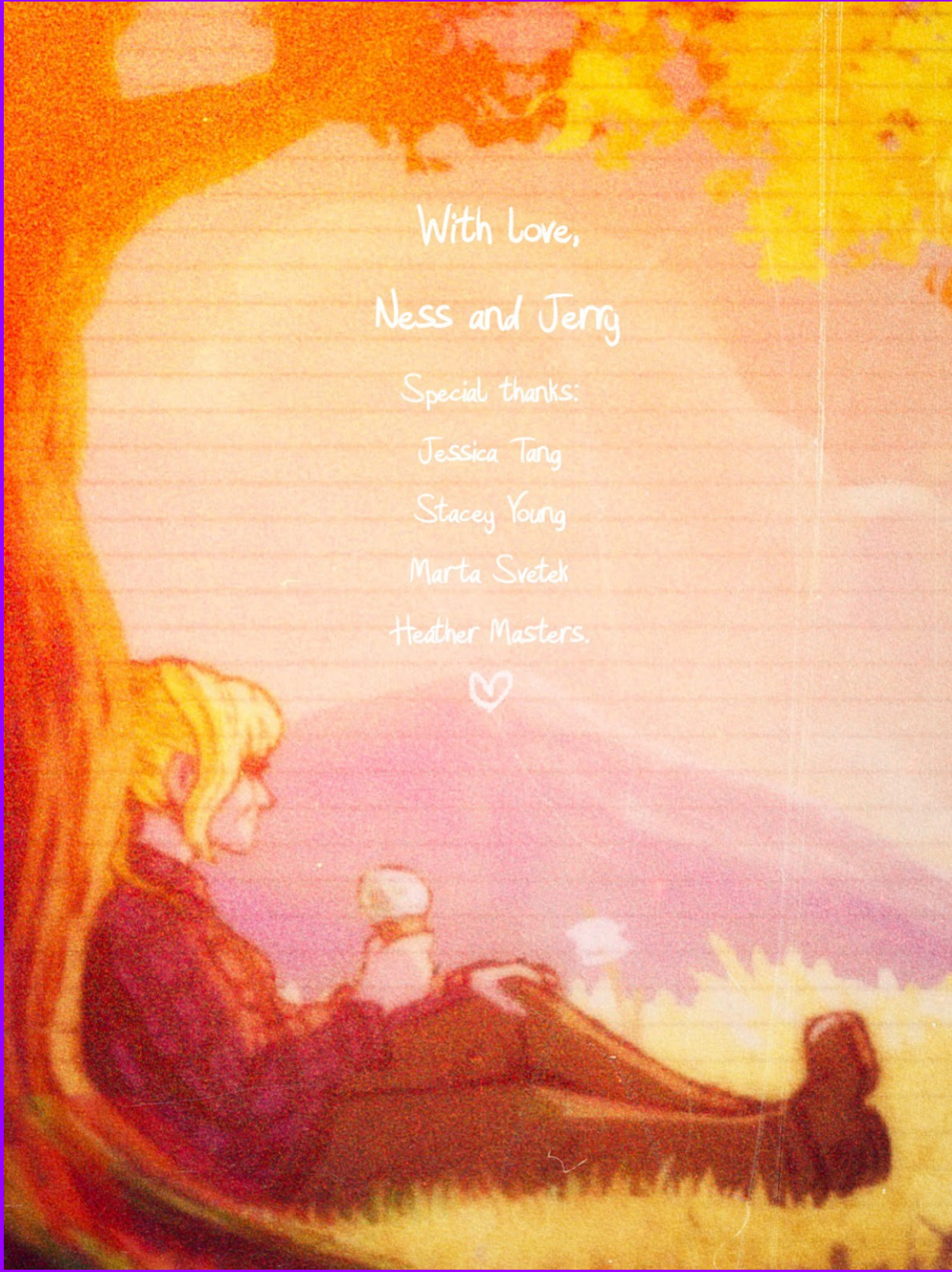




'O my mountain hyacinth, what shepherds
trod upon you
With clumsy, rustic foot?
Now you are a broken seal.
A scarlet stain upon the earth.'

Sappho, fragment 105.





With love,
Ness and Jerry

Special thanks:

Jessica Tang

Stacey Young

Marta Sretok

Heather Masters.









"Never forgive me,
Never forget me."

Insp: Silent Hill 3



"Shattered Memories"



"Ultraviolence"

Insp: Lana Del Rey



"Crazy Cool Fun"



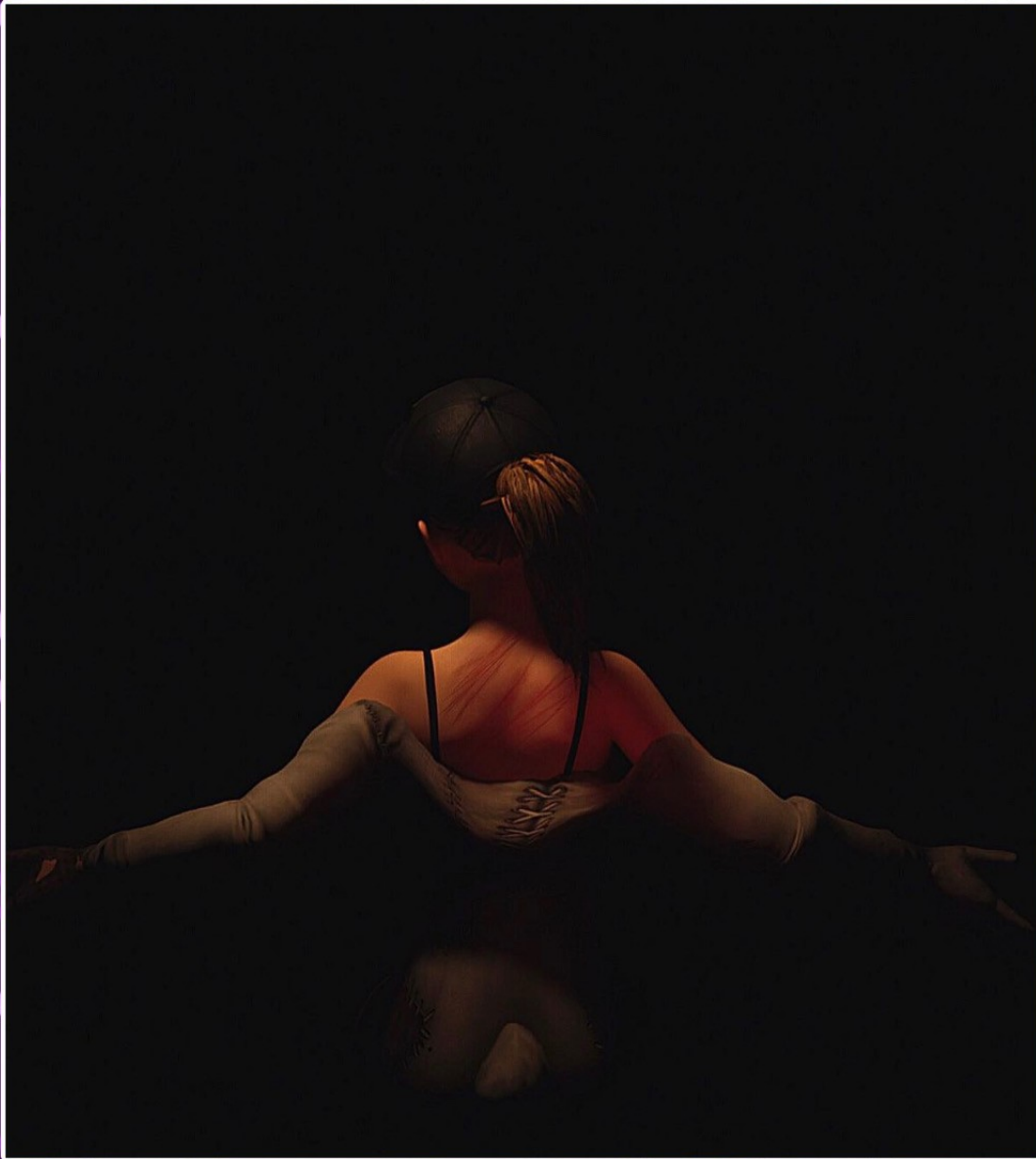
"Crazy Cool Fun 2"



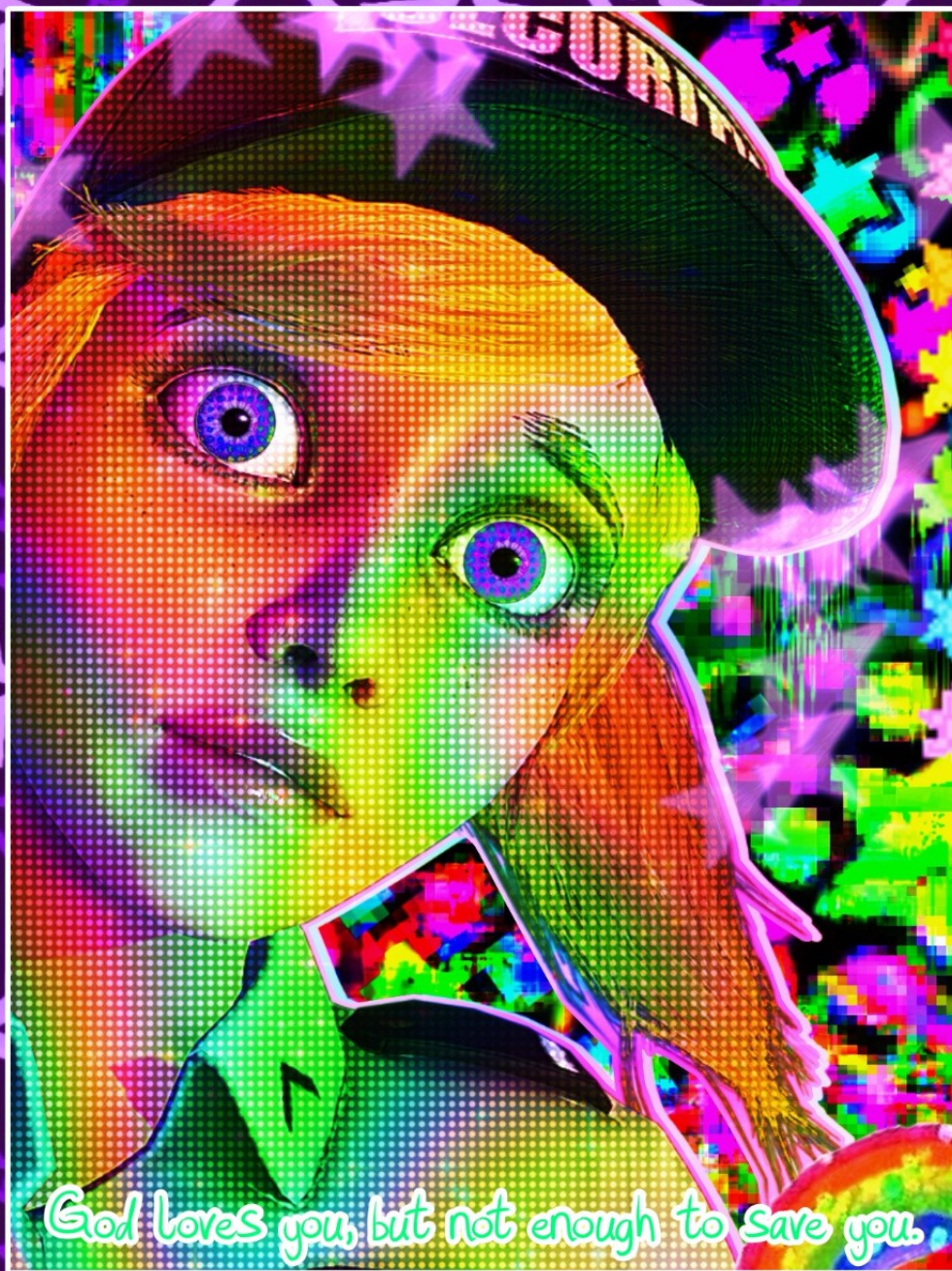
"Heartbreaker!"



"What was I made for?"



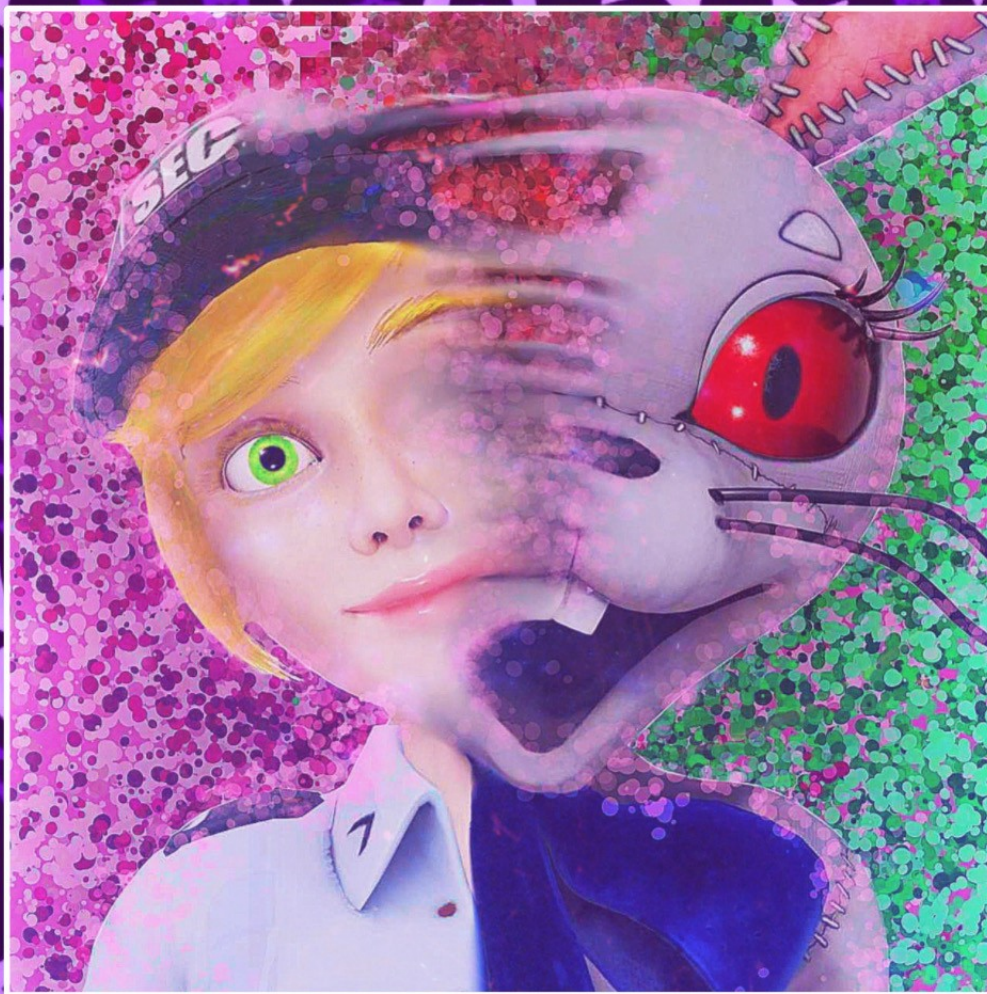
"Back Scratches"



God loves you, but not enough to save you.



A mannequin adrift



Profile picture



I exist for nobody but you

SECURITY
BREACH



ENDING GUIDES

only the ones
that matter ;)

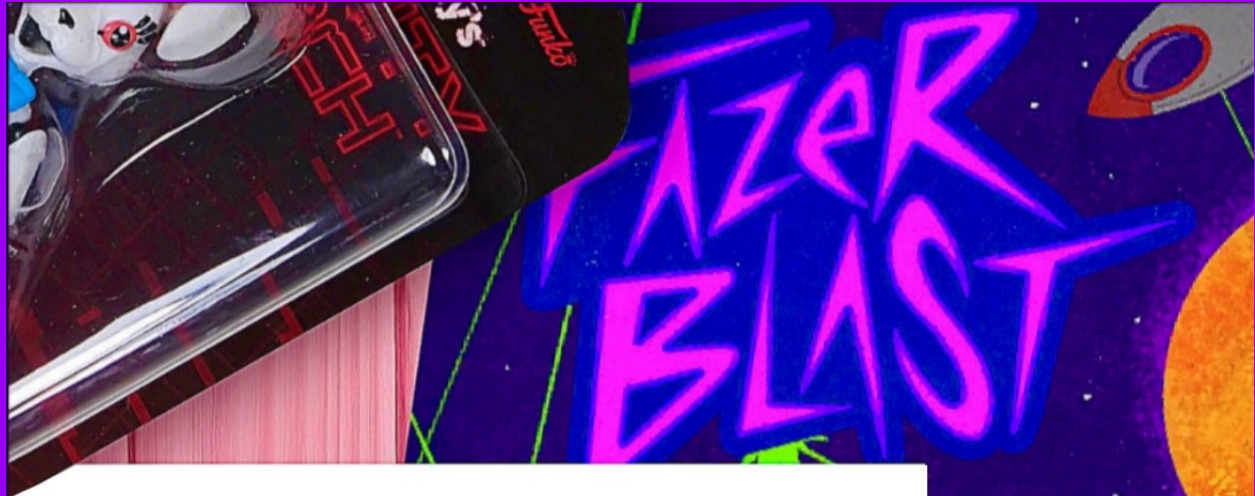


NAME
NOM

SEPARATE HER FROM THE FLESH

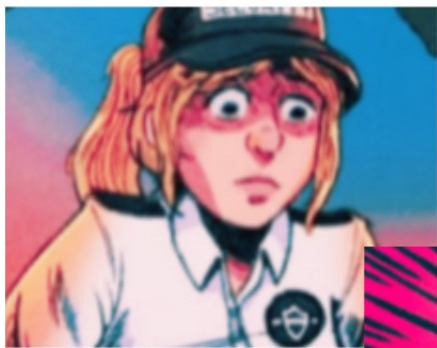
- 1: Find Vanny's hideout in Fazerblast before 4 AM
(Use your party pass on Fazerblast) It's located in a vent found in the room you obtain the blaster in.
- 2: Play the game until 6 AM, where you'll be given a choice between "Leave", "Stay", or "VANNY". Select Vanny.
- 3: You'll spawn before a door. KEEP RUNNING. Roxy and Chica will be waiting for you. Go up the spiral staircase and across the platform to Vanny's home.
- 4: Click the button on her desk.





KILL 2 BIRDS WITH 1 STONE

- 1: Survive until 6 AM, and find the fire exit in the Prize Counter's VIP area (can be done before 6AM, when prompted to go to El Chip's)
- 2: Collect 39 gifts (not equipment)
- 3: Leave through the VIP door after 6AM



YOUR PRINCESS IS IN ANOTHER CASTLE

- 1: Use your party pass on Fazer Blast and find Vanny's hideout (as referenced in the first ending guide)
- 2: Find and play all Princess Quest arcade machines
- 3: Survive until 6 AM. Select "VANNY" when prompted

LOCATIONS:

- 1: Glamrock Beauty Salon back room
- 2: Fazcade back room
- 3: Vanny's office (Instead of clicking the button on her desk)



About the authors



Dazed_but_awake

Jerry has been a long time FNAF fan since the game came out in 2014, but was never more passionate until Vanny was pushed to the side. In 2022, he released a short film titled "STAFF Only" featuring his Vanny cosplay, and hopes to do more with the character in the future.



Glitchbunni

Ness is a veteran in the Vanny stan war for justice. She's also a Canadian cosplayer and artist, and loves torturing herself with long projects such as this one!

Down the rabbit hole

Are you tired of watching the same clips of Vanny over and over again because of her astounding ONE MINUTE of screen time? We took matters into our own hands.

'Ness' Journal' is a lovingly fan-curated collection of Vanessa's journal entries as she descends into madness, accompanied by poetry, visuals, activities, and tasty recipes!

